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HISTORY IN BIOGRAPHY

VOL. II

ERRATA

Page 93, line 12, *for* 'the Grim,' *read* 'Tineman.'

Page 122, line 13, *delete* 'the son of.'

Page 170, line 14, '1741' *should be* '1471.'

L481

HISTORY IN BIOGRAPHY

[ed. B.A. Lees]

VOL. II.

EDWARD II. TO RICHARD III.

BY

A. D. GREENWOOD

LATE HEADMISTRESS OF WITHINGTON GIRLS' SCHOOL, MANCHESTER

AUTHOR OF 'EMPIRE AND PAPACY IN THE MIDDLE AGES'

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GENERAL PREFACE

IF this is the age of 'epochs' and 'periods' of history, it is also the age of historical monographs and biographies. The 'Heroes of the Nations' jostle the 'Story of the Nations' in friendly rivalry. The 'great man' theory is combined with the 'great movement' theory of historic development.

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B. A. LEES,
Editor of the Series.

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE,
OXFORD, 1902.



NOTE

THE brief lives contained in this volume are selected from various authorities, by reference to which they can be amplified. Of older works the principal, perhaps, are: the histories of Hall, Holinshed, Froissart, and Monstrelet: 'Three Chronicles,' 'A Chronicle,' etc., and others of the Camden Society's volumes: Walsingham and Fasciculi Zizaniorum in the Rolls Series. Of modern works, after the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' Stubbs' 'Constitutional History,' Skeat's editions of Chaucer and Langland, and Gairdner's 'Paston Letters,' the principal are: Sir J. Ramsay's 'Lancaster and York,' M. Jusserand's 'Épopée Mystique,' Lechler's 'John Wycliffe,' Trevelyan's 'Age of Wycliffe,' Gasquet's 'Great Pestilence,' Powell's 'Peasant Rising,' Ward's 'Chaucer' ('English Men of Letters'), Wallon's 'Richard II.,' Wylie's 'Henry IV.,' Oman's 'Warwick' ('English Men of Action'), Gairdner's 'Richard III.,' Blades' 'Caxton.'

Much interesting detail will be found in M. Jusserand's 'English Wayfaring Life,' and 'Romance of a King's Life': in Mrs. Green's 'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century,' Pearson's 'English History in the Fourteenth Century,' and Ashley's 'Economic History': in the series of 'English History from Contemporary

Writers,' and Mr. Newbolt's selections from Froissart ; in Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' Miss Strickland's 'Queens of England,' and Sir T. More's 'Richard III.' 'The Ballad of Chevy Chase' should not be forgotten, nor Drayton's 'Ballad of Agincourt,' but, after all, the noblest interpretation of the history of the fifteenth century lies in the great series of Shakespeare's Historical Plays. They are hardly quoted from here because it is assumed that they will be read by all young people who care about the story of England.

ALICE D. GREENWOOD.

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MAP OF ENGLAND
TO ILLUSTRATE THE HISTORY OF THE
FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES



ENGLAND: TO ILLUSTRATE THE HISTORY OF THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.

SKETCH MAP OF LONDON IN THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY

HISTORY IN BIOGRAPHY

ROBERT BRUCE.

‘KING OF SCOTS, 1306—1329.’

ROBERT BRUCE, the hero-king of Scotland, was the grandson of that Robert Bruce who claimed the crown of Scotland in rivalry with John Baliol. Edward I. had decided that Baliol was the rightful king, and Bruce was obedient, and never attempted to win the crown for himself, but remained a faithful subject to Edward, as did his son after him and his grandson until 1306.

The Lowlands of Scotland were inhabited by men of Saxon and Norman race, who spoke the same language as the northern English and had a great deal of commerce with them, and many of their nobles, including Bruce, possessed fiefs, or feudal estates, in England, so that they were subjects of two kings at once. Thus there was no ill-feeling between Scots and English, and Edward I. did not suppose that his plan of uniting the two countries, after Baliol's fall, would meet with much resistance. But the gallant deeds of Wallace and the severity of Edward's officials aroused the national pride and indignation, and when Edward began to force the Scots to obedience it was natural that the love of independence should grow stronger. In 1298, however,

Edward crushed Wallace at the Battle of Falkirk, and it was eight years before another Scottish leader appeared in the heroic Bruce.

The early life of this famous king was hardly such as to foretell his greatness, for it was stained by selfishness and treachery. First he joined Wallace, then he deserted him, and not only swore faith to Edward I., but fought under him against the Scottish patriots, and continued to serve him outwardly and plot against him secretly until the king was old and ill. Then Bruce's father died and Robert succeeded to all his estates, besides holding the Scottish Earldom of Carrick, which he had inherited from his mother. He had kept up secret communications in Scotland, especially with a powerful nobleman, John Comyn the Red, who might be a dangerous rival, as he was one of the heirs of Baliol.

In 1306, afraid that Edward was aware of his secret dealings, Robert Bruce suddenly left the English court, hastened to Scotland, and asked Comyn to meet him in the Greyfriars' Church at Dumfries. Both left their followers outside, but loud and angry talk could be heard, and then Bruce came running out of the church, calling for his horse and exclaiming: 'I doubt I have slain the Red Comyn!' He had stabbed him with his dagger before the altar. 'Ye doubt? I'se mak siccar' (certain), cried his follower Kirkpatrick, and rushing in he stabbed the dying Comyn again, while his master galloped away on Comyn's horse.

After this dreadful crime Robert Bruce could not hope to escape punishment unless he could set at defiance all the power of the Church, the Comyns, and the powerful Edward; and he boldly resolved to declare himself King of Scotland and seek defence by rousing

the whole country against the English. Accordingly he hastened to Scone, the ancient Scottish crowning-place, and there a plain circlet of gold was made to serve as a crown; and as the family of Macduff of Fife had the right of setting it on the king's head, the Earl's sister, the Countess of Buchan, had the courage to perform the office, since her brother was with the English king.

Great was the fury of Edward I. when he heard of Bruce's horrible deed. He sent orders to his captains in Scotland to seize the murderer, and himself vowed at a solemn feast to take no rest until Comyn was avenged and Scotland quiet. The young Prince of Wales and a number of lords and knights took the same vow, and a great army was summoned, lest the Scottish people should gather round Bruce and make a formidable revolt. They did not, however; the murder and sacrilege which Bruce had committed horrified all save a little band of friends and kinsmen — Robert's four brothers and James Douglas chief among them. These few, together with the new king's wife, daughter and sisters, fled with him into the wild Highlands, where they wandered from place to place among the mountains, living upon fish or game, and in constant danger from the watchfulness of the numerous English soldiers in the country, and from the hatred of the powerful clan of McDougal, whose chieftain, John of Lorn, was akin to the Red Comyn and strove to avenge his death by seizing Bruce.

Often only the personal strength and skill of Bruce or Douglas saved the fugitives. The king once defended the mouth of a narrow pass single-handed, while his men retreated. He stood with the cliff on

one side and the lake on the other, and slew his enemies one by one, till at last a Highlander with his two sons dashed together upon him. He was able to slay all three, making his horse spring upon one and dash him to the earth, but the father had so firm a grip of Bruce's cloak that it could not be unclenched even in death, and the king had to undo his brooch and leave the mantle behind in the dead Highlander's grasp.

The close pursuit and the approach of winter at last compelled Bruce to send the ladies, with his youngest brother Nigel, to Kildrummie Castle, a stronghold of his own where he thought they might be safe, and at the same time he broke up his band into small groups in hope of escaping more easily. But John of Lorn had obtained a bloodhound which was a favourite with Bruce, and of course could distinguish the scent of his master's steps, for by this time the fugitives no longer had horses. The dog traced the king across moor and forest till the pursuers were so close that they could be plainly heard. Bruce, exhausted, was flinging himself down in despair to die, when Douglas urged him to make one more effort. They had come to a stream, and stepping in they waded along in it for a considerable distance, so that when the bloodhound reached it he could no longer track the scent, and thus they were able at last to escape. Throughout the winter the hunted king was in the utmost danger; every district was watched by armed men hoping to earn a reward by carrying the outlaw's head to Edward, who was busy on the English Border making preparations for a final conquest of Scotland, in spite of his own fast-failing health.

Bruce experienced every kind of hardship. Half-starved, sometimes all alone but for his faithful foster-

brother, he hid now among robbers, now in the hut of a poor old woman, now in a cave. It is said that once he thought despairingly that it would be better to fly into foreign lands when his attention was caught by a patient spider, which kept trying again and again to fasten its thread to a certain point, and was only at the seventh effort successful. At any rate he did make another attempt. From Arran, where he was in hiding, he crossed to Turnberry in his own Earldom of Carrick. Joined by his brother Edward and the gallant James Douglas, he collected a little troop of brave men. With these he remained among the hills preparing for further action, while Douglas set off to his own home, Castle Douglas, to see what help could be got there.

He found his castle held by a strong English garrison, who, suspecting no danger, mustered on the Sunday in a little chapel some distance off. Hither came Douglas with some of his bravest tenants, disguised as peasants, and with a sudden shout of 'Douglas! Douglas!' burst upon the bewildered soldiers and slew or captured all of them. It was then easy to enter the unguarded castle, and hold a triumphant feast on the meal the cook had prepared for the Englishmen; but Douglas knew that he could not hope to keep his fortress when the English should hear of his exploit, so he vowed that, though he 'loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak,' no Southron should dwell in the home of his fathers. It had been stored with provisions, which he could not carry away, and these he ordered to be brought. The barrels were broken, corn and meal and malt and liquor were all mixed together, the prisoners killed and flung on the heap, the well choked up with dead horses, and finally the castle itself set on fire that it might harbour no more English. The Scots called

it 'the Douglas Larder,' but the English called Lord James 'the Black Douglas.'

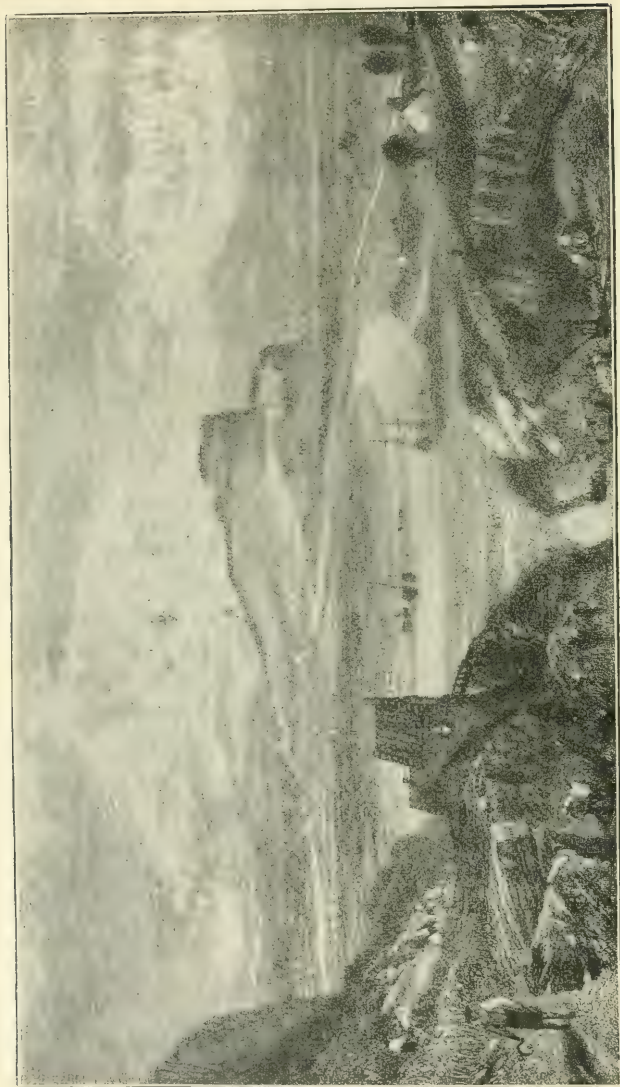
This little success was of no great importance, for already Kildrummie had been taken, Nigel Bruce executed, and the king's wife, with the brave Countess of Buchan, imprisoned; and though Edward did not treat the ladies with any harshness, Bruce could not know this, and only heard how two other brothers, bringing him help from Ireland, had been defeated and put to death. Of all his family he now had left only his brother Edward, and a large number of English troops under famous captains—Aymer de Valence, Percy, and Clifford—had surrounded the hills where he was lurking. The necessity of breaking out of this trap led to Bruce's first real success, at Glentool. He managed to entice the principal band of his enemies—the men of De Valence, Earl of Pembroke—on to a narrow track between a mountain slope and a lake, and then, setting fiercely upon them from an ambush, executed a great slaughter.

This was the turning-point of his fortunes: the people of the land were weary of the harsh rule of English soldiers, and more of them now gathered round the gallant king who was the champion of Scottish independence. Valence, who wanted to retrieve his reputation, formally challenged him to a pitched battle, and Bruce ventured to accept the defiance. He entrenched his men among some bogs on the slope of Loudon Hill, and skilfully drove back every attack, until Valence at last retreated. These victories, however, would hardly have been of much good to Bruce but that the terrible King Edward I. was dying. For weeks his great army had been waiting on the Border, till he felt able to mount a steed again, but though he

offered his litter in Carlisle Cathedral in thankfulness for his recovery, he could get no further than Burgh-upon-Sands. There, overlooking the Solway, he made his son swear again never to rest till Bruce was punished and Scotland quiet, and forbade any great burying to be made for him, but ordered that his bones in their coffin should be carried before the army on its march till the end was achieved. Then he died. His son marched a little way on Scottish soil, and then ordered a return to London, that he might bury his father magnificently. So, says the chronicler who wrote the history of Edward II. : ‘ Because he neglected the precepts of his father he reigned miserably.’

In fact, the death of Edward I. and the follies of Edward II. saved Bruce and Scotland. No help was sent to the English generals, and as the spirit of the people rose higher when they saw the English host retire, they began to take part with Bruce, so that the castles which Valence and his captains held were soon the only places which acknowledged Edward II.

Douglas slew all who attempted to hold his lands, so that his hold was known as ‘ Castle Perilous,’ and it became so famous that a beautiful English heiress who had many suitors declared that she would wed the man who would hold it against Black Douglas for a year and a day. A brave young knight attempted to do so, but when he had held it only a short time Douglas laid a snare for him. He disguised a few of his men as peasants carrying corn and led them past the castle ; the garrison made a raid to seize the booty, when the peasants flung down the sacks and proved to be men in armour, and Douglas, bursting out of ambush, fell upon the surprised troops and slew the knight and all his men. Thus Castle Perilous was won back by its master.



STIRLING. (*After J. M. W. Turner.*)

By somewhat similar tricks did Bruce, Douglas, and Bruce's nephew Randolph retake castle after castle, till at last only Stirling, the most important of all, was left. To this Edward Bruce laid siege in 1314, and the governor of the place, unable to drive away the besiegers, made an offer of a kind very usual in those times: if the enemy would allow him to send to England for help he pledged his word to surrender if the help did not come by a certain day. In this way much suffering was spared and a chance of a fair fight offered. Edward Bruce agreed; the governor sent his message, and promised to surrender if no aid came by St. John's Day (June 24).

When Edward II. heard this news he at once ordered a great levy of men, not in northern England only, but in Gascony, Wales and Ireland, and set out for Scotland. The Earl of Lancaster and his friends, indeed, would not obey the command, but the Earls of Gloucester and Pembroke and numbers of gallant knights went with the king, so that, if he was inexperienced himself, he had good advisers, while a fleet came along the east coast to bring supplies. King Robert could not muster a force in any way equal; he had far fewer soldiers and scarcely any of them had horses, neither were the Scots good archers, but he made up for want of numbers by good generalship. When he was sure by which of the ways to Stirling the English were coming, he placed his troops close by it, so that they would have to be attacked; but they were so well protected by woods and bogs that the whole of the English army could not get room to fight at once on the narrow passages of firm land among the morasses. Even this narrow space he obstructed with pits, and posted his nephew Randolph on a little height hard

by to prevent the foe from finding a way round the Scottish army. It was, however, Robert himself who perceived a body of English coming round. 'Randolph,' said he, 'there is a rose fallen from your chaplet.' Randolph understood and at once dashed upon the English horsemen, who were led by Clifford. Douglas, seeing how unequal the odds were, hurried to succour



GREAT SEAL OF ROBERT BRUCE—OBVERSE.

his friend, but before he could reach the place Randolph had already redeemed his error, and Clifford was retiring. 'Since we were not soon enough to help him,' cried Douglas to his men, 'let us not lessen Randolph's glory by approaching the field!' The spot is still called 'Randolph's field.'

A still more famous incident was the duel with Henry de Bohun, who rode forth splendidly mounted and armed to challenge the King of Scots to single combat. King Robert swerved aside to avoid the knight's charge, and then, rising in his stirrups, dealt Bohun such a blow with his battle-axe as he galloped past that his head was cloven through to the chin.



GREAT SEAL OF ROBERT BRUCE—REVERSE.

'I have broken my good battle-axe,' was all Bruce said.

The real crisis came next day. If Edward II. would have taken the wise advice of those who had seen his father's battles he would have tempted the Scots out of their strong position by some trick, or used his

archers to break their ranks ; but the foolish young king despised the battered-looking soldiers who opposed him. When their ranks knelt before a brave abbot who was celebrating Mass, ' See,' he cried, ' they beg for mercy ! ' ' Yes, sire,' replied Umfraville, a celebrated knight, ' but it is from God they ask it, not from us. These men will conquer or die upon the field.'

Full of contempt Edward set forward the ordinary feudal charge, but the mounted knights made little impression on the solid squares and circles of pikemen behind the bogs and pits. Numbers lost their steeds in these traps or on the long Scottish spears, and when a knight in armour was once unhorsed he could hardly rise again without help. When the Scottish cavalry had dispersed the archers, whom Edward forgot to protect, the great numbers of the English only added to their confusion.

Packed into a small space, unable to see or hear what was happening, they could do little more than stand to be slaughtered ; and when a crowd of servants and country folk appeared swarming down ' the Gillies' Hill,' to watch the final victory, the hapless English were seized with panic, and all who could fled from the field. Edward II. was among them, led out of the battle by the gallant Sir Giles Argentine. He scarcely drew rein till he reached Dunbar whence he escaped to England on a little ship. Argentine, when he had seen the king safe, turned back, saying, ' It is not the custom of an Argentine to fly,' and dashing into the fight he was slain, like the brave young Earl of Gloucester.

This famous Battle of Bannockburn, won by a small body of foot-soldiers over a great host of cavalry, secured once for all the independence of Scotland. After this it was the Scots who attacked England and

even Ireland, where Edward Bruce was crowned king, though the English and their allies afterwards defeated and slew him. The English in their turn had to suffer defeat and plunder, for Bruce raided the North fiercely, and once reached Chester, and at another time York, and nearly took Edward II. himself; so that though Edward III. on his accession tried in vain to turn the tide of success, the English government felt it useless to struggle longer. In 1328 the Peace of Northampton was signed, called by the proud English 'the Shameful Peace,' Scotland was recognised as a free country, and Robert Bruce as its king. In the next year, as though he had lived only to see the crown of his heroic labour, Robert Bruce died.

It had been his hope to go one day as a pilgrim to the Holy Land, and on his death-bed he begged the Black Douglas to take his heart and bury it there. Douglas had the dead king's heart embalmed and put in a little silver case, which he bore carefully on his body. His journey took him by Spain, where a Christian king fighting against the Saracens begged his aid. Douglas and his brave company gladly gave it, but as they pursued the enemy too far they found themselves completely surrounded. When Douglas saw this he took the little casket from his neck: 'Go forward, brave heart,' he cried, 'as thou wert wont to do; Douglas will follow thee, or die!' Then, flinging it into the thick of the enemy, he dashed forward furiously, and was afterwards found, pierced by many wounds, lying dead above the precious casket. His body and the heart of King Robert were brought back to Scotland with great honour, and Bruce's heart was buried before the altar in the famous Abbey of Melrose.

THE MANNER OF THE SCOTS, AND HOW THEY CAN WAR.

(From Froissart's Chronicle, translated by Lord Berners.)

When they will enter into England, within a day and a night they will drive their whole host twenty-four miles. For they are all a-horseback, without it be the camp-followers, who come on foot. The knights and squires are well horsed, and the common people and others on little hackneys and geldings; and they carry with them no carts nor chariots, for the diversities of the mountains that they must pass through in the country of Northumberland. They take with them no purveyance of bread nor wine; for their usage and soberness is such in time of war, that they will pass in the journey a great long time with flesh half-sodden, without bread, and drink of the river water without wine; and they neither care for pots nor pans, for they seethe beasts in their own skins. They are ever sure to find plenty of beasts in the country that they will pass through. Therefore they carry with them none other purveyance but on their horse: between the saddle and the panel they truss a broad plate of metal, and behind the saddle they will have a little sack full of oatmeal, to the intent that, when they have eaten of the sodden flesh, then they lay this plate on the fire and temper a little of the oatmeal, and when the plate is hot they cast the thin paste thereon, and so make a little cake in manner of a cracknel or biscuit, and that they eat to comfort withal their stomachs. Wherefore it is no great marvel though they make greater journeys than other people do. . . . They had two good captains—for King Robert of Scotland, who in his days had been hardy and prudent, was as then of great age and sore grieved with the great sickness—the Earl of Moray, and the Lord James Douglas.



EDWARD III.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

Born 1330; died 1376.

THE eldest son of Edward III. was Edward, commonly called 'The Black Prince.'

His father could hardly make enough of him. The messenger who brought the news of his birth was

handsomely pensioned, so was his nurse, and even his special cradle-rocker. When he was three years old he was created Earl of Chester, and a little later a title used in France but new to the English was conferred upon him, and he was made Duke of Cornwall. These titles brought great possessions with them: castles and forests, rents from estates, valuable mines, troops of cattle, and granges stored with corn, so that the boy prince had a splendid household to attend upon him. He was but seven years old when he was placed at the head of a solemn procession of noblemen, who conducted into London the ambassadors of the Pope—two cardinals who had come to try to arrange a peace between the Kings of England and France. This must have been the little prince's introduction to the great war in which the whole of his life was to be spent, a war which lasted long after his death, and which we often call the 'Hundred Years' War.'

Though Edward III. claimed the French crown in 1337, he spent so many years in making preparations and persuading allies to join him that, except for the famous sea-fight off Sluys, there was little serious fighting till 1346, when the prince was old enough to begin his training in chivalry.

When he was thirteen he was created Prince of Wales, and invested with a gold circlet, a ring and a wand; and to celebrate the feast King Edward proclaimed a 'Round Table' at Windsor, and set masons to work to build the Round Tower of the Castle, and make a place for the tournament. A Round Table meant a succession of feasts and jousts, supposed to be like those of King Arthur and his knights, who, said legend, feasted at a round table, because all were equal in chivalry. This one was to be so magnificent that

heralds were sent to proclaim it in the courts of other kings, and famous knights came to attend it from almost every country except France. Nothing was to be seen at Windsor but rich armour and gorgeous raiment, velvet, furs, and cloth of gold. Queen Philippa and three hundred beautiful ladies were the judges of valour, and the victors in the jousts received costly gifts. Tournaments were supposed to be only mimic battles, trials of skill and strength, but the knights were often dangerously wounded and on this occasion the Earl of Salisbury was actually killed.



KNIGHTS TILTING.

Meantime serious preparations were being made for continuing the war. The king relied now chiefly on his own resources, and collected troops carefully. As the old feudal method of calling soldiers together had become quite useless, he issued orders to different noblemen to find each a certain number of men, who were to be paid, and the money for each troop was given to its commander. The Prince of Wales was to have £4 a day—worth, perhaps, £60 of our money—while the next in rank, the earls, only got 6s. 8d.

The pick of the army was considered to be the

knights, who came in heavy armour, mounted on strong steeds much like our small cart-horses, with lance, shield and sword, each attended by his esquires and yeomen; but quite as important really were the archers, who carried long bows of yew, some six feet in length.



ARCHER.

They were famed throughout Europe for the speed with which they shot their volleys of long arrows, winged with goose-feathers. They drew them back to the ear before letting fly, and thus sent them with more force than other archers, who only drew to the breast,

so that English shafts would pierce even armour, and, besides, rarely missed their mark.

At last, in 1346, Edward III. set sail for France with a splendid army. The Prince of Wales was now sixteen years old, and accompanied his father at the head of a body of troops from his own lands of Wales and Chester. The Cheshire archers were famous, and the Welshmen made very good light troops and used long daggers, with which they often penetrated the fine joints of armour.

Besides soldiers the king took a number of smiths, masons, carpenters, and other workmen, to help in building bridges and fortifications or engines for besieging castles. He also took his falconers and huntsmen with hawks and hounds, that he might amuse himself on the march, for he and his nobles looked upon war simply as the noblest of sports. He meant when he started to go to Aquitaine, where the gallant Henry of Lancaster and Sir Walter Manny were fighting against great odds, but a Norman gentleman persuaded him that it would be more interesting and profitable to attack Normandy, where nobody expected him. So Edward directed the fleet to Barfleure, and led the way ashore, springing from his ship so eagerly as to fall down, so that his nose began to bleed. His followers were alarmed at so bad an omen and begged him to return on board and land afresh next day, but the king answered quickly, 'This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me.' So he spent the night on the sands, and his first public action was to dub the young prince a knight.

As the English landing was unexpected they were able to overrun Normandy and take many towns. War was a means of winning fame and plunder quite as much

as a means of conquering territory, and Edward III., who had no clear plans for a campaign, probably thought that the French would be frightened into making a treaty and giving him what he wanted. Accordingly, he divided his forces into three divisions, or 'battles,' and let them march parallel with each other through the populous duchy of Normandy. The inhabitants fled before them, for they had never known what war meant, and left their houses in the country stored with food and wealth, while the towns were full of cloth and draperies, and all manner of merchandise. Everything was carried off or destroyed by the enemy, who often left whole towns in flames behind them. Those who were not of noble birth always suffered savage treatment in war time; they were beneath the sympathies of the 'chivalrous' King of England, and probably his soldiery bore special ill-will against the Normans, for their sailors had ravaged the southern coast of England, and their busy cloth-making towns were rivals of both the English and Flemish cities.

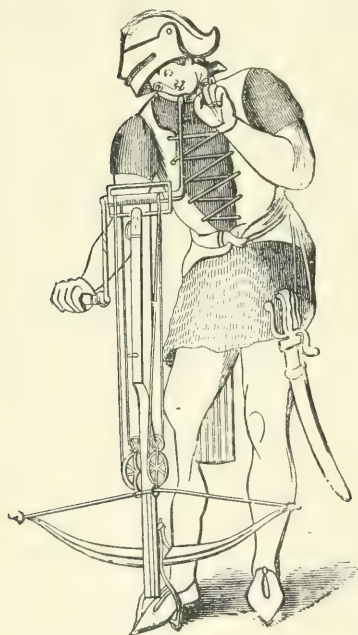
The French king, Philip VI., could not fight Edward III. at once, because his army was in Aquitaine, and it took a long while to collect another at Paris. All he could do was to break down the bridges over the Seine, and try to keep Edward between the Seine and the Loire, out of reach of either Henry of Lancaster or his allies the Flemings, till the two French armies could catch him between them. The English were thus in a dangerous position, especially as the fleet had sailed home with plunder, and Edward saw that he must cross the Seine and hasten northwards towards friendly Flanders. He was actually within sight of Paris before he could find a bridge at Poissy which the workmen could repair, and by that time

Philip was at the head of a large army, and had been joined by some German knights under the blind King John of Bohemia, who had been a very famous knight in his youth.

Before the English could reach Flanders they had to cross the Somme, and as its bridges had been broken down and the fords were guarded the French were soon only one day's march behind. Once the English had to leave the quarters they had prepared for the night and fly just as their suppers were cooking, leaving 'flesh ready on the broaches, bread and pasties in the ovens, wine in the barrels, and the tables ready laid.' Just in time a peasant, Gobin Agace, showed them a ford near the mouth of the Somme called Blanche Tache, and they fought their way over and got food from a town near. King Edward freed Gobin and his friends and rewarded him richly, but he saw that he could retreat no further and must fight, though he had but one quarter of the numbers of the French host. So early next morning all confessed and received the Sacrament before taking up a position for battle. This the king chose skilfully upon sloping ground at Cressy near a wood. Behind his troops and beside the wood he had all the horses tethered within a wall of carts, and bade the men fight on foot. The front line of battle was commanded by the Prince of Wales with the Earl of Warwick, and behind it stood two more lines, the third being a reserve commanded by the king himself, who could see the whole field of battle as he stood beside a windmill on the hill.

The French were uncertain where the English were, and Philip had so little control over them that he could not prevent them from hurrying forward and crowding on each other in the anxiety each felt to be foremost in

the fight. When they at last came in sight of the enemy the English were quietly resting on the grass, each man in his place, with helmet and bow ready beside him. They had partaken of food, and now rose up steadily to await the onset. The French ordered their archers, who were hired from Genoa, to go forward



CROSSBOW.

and begin ; but the poor men were weary with the long hot march they had made on foot, and just as they were preparing a sudden thunderstorm came on and wetted their heavy crossbows. They did their best, however, though the sunshine after the storm came straight into their eyes, and with three wild yells began to shoot. 'Then the English archers stepped forth one pace and let fly their arrows altogether, and so thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts many of them cast down their cross-

bows and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited.' The French knights wanted to charge, and as the retreating Genoese were in their way Philip cried angrily, 'Cut me down these rascals!' and they began to stab at the poor archers and ride them down.

‘And ever the Englishmen shot as they saw thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoese, and when they were down they could not rise again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another.’ Then the Welsh and Irish came into the press with their long daggers, and slaughtered the knights and nobles as they lay helpless in their armour.

Meantime a picked body of knights had forced their way round the struggling crowd, and charged the line where the Prince of Wales was. They fought fiercely hand-to-hand, and at one moment the young prince was struck to the ground, but his standard-bearer flung the banner of Wales over him, and stood across him, beating off his foes. Then the Earl of Warwick sent a knight to the King to ask for help. ‘Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?’ asked Edward. ‘No, sire,’ quoth the knight, ‘but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid.’ ‘Tell them to send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, so long as my son is in life,’ said the king, ‘and also say to them that they suffer him to win his spurs, for, if God will be pleased, I will this day to be his and the honour hereof, and to them that be about him.’

In fact the firmness of the men-at-arms and the tireless skill of the archers at length beat off the huge but disorderly French army. The king embraced his son joyfully, saying, ‘Dear son, God give you grace to persevere as you have begun!’ It was after this Battle of Cressy that the young Edward was called ‘The Black Prince,’ either because of his fierceness, or from his black armour; and it is thought that he took his modest motto, *Ich dien* (I serve), from the bravest of his foes at Cressy. This was the old blind King of Bohemia, who

had prayed his friends to let him 'deal one good stroke of his sword in the battle.' So four of his knights tied the bridles of their horses and his together, and galloped into the thickest of the fight, when they all met a soldier's death valiantly.

After this famous victory (1346) the king and prince led their victorious army to the city of Calais, a wealthy seaport and centre of trade. Prince Edward was present during the eleven months' siege, and saw the surrender of the six citizens, and his mother's rescue of them (1347). After that he returned home to take his share in the splendid rejoicings which celebrated the victory of Cressy and the taking of Calais. The country was wild with pride, and much enriched, too, by the plunder of France. There was not a household but had got gold or silver or rare vessels or rich garments, and London and the rest of the land gave itself up to feasting, tournaments, and all kinds of gaiety. The king himself marked his triumph by founding the Order of the Garter, and holding a great feast, and the first knight of the new order was his son, the Black Prince.

There were no more feats of war for some years, for the dreadful pestilence called the *Black Death*, which first came in 1348, made such terrible ravages in England, as in the rest of Europe, that it was impossible to collect an army for some years. The only interruption of peace was caused by a fleet of Spanish ships, which acted like pirates and captured our Gascony merchantmen. Both the king and the prince went out in the English fleet to attack them, and the Black Prince took with him his brother, John of Gaunt, who was only ten years old. He gallantly attacked a Spanish ship which was much larger and had turrets built on her decks and even on the tops of her masts. Out of these archers

and engineers hurled all kinds of missiles, and soon the prince's ship began to fill with water. The two vessels were touching each other, and with great courage he led his men right up the side of the Spaniard, as if it had been a castle, to take it, as the only way of escaping drowning; but he could hardly have succeeded if the Duke of Lancaster had not brought his ship to attack the Spaniard on the other side. The prince just succeeded in mastering the ship in time, as his own sank. In the end a great victory was gained over '*les Espagnols sur mer*,' and Edward III. might claim to be really Sovereign of the Narrow Seas (1350).

When the war with France was renewed in 1355 Philip VI. was dead and his son John was king. The Black Prince led the campaign, and determined to conquer the south of France which lay beyond the English province of Gascony. So many wished to serve under him that there was not enough armour for all who wished to buy. Many famous knights went with him—Sir John Chandos, Sir James Audley, the Captal de Buch, and many others. After a plundering expedition, from which he returned to Bordeaux with the spoil of fifty cities, the prince set to work steadily to capture and keep fresh places. He sent such a great force that the towns could not resist, and either surrendered at once or paid great sums to avoid being plundered, and thus without bloodshed a large district was soon conquered.

Edward soon spent his money in Bordeaux, and next year made a great effort again. He would plunder the rich country to the north of Gascony, and fight his way to Normandy to join his gallant cousin Lancaster who was conquering there. He marched triumphantly as far as Bourges, wasting the land as he went, but he

could not cross the Loire, for an overwhelming French army, under King John himself, lay at the only crossing place, Chartres; so he resolved to retreat. The French pursued; but so little news had the two armies of each other, that neither knew where the other was till the Captal de Buch by accident attacked King John's outposts, and the French then placed themselves in front of the English at Poitiers. The Black Prince was not rash enough to wish to fight against such great odds, and offered a great sum of money and a truce for seven years, as a ransom. King John, however, insisted that the prince must surrender with a hundred of his knights, and this he would not do. 'God help us! for all that is left to us is to fight as best we can,' he said, and thus began the famous Battle of Poitiers (1356).

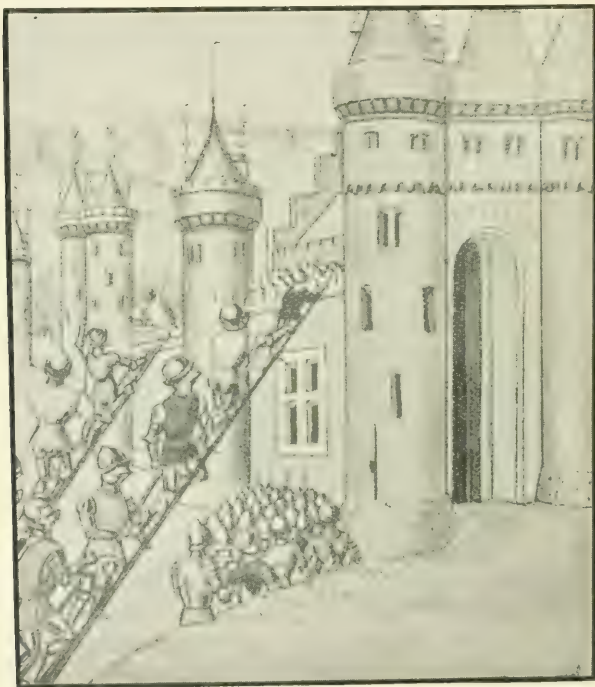
The English were well placed along the side of a little hill, where they had made some fences and trenches, in addition to the hedges and vines along their front. A narrow lane led up it on either side of which, safe from the French cavalry behind the hedges, the Prince placed his archers, and hid a small body of horsemen to surprise the French flank. At daybreak he addressed his men, and added to his dearest friend Chandos: 'John, get forward; you shall not see me turn my back this day, but I will be ever with the foremost.' Then he cried: 'Advance, banner, in the name of God and St. George!' Luckily the French attacked in the old-fashioned feudal style. A body of knights tried to dash up the lane, but the archers shot them all down, and did the same to a second charge, so that the lane was choked with dead; then the English ambush fell upon the French second division, the prince charged himself, and the whole 'battle' of the Duke of Normandy fled, followed by the second 'battle,' so that

only King John with the last 'battle' remained, fighting gallantly a long while before he surrendered.

A great number of French were slain and a hundred nobleman taken, whose ransoms would make their captors rich. Indeed, the hope of securing a rich prisoner was one of the chief reasons for the zeal which the English showed for the war, and Sir John Chandos was observed to be especially chivalrous in that he would not leave his post to secure any prisoner, but kept on fighting and guarding the prince.

When the fight was over the Black Prince entertained the French king in his tent, waiting upon him with his own hands, and trying to comfort him by compliments on his courage. Then he hastened to Sir James Audley, who was desperately wounded, and embraced him as 'the best doer in arms' that day. He named him especially his own knight henceforth, and gave him five hundred marks a year. This gift Audley at once bestowed upon his four esquires who had fought by him throughout the battle, and when the prince heard it he was so much pleased that he ordered six hundred more to be given to his friend. In other such royal gifts and in splendid festivals at Bordeaux Edward spent the chief part of his plunder, for he only cared to have that he might give. It was an age of magnificence: when the prince brought the captive King of France to London the walls of the houses were hung with tapestry, windows and balconies filled with piles of silver plate and rich armour, bonfires blazed, and plays and music were performed in the public places; but while King John, clothed royally, rode on a large white steed, the principal figure in the procession, the prince at his side was on a little black hobby, 'as one that avoided all suspicion of triumph.'

There was the most friendly feeling between the royal family and the Londoners. When the city made a grand tournament to honour the King, he with his four sons and a few noblemen came dressed up as the Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen, and in this guise held the



STORMING A CASTLE.

(*After Froissart.*)

lists as champions of the city and defeated all comers, to the great delight of the worthy citizens. In tournaments the Prince used to wear a badge of an ostrich feather, or three feathers, such as we are familiar with now.

The next expedition to France ended in the Peace of Bretigny (1360), which gave a much-needed rest to both countries. Edward III. resigned his claim to the crown of France, and secured instead Gascony and Guienne, and Calais and the district round it. The southern provinces he gave to his son, who had really conquered them, and who now established himself with a magnificent court at Bordeaux as Prince of Aquitaine. He had just married his kinswoman the Lady Joan, 'the Fair Maid of Kent' as she was named. He was only thirty years old, and already the most brilliant general of the time, surrounded by devoted friends, worshipped by his people, feared by his foes—in short, at the very height of prosperity and glory. His task in Aquitaine was difficult, for the Gascon nobles were accustomed to a lawless freedom, and disliked the presence of a prince who kept them in order. The wealthy cities grumbled at the taxes, and all were irritated by the haughty ways of the English lords whom Prince Edward was obliged to keep around him. Still, he succeeded fairly well, with Sir John Chandos to help him as Governor of Guienne; and the people were becoming loyal and growing prosperous when all was spoiled by a new and unnecessary war.

Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, had been driven from his throne by his indignant subjects, and he came in his exile to appeal to the chivalrous feelings of Edward to help him. He was already friendly with the English royal family, and as he was brave, accomplished, and handsome, the Black Prince sympathized with him and actually undertook to help him to regain his throne, in spite of all the arguments of the wiser Sir John Chandos. The new French king, Charles V., was not sorry that the English should be entangled in

war elsewhere, and helped Pedro's rival, his half-brother Henry, by allowing the famous French captain, Bertrand du Guesclin, to lead a band of adventurers on his side.

Pedro the Cruel promised such great rewards and honours to his allies when he should recover his kingdom that the prince and his followers expected to reap a rich harvest. They fought and won for Pedro the fierce battle of Navarrete (1367), in which Chandos took Du Guesclin prisoner, and then Pedro, after profuse thanks, went away to the south 'to fetch the money' to pay the English troops. They waited in vain; no money nor even food was sent, and great numbers died in the hot, unhealthy summer. The prince fell very ill, and at last he had to drag his half-starved, diseased army back into Aquitaine, and to find the enormous sum needed to pay them. Many of the troops were mercenary soldiers, who fought in bands called Free Companies for anybody who paid them, and these men behaved so violently while waiting for their pay that Edward let them go over the French frontier, where there was no one to prevent them from pillaging the unfortunate people.

Charles V. was naturally very angry at this. He said it was a breach of the Peace of Bretigny, and he seized the first excuse he could to embarrass the Black Prince. He found it in the discontent of the Gascons. Edward laid a very heavy tax upon them, and in his illness his temper had grown harsh. When Sir John Chandos tried to persuade him to alter the tax, he was so angry that Chandos had to resign his post and go to live on his little estate in Normandy. When the Gascon lords complained they were not listened to, and some of them went to Charles V. Hereupon the French

king summoned the Duke of Aquitaine to come to Paris 'to answer their complaints,' thus ignoring the Peace of Bretigny himself. 'We will willingly attend,' replied Edward, 'but it shall be with our helmet on our head, lance in rest, and 60,000 men in our company.' He was, however, too ill to sit on horseback, as Charles knew well enough, and at last he sent to beg his old friend Chandos to come back and lead the army for him. Chandos came at once, but so vain were some of the English lords that they actually refused to serve under him. The French attacked the province, and 900 towns and castles surrendered (1370).

The English seemed to be overcome by their enemies at once. They were, in fact, exhausted by the long war and the Black Death. Edward III. had lost his powers of command and his brave spirit. A French fleet visited the south coast and burned Portsmouth. Good Queen Philippa died in the midst of these troubles, and while her son was grieving for her he had to bear the loss of the faithful Chandos, who was slain in a skirmish. 'I have lost too much this year on both sides of the sea,' mourned the Prince. His own illness was the worst disaster to the nation, for his brothers had none of his genius and were jealous of him, so that when John of Gaunt came his rivalry did more harm than his troops did good.

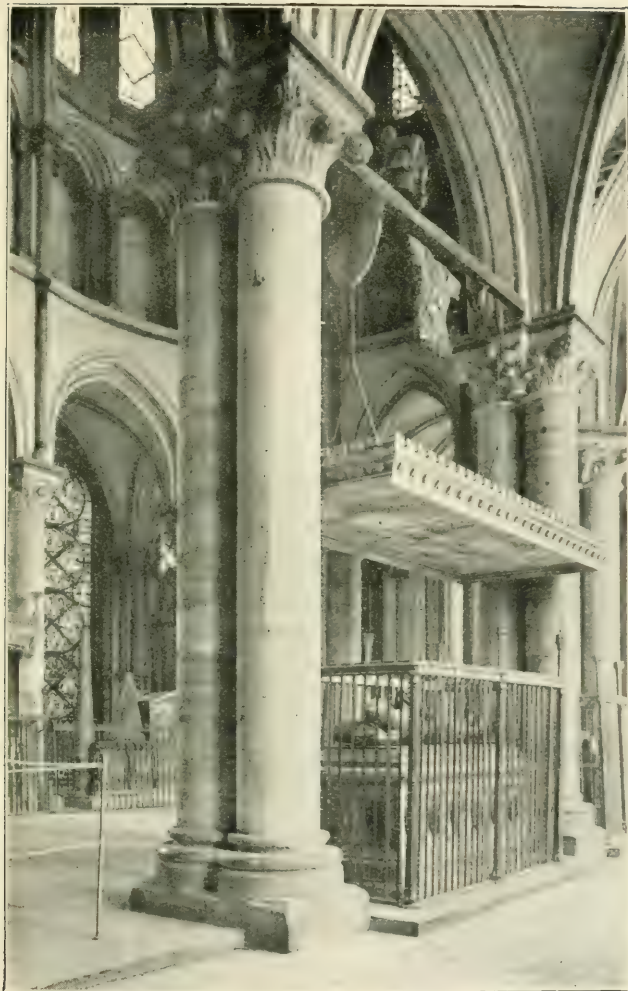
A savage, bitter spirit took possession of the unhappy Edward, and when Limoges was treacherously surrendered to the French, he vowed to make the city pay dearly for its treason, and when he recaptured it he was carried through the town in his litter to watch the massacre of the inhabitants, of old men, women, and little children.

At last his increasing illness and grief for the death

of his eldest son made him return sadly to England, to retire with his wife and little son Richard to Berkhamstead. He was ruined in fortune, and as he lay slowly dying he heard how the Earl of Pembroke (who would not serve under Chandos) was defeated at sea, and all the money lost that was sent to Aquitaine; then how the brave Captal de Buch was taken and kept in prison; how Du Guesclin retook town after town, and at last he roused the failing spirit of Edward III., and had himself carried in a litter to the coast, vowing to die on the way rather than lose Aquitaine. But now contrary winds kept the fleet five weeks at sea in vain, and the old king gave up the attempt, crying: 'God is for the King of the French!' Gaunt led the last expedition (1373), a miserable failure, and everything of Edward's splendid conquests was lost save Calais, Bordeaux, and Bayonne.

The last four years of the Black Prince's life were made bitter by the sight of the base conduct of his brother John of Gaunt, who misgoverned the kingdom and seemed to aim at the crown for himself. When in 1376 the 'Good Parliament' made a stand against Gaunt's injustice, the dying prince entered the Parliament with his son Richard and supported the reforms of the members, who recognised Richard as heir to the crown. One of Gaunt's base favourites, the merchant Lyons, tried to bribe the Black Prince by sending him £1,000 in a barrel, but it was haughtily returned.

As he lay dying he allowed all his friends to come to see him, and gave gifts to his servants which he forbade his son ever to take from them on pain of his curse. A bishop who was with him exhorted him to ask pardon of God and of any whom he had injured, and at first he was too proud to do so, but at last 'he



TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

joined his hands and prayed that God and man would grant him pardon, and so he died.'

He was buried by his own desire in Canterbury Cathedral, as if he were on his way to France, with his surcoat, helmet, shield, and mail gauntlets hung threateningly over his tomb.



OSTRICH FEATHER BADGE OF THE
BLACK PRINCE.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(1340(?)—1400.)

WITH all their pride and pomp the Plantagenets never fell into the mean mistake of despising the citizens and plain gentry amongst whom they and their nobles kept so splendid a court. They knew that money is the sinews of both war and government, and gave peculiar attention to those classes of the nation which enriched it by trade. Thus there was no ill feeling between noblemen and merchants, such as was the curse of other countries; the Lord Mayor of London ranked among the barons, and in the House of Commons citizens sat beside belted knights.

King Edward III., whose wars and extravagance continually called for money, was especially gracious to rich men who would lend to him, so that the son of a merchant of Hull was brought up in the court and became an earl and a minister, and his descendants married with royalty. Master John Chaucer was not so great a personage as William de la Pole of Hull; he was a vintner, who imported wine and sold it in London, sometimes in his own taverns. He had done the king some useful service, for which he was rewarded, like de la Pole, by a provision at court for his son Geoffrey, destined to win greater fame than any merchant's son of England as the *Father of English Poetry*.

Geoffrey Chaucer was made a page in the household of Prince Lionel. He would there have the usual education of a young gentleman, and learn polite manners and the management of steed and arms to fit him for the rank of esquire, which might in due time lead to knighthood and glory. He must have seen a good deal of courtly life, for, clad in his short cloak and breeches with one red leg and one black, he certainly attended Lionel and his young wife, the Lady Elizabeth of Ulster, on their difficult journeys to Anglesea or Liverpool, when they visited their Irish estates, and at grand festivals at Windsor and Woodstock, duly receiving his Christmas gift of 2s. 6d. (worth over 30s. of our money). He was probably not twenty when he went abroad to the war in France in 1359.

In that year Edward III. renewed the great French war by invading the North of France. The troops of the royal princes, with which Chaucer was serving, marched last and found no food or forage left for them, so that they had to scatter to seek it instead of marching towards Paris; and in a skirmish near the borders of Brittany Geoffrey Chaucer was unlucky enough to be taken prisoner. Though the king ransomed him for £16 he had no further opportunity of distinguishing himself, for the Peace of Bretigny was signed in 1360.

Peace, indeed, was better for him than war, for the princes and noble ladies had the more time to enjoy the tales and songs which the king's young esquire could recite to them. King Edward's courtiers were fond of books, songs and music, and Chaucer's natural genius was encouraged by the society in which he lived. He was a great reader, he says, for just as new corn springs out of the old fields, so does new knowledge grow out of old books. No game could draw him away from his

books, except when in the merry month of May the birds begin to sing and the flowers to bloom ; then only would he bid farewell to his book studies and go forth to rejoice in the study of the beautiful world.

As books had then to be written out by hand they were precious, and often the pages were enriched with little pictures and painted patterns, and the binding made as strong and safe as a box. A new poem would be read aloud again and again, and passed from hand to hand, so that the author would soon be known and praised.

In 1369, while he was a royal esquire, Chaucer wrote his first famous poem, 'The Book of the Duchess,' which is a lament over the death of John of Gaunt's first wife, Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster, whose bright life was such

' That she was like to torchë bright
That every man may take of light
Enough, and it hath never the less.'

In the course of the next few years Edward III. several times sent Chaucer on important business abroad. He went with ambassadors to Flanders, France and Italy, and besides doing useful work for the king, he delighted in the strange places and people he saw. His visit to Italy, in particular, must have been of the deepest interest, for there he met the two most famous authors of the age—the poet Petrarch and the story-teller Boccaccio, and they not only, as it seems, showed him some of their own work, but must have told him of the mighty poet Dante, who had died not so very long before. The example of these Italian writers had a great effect on Chaucer, and must have encouraged him in the task he had set himself of finding out forms of verse that would suit his own language better than the old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon, or the stiff Latin forms,

which were all that his contemporaries used. Chaucer had, in fact, to make his own style of verse, just as he had to translate out of French, Italian or Latin most of the stories which he wanted to tell in his poems. A poet who lived a little later truthfully called him

The firstē finder of our faire language.

When he returned from his first and longest visit to Italy he was no longer in personal attendance upon the king, but was rewarded for his services by a post which seems a very curious one for a poet. He was made Comptroller of the Customs of wool and skins, and had to go regularly to the wharves or offices to inspect the huge bundles of hides and bales of wool on which the merchants paid a duty before they might ship them. He received, of course, a salary for this, besides some other payments, one of which was a pitcher of wine a day, to be given to him by the king's chief butler. He lived in a house which had been built over the gate in the city walls called Aldgate, so that the gateway itself was like a big story cut out of the middle of his house between the rooms and the cellars. The building belonged to the Mayor and Aldermen of London, but they promised 'not to use it as a gaol' while he was living there.

Chaucer was generous in spending his income, and perhaps not very clever about money matters; and when (in 1386), by the influence of the Duke of Gloucester, he was suddenly deprived of his post along with many other friends of John of Gaunt, he must have found it hard to live for a few years, till the young king, Richard II., gave him another place. This, too, was an odd one for a poet to hold: he was made Clerk of the Works, or managing architect and builder

in Westminster Palace, the Tower, and a dozen other royal dwellings; however he had a good salary, and was allowed to send deputies to do the real work. The first result of being rich again was that he was robbed 'under the foul oak tree' near London by a pair of thieves, who took his horse, a large sum of money, and his other belongings.

Chaucer very soon gave up his new position, and received instead a small pension and a tun of wine a year, while his eldest son seems to have been provided for by being made chief butler. It was time that he should be set free from common business, for he had already begun to write the wonderful series of poetical stories which made him famous—the 'Canterbury Tales.'

In the Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales' Chaucer describes himself at the Tabard Inn in Southwark,

Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with full devout courage,

where there gathered nine-and-twenty other pilgrims
of various ranks, from a grave and gallant knight,

That from the timē that he first began
To riden out he lovèd chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy,

to an honest, hard-working ploughman.

There was the Knight's fashionable and accomplished son, a Squire, whose locks curled as if they had been laid in a press, and whose garments were embroidered as gaily as a meadow is in summer with flowers; and there was, too, a group of five serious townsmen, rich and respected shopkeepers, who had brought a cook in their company, since they were rather particular about good eating. There was an elegantly dressed Prioress with the most beautiful manners, who could talk

French, and loved little pet-dogs; and also a bold, talkative widow of a merchant, who managed her own cloth factory at Bath, and wore such expensive clothes that her Sunday head-dress weighed at least ten pounds. A portly Monk, who deserted his cloister to go a-hunting, and dressed in costly furs with gold ornaments, and a jolly, gossiping Friar contrasted markedly with a poor parish Priest, who only left his parish for devotion's sake, and gave up his life to good works.

Christë's lore and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himselfe.

A Doctor and a Lawyer were evidently both rich, and thought a good deal of themselves, but there was a studious clerk from Oxford who, (much like Chaucer himself),

Was liever have at his bed's head
Twenty bookës clad in black and red
Of Aristotle and his philosophy
Than robës rich.

All that he could get from his friends he spent upon books and learning, in return praying for their souls,

And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

As the pilgrims set out together to Canterbury they agreed to amuse each other by telling stories in turn, the Knight beginning with the beautiful and sad romance of the cousins Palamon and Arcite.

The whole number of Tales was never completed; Chaucer went no further than the Parson's sermon. But he wrote several other fine poems: 'The Parliament of Fowles,' in honour of King Richard's marriage with Anne of Bohemia; 'The House of Fame,' 'A Legend of Good Women,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' and many shorter poems; besides a prose translation of the



Paul Hardy.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

book of the famous philosopher Boethius, and a work on mathematics for his little son Louis.

The last few years of his life were distressed by poverty, for Richard II., who spent money so extravagantly, seems to have taken but little notice of the great poet, and it was only on the accession of Henry IV., the son of Chaucer's old friend, John of Gaunt, that he was once more given a suitable income. He did not, however, live more than a few months to enjoy it, for he died in October, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Chaucer, the Father of English Poetry, has a threefold interest for us, for not only are his poems beautiful and interesting in themselves, but, as Dryden said, he sets our forefathers and great-grandames all before us as they were in his day, while he was the first example for the long line of famous poets who looked back as to their master to him whom Spenser calls

Chaucer, the well of English undefiled.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to no other wight
Complain I, for ye be my lady dear !
I am so sorry, now that ye be light ;
For certes, but ye make me heavy cheer,
Me were as lief be laid upon my bier ;
For which unto your mercy thus I cry :
Be heavy again, or elles must I die !

Now voucheth safe this day, ere it be night,
That I of you the blissful sound may hear,
Or see your colour like the sun-nē bright
That of yellowness hadde never peer.
Ye be my life, ye be mine heartës star,
Queen of comfort and of good company ;
Be heavy again, or elles must I die !

*

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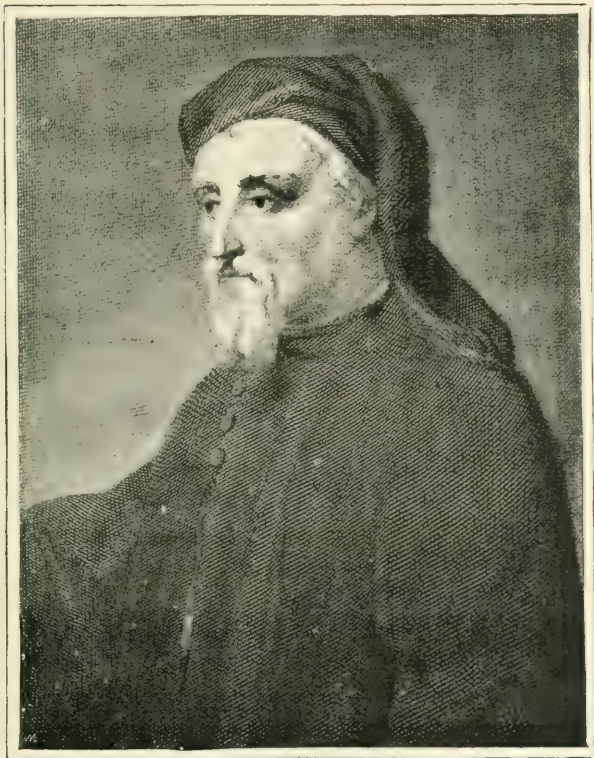
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L'ENVOY (*sent to Henry IV.*).

O conqueror of Brutes Albion !
Which that by line and free election
Be very king, this Song to you I send ;
And ye, that may-en all our harm amend,
Have mind upon my supplication !



CHAUCER.

(.MS. Harl. 4866, Brit. Mus.)

JOHN WYCLIF.

(1320(?)—1384.)

JOHN WYCLIF, who is often called 'The Morning Star of the Reformation,' came, like several other reformers, from the dales of Yorkshire. Not far from Barnard Castle, beside the wooded banks of the Tees, lived the gentle family of Wyclif, and thence the scholarly John Wyclif went to Oxford to study.

He became a priest and a very learned man, the pride of his University. He held several dignified offices and was for a time Master of Balliol College. In those days it was the custom for public arguments to be held in Latin upon learned subjects, and as Oxford was the resort of many hundreds of students Wyclif's name soon became well known from these discussions, and from his writings and lectures. Soon after the Treaty of Bretigny the Pope demanded the payment of the tribute which King John had so long ago promised, but which had never been paid during the reign of Edward III. King and Parliament plainly refused, and Wyclif, as the most famous doctor in England, wrote a reply to the demand in Latin, like all his writings at this time, for that was the common language of all learned persons, lawyers and clergy, in Western Europe.

After 1363, however, Wyclif began to give up his

work in Oxford for the duties of a parish priest, and in 1374 became Rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, and he then realized the utter ignorance of the poorer classes, and the strange ideas which most had of the Christian religion.

In the fourteenth century the religion of the mass of the nation principally consisted in a superstitious belief in the power of ceremonies, while they knew nothing of the teaching of the Bible. Most supposed that the images in different churches were of quite different saints, and would make a pilgrimage to pray to Our Lady of Walsingham, as if she were a distinct personage from Our Lady of York, or of any other place.

Few could read, and the clergy, for the most part, took no pains to teach, so that the people had to be ignorant. This was chiefly the fault of the bishops, the monks, and the friars. Most *bishops* were busy in politics and took no notice of their dioceses except to draw great revenues from them; often they did not visit them for years together. The *monks*, who lived in their comfortable monasteries, or on the farms which belonged to them, had no proper concern with parish work at all; but as, unhappily, numbers of parish churches and their incomes had been given to the monasteries, they had to provide for the services. This they did either by visiting the churches from time to time, or by sending a 'vicar' to the place, who was allowed scarcely anything to live on, and had to farm or beg to make a living. In neither case did the people in the parish get any care or teaching. The *friars* had fallen away terribly from their early saintliness. They had now become merely greedy beggars, who preached amusing stories which they called sermons, to persuade people to give, and,

still worse, would hear confessions and absolve people from their sins on the payment of a little money. Chaucer's Friar (in the Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales') declares that he knows that a man is penitent by his gifts :

Therefore, instead of weeping and prayèrs
Men must give silver to the pauvrè friars.

All thinking persons were shocked by the clergy's neglect of duty and greed of money. In the course of ages a large part of the best estates in England had been given to monasteries and bishoprics by lords and kings who supposed that they were doing a good thing. Yet the wealthy monks and bishops claimed to be free from the ordinary taxes and duties of laymen. Parliament drew attention to the evil ; private gentlemen were anxious. One asked of a bishop what would happen if the clergy should get all the land of the country, and the bishop cheerfully replied that then the lords and knights ' should be the clerks' soldiers and live by their wages.'

Wyclif concluded that it was the wealth of the Church which made the clergy proud and idle, and he began to write and preach that the Government ought to take their riches for the use of lords and poor gentlemen, that there might be no need to tax the poor. He declared that the Pope ought not to give English livings to foreigners, who never came to do any work in them, and that the first duty of the clergy and bishops was to teach the truths of religion to the people. There were many among the ruling classes who shared Wyclif's opinions, and the Good Parliament of 1376 petitioned the king to forbid the sale of livings and the collection of such great sums of money for the

Pope; for, they said, five times as much as the king got from the taxes was tricked out of the people and sent to the Pope's court, where it was wasted or even used by the enemies of England. God had entrusted the care of His people, they said, to the Holy Father 'to be pastured and not to be shorn.'

At this time the most powerful man in England was John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. He had a bitter quarrel with some of the bishops who were at the head of the political party opposed to him, especially with Courtenay, Bishop of London, and William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and founder of the famous public school there. John of Gaunt would have been glad to carry out some plan for taking the wealth of the Church, and Courtenay, partly to injure him and partly to prevent criticism of the Church, suddenly called on Wyclif to come to St. Paul's before Convocation, which was the Parliament of the clergy, to answer a number of accusations made against him.

The Duke of Lancaster regarded the trial (1377) as an insult to himself, and when Wyclif went to St. Paul's Lancaster and his principal supporter, Lord Percy, afterwards Earl of Northumberland, marched up the Cathedral with him, attended by a band of armed men. Percy cleared his way roughly, and the angry Bishop of London cried that, had he known, he would not have let him come to play the master in the church. Lancaster replied to him proudly, while Percy bade Wyclif seat himself and rest, since he would have many questions to answer.

This made the Bishop furious and a loud quarrel arose which very much excited the listeners, and when John of Gaunt was heard to say that, sooner than put up with insult, he would drag the Bishop from the

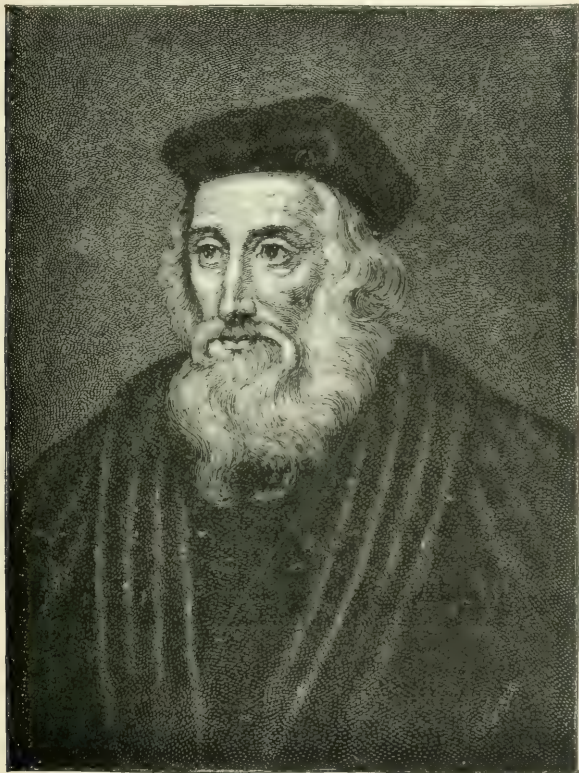
church by the hair of his head, the crowd of Londoners were wrought to fury. They set upon the Duke's retinue, tolled the city bells for aid, and gathered a mob which stormed Percy's house and would have put the two lords to death, had not the Bishop interfered to protect his enemies. Wyclif went quietly away.

The bishops next thought they had found an easier way of silencing Wyclif and his cry for reform by sending to complain to the Pope, and shortly after the accession of Richard II. orders came from Rome for a trial of this 'heretic.' Anyone who dared to disagree with the Pope and bishops, or to criticise anything in the church system, was sure in those times to be called a heretic, and to meet with severe punishment, and Wyclif must have known for some years what danger he and his followers were running. But though the University of Oxford had the courage to refuse to persecute him, he came bravely to London to be tried once more by Bishop Courtenay.

Wyclif made a favourable impression upon many who heard him. He was a tall, dignified man with a flowing beard, and his words and manner were serious and self-restrained. He earnestly hoped that the clergy might be persuaded to reform the Church, and he explained and defended his opinions clearly in a paper which he wished to be sent to the Pope. Courtenay was unable to harm him, because Richard's mother sent Clifford, one of her knights, to protect him, and the Londoners, who had so recently interfered to save Courtenay from the Duke of Lancaster, now expressed very strongly their agreement with Wyclif, so that the Bishop was obliged to let him go away free.

He had another seven years of busy work before him. At his home in Lutterworth he trained a number of

Poor Preachers whom he sent forth to bring the knowledge of the Gospel to the laity, and for their use he translated into English portions of the New Testament, that the preachers might have copies to



JOHN WYCLIF.

read and preach from which they and the people could understand. Gradually all the New Testament was put into English, and afterwards Wyclif's followers completed the whole Bible.

The scandals of the Papal quarrels, now that two Popes had been elected who fought with each other, and the cruelty and selfishness of the attempts made by the higher clergy to prevent any kind of religious reform, made Wyclif search for the grounds on which the Popes claimed to be masters and commanders of all Christians. He could not find any in the Scriptures or in the writings of the early Fathers of the Church, and he boldly declared that the Papal claims were false, and that the Pope and Cardinals ought to be disregarded by Englishmen. He also taught against some of the doctrines of the clergy, and appealed to men to study the Bible themselves and use their own reason in thinking of religion.

This cost him the friendship of John of Gaunt, who was solely a politician and wished Wyclif to teach only about the harm of the bishops' wealth; but Wyclif would pay no attention to the duke's worldly-wise advice, but preached and wrote busily in English and sent out more Poor Preachers. His sermons and tracts were usually simple—explanations of the Lord's Prayer or the Commandments, and sermons upon the Gospels and Epistles and chants. The preachers were listened to eagerly, especially by the middle-classes in the towns, and before the death of Richard II. we are told that in London and the South of England almost half the population was Wyclifite.

Wyclif's followers were given the nickname of *Lollards* by their enemies, a *loller* being a name for an idle beggar. Unfortunately, these men were not always content to preach only the Gospel teachings of their master, but tried to spread a knowledge of his more learned works, which they did not always properly understand themselves. In fact, some of Wyclif's

philosophy could only be understood by learned scholars, and the Lollards gave a wrong impression when they said that Wyclif had taught that bad rulers ought not to be obeyed, nor bad men allowed to have riches. This was not at all what Wyclif wrote, but as it was easy to understand and a rather pleasant doctrine to many poor people it was readily believed, and thus in the fifteenth century Lollards were looked upon as men who wanted to make a revolution, and so they became unpopular.

Henry IV. sanctioned a law to have them burned to death; their books, especially copies of the English Bible, were sought for and destroyed, and people were punished for having or reading one. Nevertheless the Lollards were never stamped out, but continued to teach secretly and hand on some of the doctrines of Wyclif till the Reformation of Henry the Eighth's time, which was itself largely the result of his work. Through Queen Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard II., Wyclif's works found their way to the University of Prague. These books convinced John Huss, the Bohemian reformer, and it was the works of Huss which first convinced Martin Luther; as a book of that later time expressed it, Wyclif struck the spark, Huss lighted the coal, and Luther waved on high the torch. Wyclif is rightly named the *Morning Star of the Reformation*.

Wyclif died peacefully at Lutterworth at the end of the year 1384, but some years after his death a mean revenge was done upon his bones. They were taken from the tomb and burned to ashes, and the ashes flung into the brook which runs past Lutterworth. 'Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, these into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wyclif are the

er begynn pe prologe in pe boke
 The boke of of wiliam.
 Causedam auctoris chunes wote
 her is: is heresol: & pat dinge pe
 more suclly pe bar greche speche.
 This boke pe ielbis afferenai tole
 of philon. pat peir for wiliam is
 netipd for: in ut pe aimpug: of arth
 pat is pe wiliam of pe sad: & pe pat
 froun: diligenti is expound.

Four ier ieritue
 nelle: pat true
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 chp. hi. for he
 is founten of hem pat tranfpen hi
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 vthe chaftray diuifit men. fto mmo
 au eapl weli foule fchal not gon
 in wiliam: ut fchal diuellen in a
 bodie faget to fimes. An holi fputr
 forlop fchal fclen pe fclene of diu
 pline: & fchal talien hi felf a wel
 pofns pat ben with out: vnderft
 ding: & he fchal ben chaftrid fto pe
 oucoupage wiclunelle. Serpunge
 is pe fputr of wiliam: & he fchal
 not deuide pe auctr to his lipis.
 ffor of pe couelle of him wiclunelle
 is god: & of pe herre of him is pe
 bre fcler: & of pe tuge of hi hee
 rex fcler: pe fputr of pe lord fclailp
 pe roidnelle of londis: & pat pad
 wnterip alle pungs iunpge hep of
 voier: for pat he pat epelip wicle
 mug: may not larken. ut chofa
 fting: come fchal belide paden. hi
 in pe portis forlop of pe vapiout
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 forlop of hi: heereuge to god fchal
 ainen. And to pe couerfion of pe
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pe gelous licetip alle pungs: & pe noie
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 & ean fou fclunge pat no pinge
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Forlop riptous men wcler
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 of a fcler to fcler to gpidr oure hie
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 bodie: & pe fcler fchal ben held a
 bide as toft: epr: And our inf fchal
 paden as pe fcler of adouit: & as
 a uol clou: den vcler: pat is d
 ucler of pe venes of pe fcler: & of
 pe betr of a greggid. And oure
 name fclerunge fchal taken bi
 tyme: & no man fchal haue nio
 of oure wcleris: fforlop in fcler
 of fcler: ean is of our tyme: & pe

emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.’*

FROM WYCLIF’S NEW TESTAMENT.

ST. MATT. IX. 16 (*old spelling*).

‘And no man puttith a cloute of boistous clooth in to an oold clothing, for it doith awei the fulnes of the clothe, and a worse brekyng is made; nether men putte newe wyne in to olde botels, els the botels ben to brokun & destried, and the wyne schedde out, but men putten newe wyne in to newe botels: and bothe ben kepte.’

* Fuller.

PEASANT LIVES.

I. LANGLAND AND HIS 'VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN.'

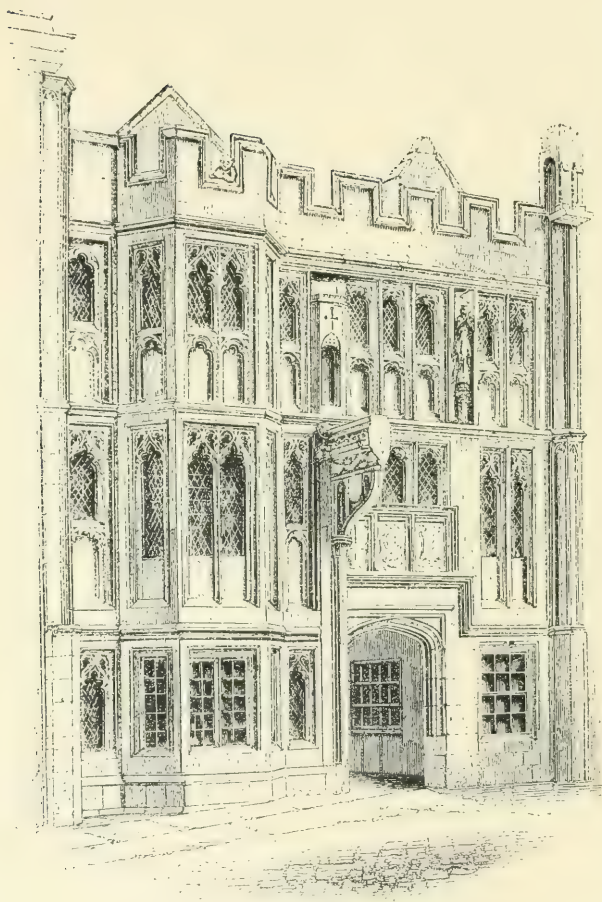
IN the poems of Chaucer we read about the educated and noble people of England. In the poems of Langland we read of the poorer classes and what they often had to suffer. Chaucer tells of what was pleasant and amusing, Langland of what was serious. When Chaucer has to speak of anyone foolish or bad he does so in a mocking way, as if in hopes that they might be shamed into reforming; but Langland speaks sternly, for he knew too much of the life of the people and of the way in which they were governed to think that there was any hope of curing their wrongs except by some mighty change within the nation, and he wrote his poems, not to amuse people, but to teach them and stir them up to reform.

William Langland came of a family of the farming class in the West Country. His father and some good friends managed to put him to school, probably at Malvern Priory, and here or at Oxford later he studied all the learning of the day—Latin and French, theology and law, grammar and logic, astronomy and the natural science of those times, and he thought that if there were a heaven upon earth it was in the school or the cloister, where none ever came to quarrel. Often he

wandered upon the hills, thinking and dreaming, and watching the wonders of Nature around him.

I saw the sun and the sea
 and the sand after ;
Wild worms in woods,
 and wonderful fowlẽ
With fleckèd feathers
 and of felë (*many*) colours ;
I had wonder at them
 and where the pie learnèd
To lay the sticks
 in which she layeth and broodeth ;
No wright, as I ween,
 could work her nest to please,
If any mason made it a mould
 much wonder it were.

A fine career might have been open to a scholar of such genius but for the death of all his friends, perhaps in the Great Pestilence of 1348, when Langland was about seventeen. At any rate, he had to provide for himself, and as he now had no friends to introduce him to a patron, the only way in which he could earn a living by his learning was to enter the ranks of the lower clergy. There were many classes of these—singing clerks, relic keepers, chantry clerks, scribes, and lawyers of various grades. They need not take up the duties of parish priests but might marry and mix in worldly employments, though they could never rise to dignity in the Church. Langland became a chantry clerk, that is, one who undertook to recite prayers for the good of the souls of others, according to the custom of that time, and would say as many as he was paid for. To pursue this calling, which he hated though it seemed to be the only way in which he could get a living, Langland came to London, and lived in a



GEORGE INN, GLASTONBURY.
(Built for the Pilgrims, fifteenth century.)

cottage on Cornhill with his wife Kitty and his daughter Calotte.

For many years he lived thus, going from church to church or to the private chapels of rich men, watching the people in the crowded streets of London as he had watched the country scenes before. He was a very tall, thin man, dressed in an old long gown much like a beggar; but though he was always poor he was independent and could never bring himself to curry favour with great people by bowing low and crying, 'God save you, lords!' when they came by in their furs and silver. So the rich took no notice of him, and the beggars and friars disliked him too, because he scorned idleness and made rhymes about them. He did not spend all his time in earning his living. Before he left the country he had begun a great poem, which he finished in London (1362), 'A Vision concerning Piers the Plowman,' and the better part of his life was spent in perfecting this and another poem called 'A Vision concerning Do-Well, Do-Better, and Do-Best.' Late in life he returned to the West and added to his poems, and in 1399 he went to Bristol and there wrote a third poem, an appeal to King Richard II., whom he called 'Richard the Redeless,' or Thoughtless, to reform his government. This poem was interrupted by the deposition of Richard, and Langland must have died soon after for he was already an old man.

The 'Vision of Piers Plowman' is written in the ordinary language of the people of that time, but its style is that of much older English poetry, not the new style which Chaucer used. The lines are very long with a break in the middle, and they do not rhyme, but repeat the same sound frequently (alliteration). The 'Vision' begins like this:

In a summer season,
 when soft was the sun,
I shope me in shroudēs (*put on rough clothes*)
 as I a shepherd were,
In habit as an hermit
 unholy of works,
Went wide in this world
 wonders to hear.
And on a May morning
 on Malvern hills
Me befell a ferly (*wonder*)
 of fairy methought.
I was weary for-wandered,
 and went me to rest
Under a broad bank
 by a burn side,
And as I lay and listened
 and lookèd in the waters
I slumbered in a sleeping
 it swayèd so merry.

In his sleep the poet had a vision of a vast 'field full of folk' working and wandering according to their different ranks. There were poor ploughmen who played full seldom, but toiled in setting and sowing what wasters destroyed in gluttony. Others devoted themselves to prayers and penance and

All for the love of our Lord
lived full strictly.

Others were merchants ; others minstrels, making sweet mirth. But there were far too many who did nothing good but thought only of pride and rich clothing, besides a crowd of lazy beggars and idle pilgrims who amused themselves by travelling to distant shrines :

They went forth on their way
 with many wise tales,
And had leave to lie
 all their life after.

Among the beggars must be counted the hypocritical hermits—

Great loobies and long
that loth were to work,

and the friars who went from village to village,

Preaching the people
for profit of themselves,

and covetous priests who left their parishes, which were poor since pestilence time, and went to get money in London ; and pardoners, who sold pardons for sin to the people instead of teaching them to be repentant.

Far on the east rose the Tower of Truth, the home of the Almighty Father, and on the other side lay the dale of death and sin ; yet the crowd seemed to think of nothing but the wiles of a beautiful but wicked witch called Lady Meed (*or Gain*). Meed was about to wed Falsehood when so great a quarrel arose over her that the king had to be called to settle it. The king dwelt in London,

knighthood him led,
Might of the Commons
made him to reign.

He wanted to punish Falsehood and wed Meed to the good knight Conscience. Falsehood and his followers, however, fled in time—Falsehood himself to the friars, Guile to the merchants, who dressed him up as an apprentice, and Liar to the pardoners, who passed him on to the grocers and minstrels to take care of; while Conscience refused to marry so evil a creature as Meed, who always rewarded the bad and neglected the good, and he at last brought Reason to convince the king.

While they were together came Peace into the parliament to complain against Violence. Like many a fierce lord of Langland's time, Violence had carried off by force the farm-stock of Peace ; he had borrowed the best horse and never given it back ; he maintained men to murder his neighbour's servants and fight in the market ; he would break down the barndoors and carry off the wheat, and keep the helpless in prison, and

The king knew he said sooth

Reason next turned to teach the crowd of people, and brought Repentance, at whose preaching Pride made a vow of humility, Luxury vowed to drink nothing but water, Robert the Robber prayed for forgiveness, and Gluttony tried to go to church, but unfortunately stopped at the alehouse on the way. The penitents all wished to find the Tower of Truth, but they did not know the way. 'Saint Truth!' cries a palmer, who comes by with tokens from Bethlehem, Rome, and Spain, 'never did I hear such a saint asked about before!'

Then Piers the Plowman suddenly comes forth, for he knows the way, and as soon as he has ploughed his half-acre by the highroad he promises to guide them. The people want to know what to do while Piers is ploughing, and he tells each one to do his own duty : the farming folk to till the soil, the merchants to trade honestly, even the lovely ladies with their long fingers can make clothing for the poor and teach their daughters so, while the knight should protect Holy Church and the poor from robbers, and destroy the boars and foxes which spoil the crops ; Piers will grow corn for them both if the knight will do this. Some, however, are unwilling to work—

'I was not wont to work,' quod Waster,
'and now will I not begin!'

So Piers sent for Hunger to teach them, who buffeted them about the cheeks till even hermits and beggars set to work with flail and spade. As Hunger would not go away without being fed Piers offered him his little store—two green cheeses, a little curds and cream, an oat-cake, and two loaves of beans and bran for the children. The poor labourers tried to stop Hunger's mouth with pease and herbs, onions and baked apples; he ate it up in haste and called for more, but this was all they had to live on till harvest-time, when the season of plenty came. Then they fed Hunger with the best, and he went to sleep.

Now was seen how few really meant to follow Piers Plowman to seek Truth; for Waster refused to work any more, and the labourers grew proud and demanded the best of everything—not bacon, but fried or baked meat and the choicest fish must they have, the finest wheaten bread and the brownest ale; they began to curse the king and his Council and to complain of being born to labour at all.

For the few who still loyally did their duty Piers had a reward, a pardon for all their sins sent by Truth Himself. Kings and knights who rule righteously and defend religion and the poor, bishops who attend to their sees instead of running after riches, honest merchants who spend their wealth in good deeds, have pardon enough; but there is none for the lawyers who



MINSTREL.

take poor folks' fees and then pay no attention to their suits; nor for beggars who beg in idleness 'whose brew-houses be their churches,' but rather for those honest poor who are ashamed to beg, but work hard in their huts combing wool or plaiting rushes to get food for their babes. They can hardly find the rent-money for their poor homes; they must patch their clothing, and wake in cold winter nights to rock the cradle. These take pain along with their penny ale as their natural portion; a farthingworth of mussels would make a



DANCING.

feast for them on a Friday. These are the truly poor to whom rich men should give their alms.

Langland's earnest verse did not aim at any violent changes. He only wanted men of different classes to do their plain duty, and especially the King, his Council, and Parliament; but his descriptions of the violent nobles and greedy clergy, of the unjust lawyers and unruly Commons, were so vigorous that they were often quoted, and especially among the poor working-folk. Langland described work—in particular the hard

Starveth and stinketh,
 and stealeth lords' almes
 That out of convent and cloister
 coveteth to live.'

For if heaven be on this earth
 and ease to any soul,
 It is in cloister or in school,
 by many skills I find ;
 For in cloister cometh no man
 to chide nor to fight,
 But all is buxomness there and books
 to read and to learn
 In school there is scorn
 but if a clerk will learn,
 And great love and liking,
 for each of them loveth other.

And now is Religion a rider,
 a roamer by streets,
 A leader of love-days (*feasts*)
 and a land buyer,
 A pricker on a palfrey
 from manor to manor,
 An heap of hounds at his ers (*tail*)
 as he a lord were.
 And but if his knave kneel,
 that shall his cup bring,
 He lowereth on him and asketh him :
 Who taught him courtesy ?

II. THE BLACK DEATH AND THE PEASANTS' RISING.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by far the larger part of the people of England lived by agriculture. The towns, all but London, were what we should think very small, with no black smoke rising from them but closely surrounded by cornfields and pasture. All England was country. A considerable

part was still wild forest, or moor or marsh land, but the rest was well populated. Every 'manor,' or feudal estate, had its little village where the peasants dwelt close together, their cornlands lying round undivided by hedges, while hard by was the common where they turned the beasts out to graze and probably might cut turf or wood.

For ages the peasants, or villeins, had been obliged to spend a great part of every month working for the lord of the manor, and could therefore give only their spare time to their own strips of land—for they had not compact farms, but divided the land into numbers of



CLOD-BREAKING.

narrow strips, of which each man had several. However, a great change had been going on since the time of the Normans: the peasants had begun to pay small sums of money instead of performing their tasks, and then the lord would hire them to work when he wanted them, and this was convenient to both sides; but the lords still kept lists of the work due and the pence to be paid on the 'Manor Roll.'

In the fourteenth century the English peasant was often a prosperous man. He grew most of his food, which was plentiful as a rule, and good; he very likely

kept a cow or poultry, or he exercised a trade, and by this and the sale of farm produce could make a little money besides the wages he had now and then from his lord or some well-to-do yeoman who farmed his own land.

Still the villein was not *free*. He had to buy his lord's permission to go away from his village, or to marry his daughter, or apprentice his son, and such restrictions became more irksome as the French war accustomed the peasants to the use of weapons and gave them ambition, while the rapid increase of trade and wealth in the towns made them long to improve

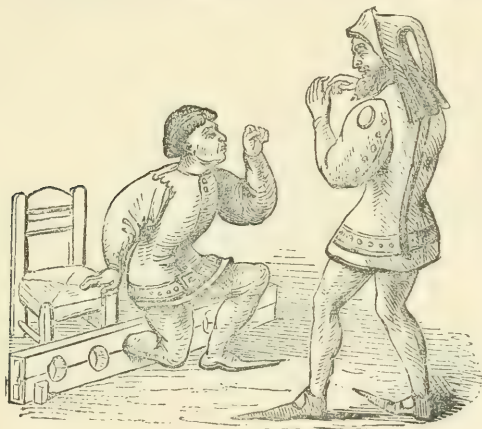


PLOUGHING.

their position. A villein might, indeed, become free if he could reach some town and live there a year and a day without being claimed by his lord, or if he could enter a religious life and turn monk or be ordained; but neither the Church nor the towns liked villein recruits, and the lords were slow to grant permission, so the ambitious villein probably ran away, and after hiding in forest or marsh had to turn day-labourer and seek work from place to place, always in danger of being seized as a vagabond and set in the stocks.

In 1348 an awful calamity made a crisis in the position of the labourers. The Black Death reached England. This pestilence had already swept over the

Continent, and killed countless thousands. Whole villages were emptied in France. In England the same horrors were seen; perhaps one half of the population died. In some convents all the monks or nuns were carried off; in towns whole streets fell to ruins because there was no one to live in them, while in the country cornland lay fallow and cattle wandered about wild; numbers of homes were left without owners because the heirs died so quickly one after



THE STOCKS.

another. The clergy, going about bravely amongst the sick, died in very great numbers, so that afterwards it was impossible to find enough for the churches except by ordaining young and ignorant men, and this was one cause of the low standard of the clergy which 'Piers Plowman' and Chaucer speak of so severely.

The effect of all this upon the peasants was that, as there were far fewer of them to labour, they were in great request and found they could get very high wages;

therefore they all wanted to be day-labourers and go where the highest wages were offered. The lords of the manors, on the other hand, saw they would be ruined if they let their villeins go away and then had to hire labourers at enormous wages, so they began to say that the villeins must stay on the manor and do the ancient labour tasks. The villeins ran away, and then Parliament made laws to forbid high wages and punish those who asked for them, while at the same



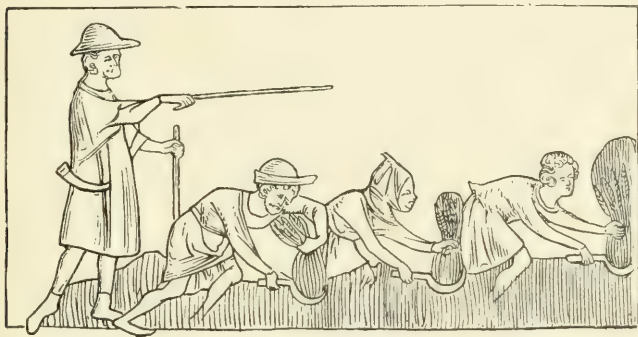
CART.

(From *Luttrell's Psalter*.)

time the cost of the long war caused taxes heavier than ever before to be laid upon the poor. The end of the reign of Edward III. was therefore a time of bitter discontent, all the greater because the laws could not always be enforced and many of the people became practically free, and because the continual travelling to and fro spread news of what happened in one county to the people of others.

Travelling was indeed a remarkable feature of the times, for the roads were always alive, perhaps with

troops going to Southampton, Dover, or other ports for France, perhaps with wounded veterans begging their way home. Now a nobleman's company—his retainers wearing his badge—would travel to the Court, or a Member to the Parliament; now a sober party of merchants would convey their wool to some market or port, or make for one of the famous fairs, as at Winchester or Stourbridge. Merry bands of pilgrims were always following the roads to the famous shrines—to Canterbury or Walsingham, Lincoln or Beverley.



HARVESTING.

There were minstrels and jugglers, pedlars and beggars, students and messengers, licensed journeymen and run-away labourers, the Begging Friar, and the Wyclifite Poor Preacher. The monasteries no longer could provide for so many travellers, and inns were springing up along all the busier roads.

By means of such messengers the poor at length arranged for a universal revolt against their lords and the government. It was kept absolutely secret from the upper classes. Catchwords, often from Langland's poem, were used as tokens, and John Ball, a priest who

wandered from York to Kent, stirred up the peasants by his eloquent sermons. Sermons were not very frequent in those times, which explains why the friars and the Poor Preachers were so popular, and John Ball's sermons were easy to understand, for he urged the equality of all men before God, and the iniquity of the riches of the clergy.

‘When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then a gentle-man?’

was a favourite text of his.

He sent mysterious messages and letters half over England addressed to John Nameless, John Miller, and John Carter, bidding Piers Plowman go to his work and chastise Hob the robber, and ending :

John, the miller, hath ground small, small, small.
The King's son of heaven shall pay for all.
Be ware or ye be wo,
Know your friend from your foe,
Have enough and say ‘Ho!’ (*stop*),
And do well and better, and flee sin,
And seek peace and hold you therein,
So biddeth John Trueman and all his fellow.

Archbishop Sudbury imprisoned Ball, who told him that 20,000 men would come to release him; and so indeed they did, for in June, 1381, the Great Peasant Rising took place.

In every county, from Somerset to Norfolk, and Kent to Yorkshire, the labourers rose and attacked the great abbeys and unpopular lords against whom they had grievances. Some were armed with the famous English bow, but many had only axes, knives, or farming implements. The gentry were terrified and many fled to hide in the woods, but no general massacre took place. Men especially hated, as the Chief Justice and the Prior of the proud Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds,

were hunted down and executed, and so would John of Gaunt have been had he not gone to the Scottish Border at the time, where his chivalrous enemies allowed him to stay. The people hated him, and destroyed his property and even killed some of his favourites where they could. They burned many manor-houses to get rid of the manor-rolls which kept the records of their servitude, and for the same reason slew numbers of the attorneys, who used to keep the rolls and do the accounts. But their object was to reach King Richard II., and tell him of their wrongs. They were sure he would free them if he knew, and two large armies of peasants—one from Essex and the district near, one from Kent and the southern counties—marched steadily upon London.

The Kentish men freed John Ball from prison, and he, with a workman named Wat Tyler, led the multitude as far as Blackheath, five miles from London Bridge. On their way they met Richard's mother returning from Canterbury, and with perfect loyalty allowed her to pass, while they encamped on the Heath and listened to one of John Ball's stirring sermons.

London was terror-stricken. The young king and his mother were almost alone, and took refuge in the Tower with Archbishop Sudbury, Hales the treasurer and a guard of soldiers, and from there Richard was rowed along the river to speak to the rebels at Rotherhithe. But he did not land, and the peasants, urged by anxiety and hunger, marched on to Southwark and burned the archbishop's splendid house of Lambeth. He was chancellor, and responsible, as they believed, for the last cruel tax, so together with their prayers for freedom and no taxes they coupled a demand for Sudbury's head.

Many of the Londoners sympathized with the peasants and others were terrified, so London Bridge was slightly guarded, and the drawbridge in the middle of it was let down for Tyler's men to cross just as the Essex army was pouring in through Aldgate. One of their first acts was to destroy the Savoy, John of Gaunt's palace, with all its riches, and they flung into the flames a man who tried to carry off a rich vessel, with the cry, 'We be no thieves!' They considered themselves avengers, however, and cut off the heads of several who were supposed to be enemies of the Commons, besides burning the lawyers' abode at the Temple with all its records.

It was Richard II. who had the courage to face them, though he was but a lad of fourteen. Accompanied by a few nobles and Walworth, the Mayor of London, he rode out to the fields at Mile End, and spoke kindly to the Essex men, asking what it was they wanted. Freedom, they replied, and that they should pay no more than fourpence an acre for their labour tasks. Richard promised them this and set clerks to work to write charters of freedom on little slips of parchment for the different groups, and as fast as they received their charters many bands of peasants set off for their homes.

Meantime, however, Ball and Tyler had made their way into the Tower at the head of many hundred Kentish men, and dragged Archbishop Sudbury and the Treasurer from the chapel, where they were preparing for death. Their heads were cut off and set up on London Bridge. The peasants had now held London for three days, and many ruffians whom they had freed from prison were committing robbery and murder, but they still protested their loyalty, and made men take an oath to King Richard and the Commons.

Once more Richard faced the danger, to save London by the magic of royalty or be killed himself.

With the brave mayor and a few others he rode to Smithfield Market, and there Tyler advanced from the mass of his men, accompanied by a knight whom he had forced to join him. They made much the same demands as the Essex men, and the king granted them, but Tyler then began to show such insolence that his knightly companion and the mayor tried to restrain him. In a passion he drew out his dagger and tried to stab someone, but the mayor with a fierce blow of his sword struck him dying to the ground. The multitude were at first puzzled, then, when they realized what was done, there was a yell of rage, and bows were bent against the little party round the king. But with splendid daring Richard galloped forward alone, crying: 'What would ye, my men? Would you shoot your king? Grieve not for the death of yonder traitor. I am your king and your captain: follow me!' And the crowd followed him as he rode before them away from the houses to the open fields of Clerkenwell, whilst Walworth hurried into the city and sent an armed force of citizens to face them there. Dismayed by the loss of their leader and confident in the king's offer of pardon, the peasants now broke their ranks up and went quietly away to their country homes.

It was the suddenness of the Rising which had discomfited the gentry, and the story of the Peasants' Revolt in the rest of England is much like that of London. First, success; then, when the bishops, nobles, and knights recovered their wits and their courage, failure. Thousands of ill-armed peasants with no leader were helpless before a score of disciplined soldiers. John Ball was caught at Coventry and executed after being

tried before the king. It was taken for granted by ministers and Parliament that the king's promises counted for nothing, and he seemed to agree in this himself, though he may have been helpless in the matter, for he went with the new Chief Justice on a bloody visit to several counties, and showed no dislike of Tressilian's stern punishments. But it was no wonder that the natural love of the people for their boy king turned to hatred in their bitter disappointment.

This Rising of 1381 had, nevertheless, some good result for the unhappy peasants. Their lords had learned that they could be dangerous, and henceforth many preferred to meet the wants of their tenants half way rather than risk disturbance, while the destruction of so many manor-rolls made it sometimes difficult to prove that men were unfree, consequently villeinage did die out, and the commons of England became, as the rebels of 1381 desired, free from all lords but the king.

RICHARD II.

(*Reigned* 1377—1399.)

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX was only nine when his father, the Black Prince, died, and only ten when, on the death of Edward III., he was crowned King. He had a beautiful face and golden hair, and a slender, active frame, and was extremely talented, but he sometimes stammered. His mother and a friend of the Black Prince, old Sir Simon Burley, brought him up, and he was strongly attached to them and to his half-brothers, the fierce Hollands.

Richard was fond of books and art, and also loved splendour. He liked to have gold and jewels upon his clothes and to give rich gifts to his friends, for he supposed that the wealth and authority of a king were really endless and that the proper duty of his subjects was to obey him.

He was only fourteen when the Great Peasant Rising compelled him to act as Sovereign of England, and after this he resented being treated as a child, as the Council of nobles sometimes treated him for their own purposes.

Richard was impulsive, and for many years could not learn to hide his feelings from the unfriendly eyes around him, but spoke out his dislike of his grasping, incompetent uncle, John of Gaunt, and of the arrogant

nobles. When in Parliament the Earl of Arundel spoke of his bad government (for which, in fact, the Council was responsible), Richard started up from his



RICHARD II., WITH HIS PATRON SAINTS.

throne shouting that Arundel 'lied in his throat.' When the House of Commons requested him to lay the court accounts before them, he said that he should do so when he chose; and when they asked to have

ministers for the whole year named to them, he replied that he had good and sufficient men at present, and should change them when he liked. He even dismissed his faithful chancellor, the Earl of Suffolk, for trying to persuade him not to give away the crown lands so extravagantly, though he reappointed him afterwards. And when, later, Parliament petitioned for the earl's removal, Richard told them that he would not dismiss the meanest scullion in his kitchen at their request. Such language was foolish, for the kings of England had never been despotic but were obliged to consider the wishes of their Councils and Parliaments; and besides, though the nobles and commons did act unfairly towards the young king, his violence seemed to put them in the right and prevented him from gaining enough friends to make a party strong enough to stand against that of his uncles.

Richard saw little but examples of violence around him. Even in London mayors led mobs of citizens to destroy the property of unpopular merchants, and elections were won by armed men beating the voters of the other side out of the Guildhall. The nobles and their armed men constantly came to blows; Richard's half-brother, Sir John Holland, killed the Earl of Stafford's son because one of the Stafford retainers had in a quarrel slain his squire.



WHITE HART BADGE OF
RICHARD II.

Unhappily Richard supposed that the only way to enforce order was to have more retainers than the

nobles, and he began to give his own 'livery' of a white hart to archers and men-at-arms, especially in Cheshire and Wales, and to try to make a party of his own friends who would support him against his uncle. Lancaster and the other great nobles. These friends of his early life were all chosen from the little band who had stood by him in the terrible Peasant Rising of 1381. The most important, after Sir Simon Burley who did not take much part in politics, was Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, an experienced and honourable soldier, though the nobles despised him for being a merchant's son. Then there was the Earl of Salisbury, a friend of the Black Prince, the Chief Justice, the mayors Walworth and Brambre, and de Vere, the Earl of Oxford. De Vere was Richard's personal friend, much younger than the others though older than the king, and Richard irritated the nobles by giving great gifts and honours to him and making him Marquis of Dublin and Duke of Ireland, for he hoped that his friend would really conquer Ireland and make it a civilized country. In 1382 he married Anne of Bohemia, a beautiful and accomplished princess to whom he was so much attached that they would never separate, even when Richard went long journeys to remote counties.

Richard's greatest danger came soon after his mother's death, when his uncle, John of Gaunt, went to Spain, and thus seemed to set the king free, for then the youngest of his uncles, Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, resolved to rule England himself, and perhaps to depose Richard.

Gloucester quarrelled with the king's half-brothers, then with de Vere, and then, in company with the Earl of Arundel, induced Parliament to demand the

dismissal of all Richard's ministers. They named a committee to govern in his name, and as he would not submit, Gloucester and Arundel tried to frighten him by pretending that there were laws to enable Parliament to rule without him, and telling him that the Houses were studying the deposition of Edward II. Richard was still obstinate, but all his ministers and a number of courtiers were 'appealed' or accused of treason in Parliament by five nobles, who are always called the Lords Appellant. They were Gloucester, the Earl of Warwick (once Richard's tutor and extremely harsh to him), the Earls of Arundel and Nottingham, and John of Gaunt's son, Henry of Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby, whose modest, gentle manners made him the idol of the Londoners.

At the news Richard hurried to London, but found himself a prisoner, for the citizens were on the side of the Appellants. De Vere, who was to bring the troops which he and the king had collected, was stopped on his way by overwhelming forces at Radcot Bridge, on the Thames. His troops were routed, and he only escaped by plunging into the river and swimming. As he was believed to be drowned, he managed to fly to Ireland and then to the continent, where he dwelt in poverty till his death in 1392. Suffolk also fled to the continent, but the rest of the king's friends, including the Archbishop of York and several judges, were caught, and all condemned to death or banishment by the Parliament. Even Sir Simon Burley was sentenced to death, and for him Richard and the Queen implored mercy from Gloucester, but in vain. Anne, it is said, even knelt before Arundel, who repulsed her with contemptuous words and bade her 'pray for herself and her husband, who needed it much more.' Choked with

indignation Richard drew his wife away, stammering that his turn would come one day.

The 'Wonderful' Parliament voted very large sums of money to the Appellants, while it placed the king on an allowance and ordered the queen to pay ten pounds a day for her expenses, and to send away nearly all her attendants. Doubtless the insults to the queen, whom he loved passionately, were to Richard the most bitter of all.

The terrible lesson of these years, 1387-88, taught Richard to act quietly, and by so doing he suddenly regained authority. He waited till he had passed his twenty-second birthday (in January, 1389), and then, in the Council, asked Gloucester how old he was. The duke, suspecting nothing, replied, 'Your Grace is in your twenty-second year.' 'Then have I been longer under ward than any subject in my realm,' returned Richard, and thanking their lordships for their kind care of himself and the kingdom, he held out his hand to Bishop Arundel, the Earl's brother, for the chancellor's seals, the token of office. None were prepared with any plan, but yielded, and thus Richard was sovereign again, at least, in appearance. He acted with great moderation, not removing all the ministers or provoking any quarrel. He seemed to forget past events, and as his early friends were gone and the Appellants had done nothing for the country, there was no resistance to his rule.

For eight years England was governed sensibly and quietly, and the king showed much favour to his cousin, the Earl of Derby, and to Nottingham. But the other three Appellants kept aloof: Arundel quarrelled with the Duke of Lancaster and his son, Warwick quarrelled with Nottingham, and Gloucester actually

broke into a rage with the king, and rated him for 'idleness,' and for keeping the terms of a treaty which bound him to restore two foreign ports when their lords repaid him certain moneys. It was 'childish and foolish,' said Gloucester, for kings to keep their word if they could get good for the nation by breaking it!

Richard's prosperity was broken by the death of his beloved wife in 1396. He was almost beside himself with grief, and pulled down the palace in which she died; for a year he would visit no place, save the church, which reminded him of her. At the funeral the Earl of Arundel came late, and Richard, stung by his show of neglect, and remembering how Queen Anne had once knelt before him, lost self-control and with incoherent words struck the Earl, who would have drawn his sword but that the other nobles forced him away, declaring that the king was distraught with grief, and knew not what he did.

After this Richard made a long visit to Ireland, for he wisely desired to civilize this country and rule it in reality, rather than attempt the impossible conquest of France. He meant Ireland to have a Parliament, ministers, coins, and laws of her own, and pleased the Irish very much by bearing there the arms of their favourite saint, Edward the Confessor, instead of the arms of England. The people, however, were in truth still savages, and when Richard chose four of the chiefs to make knights he had to send them an English knight as tutor first, to teach them the ways of chivalry. They were willing to learn, but the poor knight's task was hard for he had to begin by getting them to wear civilized clothes, ride on saddles, and give up making savage faces over their food. They were knighted with

proper splendour, and Dublin was ringing with loyalty when two bishops arrived from England to fetch the king home in haste, for a Lollard demonstration was being made by the House of Commons itself.

Richard was extremely orthodox, and his interference was not to the members' liking any more than his journey to Ireland, which they considered mere waste of money. It was strange, however, that they should not have been pleased by the peace which next year (1397) Richard made with France for twenty-five years; but the whole nation had come to have an insane devotion to the French war, though it neither could nor would provide sufficient means to carry it on. The peace was sealed by Richard's marriage with the child-princess Isabella, whom he treated always with so much kindness that she was devoted to him.

Upon his return from France he felt strong enough to fall upon his old foes—Gloucester, Arundel, and Warwick—who, Nottingham told him, had again begun a conspiracy of rebellion. He invited them to a feast, to which Warwick alone ventured and was seized. Gloucester and Arundel were both arrested, and the former sent to Calais in Nottingham's custody. A Parliament was called and carefully prepared. Many of the nobles were on the king's side; the Commons were managed by three knights named Bussy, Bagot, and Greene, while, to make all sure, a body of the Cheshire archers stood on guard outside. Arundel defended himself fiercely and gave the lie to Lancaster and his son, Derby; but the king sternly reminded him of Burley, and sent him to be beheaded. Warwick confessed the plot and accused Gloucester, and he was sent to prison for life; but when Gloucester's turn came 'he could not be brought, because he was dead.' Everyone believed

that Nottingham had murdered him at Richard's command. Even Archbishop Arundel was punished: he was banished, and went abroad.

This complete success made Richard reckless. He rewarded those who had helped him by making Nottingham Duke of Norfolk, and Henry of Derby Duke of Hereford; he made the head of the Neville family Earl of Westmorland, and the head of the Scropes Earl of Wiltshire, besides seven other dukes and earls. Then he gave scope to his despotic intentions. A Parliament was called (1398) at Shrewsbury, where it could easily be overawed, and in three days it repealed all the Acts of the 'Wonderful' Parliament, voted the king a revenue for his life, and declared that it gave all its authority to a committee of eighteen. Then it was dismissed, except for the eighteen whom the king kept with him and caused to declare their consent to all his acts.

Richard now 'began to rule by will more than by reason.' He collected great sums of money by compelling rich men to make him gifts, called 'benevolences,' or loans, which he never repaid. He sold charters, and caused enormous fines to be exacted as punishments. Seventeen whole counties were outlawed and made to buy themselves pardons. These and other such deeds were done through his officers, 'so that the common bruit ran that the king had set to farm the realm to Wiltshire, Bussy, Bagot, and Greene.' The land was full of royal retainers, whom Langland has described pillaging town and country as if it were in war, 'plucking the plumage from the skins of the poor,' 'carping at the commons with the king's words,' and showing the silver hart on their breasts that no one might dare to seek any redress. The court swarmed

with such men, spendthrifts and flatterers, powerless ever to help the king but the cause of a bitter hatred all over his land. It was, perhaps, not strange that portents should happen: 'All the old bay-trees withered throughout all the realm, and then, after being dead, suddenly became green again!' A greater danger was the sudden quarrel between the two new dukes, Norfolk and Hereford. Norfolk, it is said, whispered to Hereford his fear that the king meant to slay them both, because 'they rode and arose with the Duke of Gloucester. Then the Duke of Hereford said: "The king hath thereof granted us his pardon." Then said the Duke of Norfolk: "The king is not true, as hath appeared well by the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel."' This was repeated by Hereford to his father, the aged Duke of Lancaster, who told Richard; and, to save himself, Henry of Hereford accused Norfolk of treasonable words and of murdering Gloucester. There is another story, however, that Hereford complained to Norfolk of the king's misrule, 'setting his will and appetite instead of law and reason.' Norfolk repeated this to Richard, thinking to obtain greater favour than ever he had; but Hereford denied it, and accused the other of treason. 'By my truth,' quoth the king, 'if you of yourselves will not agree I will not study to agree you.' So each cast down his glove and demanded wager of battle, which was fixed by Richard to take place at Coventry.

It was certain, however, that a duel between two such powerful nobles would mean little less than a civil war between their friends and retainers, and just as the combat was about to begin Richard stopped it, and declared that the Council had decided that both should

be punished. Hereford was banished for six years, but Norfolk for his life.

Scarcely were they gone when two pieces of ill-fortune befell: the Earl of March, Roger Mortimer, who was Richard's next heir, was slain in Ireland by rebels, and old John of Gaunt died, who had latterly



NORFOLK TAKING UP HEREFORD'S GAGE.

been a loyal peace-maker. Richard desired to hurry into Ireland, and, breaking a solemn promise he had made to Henry of Hereford, seized for himself the great possessions of Gaunt. It was a vast inheritance, for the Duchy of Lancaster counted rich estates in all

parts of England, and there were besides three earldoms—of Derby, Leicester, and Lincoln. This act of robbery filled the royal coffers, but alarmed the nobles, and increased the hatred felt by all friends of Hereford, especially the Londoners.

Richard was already in Ireland (1399) and winning success when he heard that Henry had landed at Ravenspur, with Archbishop Arundel, to claim his Duchy of Lancaster. By the ill counsel of his cousin Aumerle Richard sent the faithful Earl of Salisbury with half the army over to Wales, and came himself later, to find that the Nevilles and Percies and nearly all the nobility had joined Henry of Lancaster, who had secured the royal castles and was putting to death those who displeased him. The people had risen against the ministers, and the troops believed the king dead and were dispersing. Richard took refuge in Conway Castle, 'to take counsel what to do; but no counsel came to him, and all his host landed in divers places and would not follow him. Then Sir Thomas Percy, steward of the king's house, brake the rod of his office in the hall before all men, and said: "The king will no longer hold household." And anon all the king's menie forsook him, and left him alone. Then cursed the king the untruth of England, and said: "Alas! what trust is in this false world?"' Lancaster sent the Earl of Northumberland and Archbishop Arundel, who by false promises tricked Richard into quitting Conway Castle. He was then seized and carried to Flint, where Henry arrogantly told him that for twenty years he had ruled ill, 'but, if it please God, I will help you to rule better.' Next, Richard and his friends were taken to Chester, where the king was put in a dungeon, and, finally, to London, to the Tower.

Hopeless and helpless, Richard's spirit was broken. He resigned his crown, declared himself unfit to reign, a sinner against God and the realm, and absolved all men from their oaths sworn to him. Not content with this Parliament declared that it deposed him for his ill deeds, and bestowed the crown on Henry. Only the Bishop of Carlisle dared to assert Richard's



HENRY OF BOLINGBROKE CHALLENGING THE CROWN.

rights, and he was imprisoned, while the attempt of the brave Earl of Salisbury to rise in arms with the Hollands (1400) was betrayed by Aumerle, and only hastened the death of the unhappy Richard. He had been closely imprisoned at Pomfret, and here he was in some way murdered—starved to death, it is believed—by Henry's orders.

Wiltshire, as well as Salisbury, was put to death, and the Scropes long preserved their hatred of the House of Lancaster. The little Queen Isabel grieved deeply for Richard, and one poor Gascon groom, though beaten and imprisoned, refused to lay aside his silver hart, the famous badge of King Richard II.

SIR HENRY PERCY, *called* HOTSPUR.

(*Killed* 1403.)

DURING the Middle Ages the northern part of England was much wilder and freer than the southern part. Towns were few and small, and almost every house in the open country was fortified, for the people were as much soldiers as farmers and could turn to defend themselves or rob their enemies at an hour's notice. This was a natural result of the long Scottish wars, and even when the kings of England and Scotland were at peace there was never peace on the Border, for the noble families on both sides regarded it as a point of honour never to forget an injury or forgive a foe. There was no clearly marked line of boundary between the two kingdoms, and the wide stretch of hill and moor called the 'Marches' formed a debatable land, where every man did what was right in his own eyes, and obeyed no one save the chieftain on whose lands he dwelt.

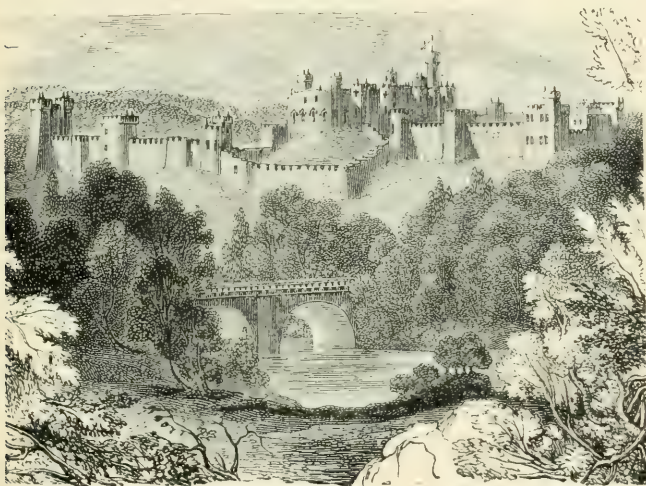
The only way in which the king could defend the English March from the Scots, or keep any kind of order among its wild inhabitants, was by making some strong baron Warden of the Marches, and trusting him with the honourable duty of waging war on the Scots, and exercising a rough justice among the English.

In the reign of Richard II. the Appellants had made

John of Gaunt's friend, Lord Percy, Warden of the Marches. He was Earl of Northumberland, too, and the result was a feud between the Percies and another powerful English family, the Nevilles. When the Scots heard of this they thought it a good opportunity to lead a plundering expedition, or foray, into England, and came across the Border in great numbers, one army entering by way of Carlisle, and a smaller body, under Earl Douglas, by Newcastle. 'They burned in the bishoprics of Durham and Carlisle more than the value of all the towns in the kingdom of Scotland,' and as they returned they drove and carried away all the booty they thought worth their pains.

The Earl of Northumberland in his castle of Alnwick was aware of their coming by the flames and smoke of burning villages, and sent his two sons, Henry and Ralph, to hold Newcastle, where the Scots had determined to 'lodge in spite of all the Englishmen.' The two brothers were 'young, lusty knights, ever foremost at the barriers to skirmish,' and in a hand-to-hand combat Earl Douglas won Sir Henry's pennon, and vowed he would set it up on his castle of Dalkeith as a trophy. Percy threatened to meet him first in such wise that he should make no vaunt thereof, and Douglas invited him to come to his lodging and look for it, for he would set it up before his tent. The chivalrous earl tarried in England near Otterburn to give his foe an opportunity, and there one August evening (1388) the English burst upon them with the cry of 'Percy! Percy!' A fierce battle was fought by the moonlight; Douglas, with a great iron mace, dashed into the midst of the enemy, slaying numbers, till at length he was borne to the earth by three spear-wounds at once. As he lay dying he rejoiced that he died, like

his ancestors, on the field of battle, and not 'in a bed like a cow'; and recalled an old prophecy that a dead man should win a field. This, indeed, was what befell, for his kinsman, Lindsay, held his banner firm and led on the Scots with the cry of 'Douglas!' till Sir Henry Percy, sorely wounded, was at last compelled to yield himself to Lord Montgomery, who led him a



ALNWICK CASTLE.

prisoner to Scotland with forty other knights, and buried the gallant Douglas in Melrose Abbey.

Such a battle, though it covered both sides with glory, did not decide anything, for the brave knights of the Marches loved fighting for its own sake, and always allowed their prisoners to ransom themselves; so that, when Percy paid the cost of a castle to the Lord Montgomery, he was allowed to go back to Alnwick, ready

to fight Scots, or Nevilles, or even the king himself when opportunity offered.

'For his sharp quickness and speediness at need
Henry Hotspur he was called indeed.'

'The Hotspur of the North,' Shakspeare calls him. 'He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife: "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work."'

'Hotspur' himself, his father the earl, and his uncle Thomas, Earl of Worcester, were friends of Henry of Bolingbroke, and helped to set him on the throne as Henry IV.; for Hotspur was really older than Shakspeare makes him out to be, and was among the Knights of the Bath created by Henry at his accession. Henry IV. had to pay dearly for the support of the Percies, and not only gave them the whole treasure of the deposed Richard II., the kingdom of Man, and the offices of High Steward and Constable of England, but promised them all the lands they could conquer in Scotland. This last was a reward peculiarly welcome to the fiery Hotspur, who, brave and proud, was never weary of warfare, and had the gift of winning the confidence of his followers and inspiring them with the same hot courage which animated himself.

To defend the Marches and conquer the south of Scotland Hotspur raised troops of his own, both mounted men-at-arms, clad in armour, who fought with lance and sword, and lightly-equipped archers, who fought on foot with the long-bow, and when they thrust a dozen arrows in readiness under their belts would boast that each 'carried twelve Scots' lives at his girdle.' Evidently Percy had learned something of the art of war since the knightly combat at Otterburn,

for when, in 1402, an organized Scottish army under another Douglas invaded Northumberland, he disposed his troops very wisely on the slope of Humble-down, or Homildon Hill, so that the invaders must fight before they could return to their own country; and he compelled his knights and squires to stand still while the archers rained an 'iron sleet' upon the still distant foe, who fell in numbers. Douglas was hit in the eye, and almost without one blow of his sword Hotspur took him prisoner with the other chiefs, and beheld the rest of the enemy dead or in flight. This Earl Douglas, called 'Archibald the Grim,' was a very famous knight, and more powerful than any other nobleman of Scotland, or even its king, so that his capture gave Hotspur great renown (1402).

After this Sir Henry Percy began to take possession of the Scottish Lowlands, till he was stopped before the little pele, or tower, of Cocklaw. The laird of Cocklaw, though no great noble, was a sturdy Scot, who scorned to surrender even to the most famous captain in England, and Hotspur besieged the little fort. But though his archers pelted it with arrows till not a head dared to show above the parapet, they could not pierce the walls, and engines were fetched to hurl stones and bolts while mines were dug under ground. All was in vain, and after a siege of six weeks the renowned Hotspur was obliged to make a treaty with the laird of Cocklaw, and give him till Lammas-tide (August 1) to seek succour. If he was not relieved by his government before that day he promised to surrender. The Regent of Scotland, Albany, duly brought an army to the spot before the date fixed, expecting a battle, but there was no enemy. Hotspur had hastened southwards in the interval to fight Henry IV. himself,

intending to conquer half England before August, and then return to the Border to fight Albany and doubtless conquer Scotland. But the great Percy rebellion had a different ending.

It had broken out in this manner: The Percies, now the most powerful family in the north of England, had made a kind of alliance with the Mortimers, the most powerful family in the west, and Hotspur had married the Lady Elizabeth, whose little nephew was Earl of March and nominal head of the family.

Not only were the Mortimers wealthy and powerful, but the Earl of March was, by strict right of descent, a nearer heir of Richard II. than was Henry IV., and Henry was afraid of him. He kept the poor little earl mewed up in the Tower, but he could not get at the earl's uncle, Sir Edmund Mortimer, the brother-in-law of Hotspur, who governed his nephew's estates and led his retainers on the border of Wales.

There was a famous chieftain in Wales named Owen Glendower, who refused to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry IV. but maintained himself like an independent prince among the mountains. Hotspur was the only captain who had had any success against his rebellion; he conducted a skilful campaign in 1401, but as Henry IV. had not paid his troops he preferred to return to the northern Border to face Douglas, and leave the king himself to deal with the fierce Welshman.

Glendower was more than a match for Henry IV., who 'spared neither churches nor children,' but found no food for his troops, and was overwhelmed by storms and floods, which the English thought Glendower raised by magic, and at last the king withdrew—

'bootless home and weather-beaten back,'

and with the mortification of knowing that his exploits compared very ill with those of Henry Percy.

When Henry IV. was gone the barons on the Welsh Marches had to bear the brunt of the fighting themselves, and soon Glendower took Sir Edmund Mortimer and Lord Grey prisoners. This appeared to Henry a piece of good fortune, and when Lord Grey's friends



SEAL OF OWEN GLENDOWER—OBVERSE.

ransomed him Mortimer's friends were forbidden to do so, the king declaring that he had purposely allowed himself to be taken.

Everyone could see how much the king feared the Mortimers, and this was the moment chosen by the wily old Earl of Northumberland to ask for repayment of the great sums he and his son had spent in the Border wars.

Henry replied curtly: 'I have no money; ne none thou shalt have.'

The Earl haughtily reminded him of his obligations to



SEAL OF OWEN GLENDOWER—REVERSE.

the Percy family and his promises to be ruled by their wishes, and hinted that the kingdom was being heavily taxed, so that it was strange if there was no money. And then came Sir Henry Percy to demand the rescue of his brother-in-law, Edmund Mortimer, whom the king himself ought to ransom, since Mortimer had been fighting for the king when he was taken. ““Shall a man spend his good and put himself in peril for you and for your realm, and ye will not help him in his need?” Then the king was wrath, and said: “Thou art a traitor; wilt thou that I should succour mine enemies?” “I am no traitor!” replied Percy, “but a true man; and I speak as a true man.” Then the king drew to him his dagger, and Sir Henry Percy said to the king: “Not here, but in the field;” and so he went his way.’

With the pride of king-makers the Percies declared openly that they had throned Lancaster and they would dethrone him, for he took too many taxes, and ruled worse than Richard.

They laid a plot with Owen Glendower and his captive, Sir Edmund Mortimer, who now justified Henry’s accusation of treason by marrying Glendower’s daughter and agreeing with the other rebels to depose Henry IV. and divide the kingdom into three parts. Glendower was to be an independent prince in Wales, the Percies were to take all England north of the Trent, and the young Earl of March, as Richard’s heir, was to be king of the rest, under the regency of his uncle, Sir Edmund. In the North the rebellion was considered as an effort to obtain more liberty and better justice, and had the support of the saintly Archbishop of York, Scrope, and of all the clergy. Hotspur found another ally in his brave captive, Earl Douglas,

whom he set at liberty without any ransom, and in return had the chivalrous Scotsman's enthusiastic aid.

In order to win the support of the lesser gentry the Percies spread about a rumour that Richard II. was not really dead, but only imprisoned, and was now to be rescued and restored to the throne. In Cheshire and Shropshire, where Richard had been loved, this report brought troops of gallant men wearing his badge of the White Hart to join the rebels' standard; and as the Cheshire archers were famous, and many a knight and squire came to fight under the most renowned soldiers in the island, Hotspur and Douglas, their army became really formidable and they began to think victory certain.

Hotspur pushed southwards before his father, who lingered cautiously behind, and although some of his followers deserted him when they found that King Richard was indeed dead, enough remained to encourage him to push on to Shrewsbury, the important fortress at the crossing of the Severn which commanded the road to Wales. Here he could wait for Glendower to join him before fighting.

Henry IV., however, showed great energy, collected troops rapidly, and was in Shropshire before the rebels had supposed it possible. When Hotspur appeared before the gates of Shrewsbury he found it held for the king, and thus, cut off from Glendower, he was forced to fight without his supporters. He withdrew from the city quickly, and found a better position for a fight in some farm-lands near, where his men occupied a slope looking down upon the royal forces, and the archers could get some shelter behind the tangled rows of peas.

Henry first sent to ask Percy formally the reason

of his appearance in arms. He replied with insult: 'Thou rulest the land worse than Richard; thou spoilest the realm with taxes and tallages; thou payest



HENRY IV.

no man; thou holdest no house; and as I have hurt the realm by bringing in of thee I will help to reform it.' Even after this the king offered to pardon Hotspur if he would submit, and to make some reforms in

the government; but, partly owing to the Earl of Worcester's deceitful dealing, Hotspur perhaps never heard of the offer. In any case, he was resolved on fighting. A bad omen befell him: his sword had been left behind at the village of Berwick, where he had last slept. 'Then has my plough reached its last furrow!' he exclaimed, and grew pale, for it had once been foretold to him that he should die at Berwick, which he supposed to mean the famous Border town. He told his men that it was better 'to die in battle for the commonwealth's cause than through coward-like fear to prolong life'; and they promised to stand by him while life lasted, shouting 'Esperance, Percy!' his war-cry. The battle was an extremely fierce one; the archers 'shot for the best game, laying on such load with arrows that many died and were driven down that never rose again.' Douglas broke the royal line at once by his fierce onset, and then he and Hotspur attacked the king in person. Henry was drawn out of the fight by a Scottish lord, a foe of Douglas who was fighting for the king, and the young Prince of Wales, though wounded severely by an arrow, rallied his troops. Though the royalists suffered heavily, and the cry was once raised 'Harry Percy, King!' the battle was at length decided by the fall of Hotspur. Then his followers, fighting to the last, were slowly beaten down, and Douglas taken prisoner.

Henry IV. had a church built by the spot, which is still called Battlefield, where priests were to sing masses for the souls of those who had fallen on the *king's* side; but the body of the dead Percy was placed between two great stones in the main street of Shrewsbury for two days, that the people might see he was really dead, before it was allowed to be buried.

As for the old earl, he came to Henry in tears, declaring that the rising was entirely the work of his son, and was pardoned, while Archbishop Scrope was executed; but Northumberland could not keep from plotting, and, after raising another rebellion, was killed in a fight at Bramham Moor (1408).

From the old ballad of 'The Battle of Otterbourne.'

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their
hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him
to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

And he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
'O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?'

But up spake proud Lord Percy
then,
And O but he spake hie!
'I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay.'

(DOUGLAS strikes down PERCY, and
carries off his sword. He promises
to wait three days for him at Otter-
bourne.)

They lighted high on Otterbourne
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne
And threw their pallions down.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
'O waken ye, waken ye, my good,
lord,
For Percy's hard at hand.'

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen,
To dight my men and me.

'But I have dreamed a dreary
dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky,
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.'

When Percy wi' the Douglas met
I wat he was fu' fain:
They swakked their swords till
sair they swat
And the blood ran down like
rain.

But Percy with his good broad
sword
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the
brow
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-
page
And said—'Run speedilie
And fetch my ain dear sister's
son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.'

'My nephew good,' the Douglas
said,

'What recks the death of ane?
Last night I dreamed a dreary
dream
And I ken the day's thy ain.

'My wound is deep; I fain would
sleep.

Take thou the vanguard of the
three,
And hide me by the braken bush
That grows on yonder lilye lee.'

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush
That his merrie men might not
see.

The moon was clear, the day drew
near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English
blood
They steeped their hose and
shoon,

The Lindsays flew like fire
about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords and they
twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down
between.

'Now yield thee, yield thee,
Percy,' he said,

'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!
'To whom must I yield,' quoth
Earl Percy,

'Now that I see it must be so?'
'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor
loun,

Nor yet shalt thou yield to me,
But yield thee to the braken bush
That grows upon yon lilye lee.'

This deed was done at Otter-
bourne

About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the
braken bush
And the Percy led captive away.



HENRY V.

(1413—1422.)

IN his short reign of nine years Henry V. gained greater military glory than any other English king. Not only in his own country, but in Europe, he was regarded as a kind of miracle of courage, skill, and success, and under him England rose suddenly to a brilliant position among the other and larger countries.

In later, gloomier times the English looked back to

him with so much affection and wonder that they began to tell strange stories about him which made his greatness seem even more marvellous than it was. They said that before he was king he never studied war or government or anything useful, but loved to play all manner of wild pranks, feasting in taverns, waylaying travellers to frighten them, and even breaking the laws sometimes in his love of fun. Once, says the most famous of these tales, the Chief Justice imprisoned one of the prince's friends, and he became so angry that he not only spoke insultingly, but actually struck the Chief Justice. The judges represent the king himself, so that striking them is almost as bad a crime as high treason. The Chief Justice was determined to maintain the dignity of law, and he ordered that the Prince of Wales himself should be taken to prison for a time. Then Prince Hal, really sorry for his folly, submitted and bore his punishment. And when the news came to the ears of Henry IV., who might have been angry that his son should be dealt with like a common person, he blessed Heaven for giving him so upright a judge and so obedient a son.

In truth, however, Henry V., when he was young, was just the opposite of what these stories say. He was busied in warfare and politics from early boyhood. First with Richard II., in Ireland; then against the rebellious Percies, and for many years on the borders of Wales, he practised war among different enemies and under all kinds of difficulties.

In person he was handsome, tall, and very active. He was so swift of foot that he could run down a buck, and so strong that he could capture it without a weapon. He knew something, too, of books and music, and could play upon the harp. Richard II. had been

fond of him and had dubbed him a knight while still a boy. Indeed, but for Richard's generosity Henry would have been in danger when his father raised the rebellion. Richard, then in Ireland, bade him consider what evil his father was doing, adding: 'I grieve for thee, for this mischance may cost thee thine inheritance.' The boy replied that he was much distressed by the tidings, 'but you see that I am innocent of what my father has done.' 'I know it, and I hold thee guiltless,' said Richard; and he refused to use the boy as a hostage for his father's actions, so that he escaped harm.

When Henry of Bolingbroke had taken Richard prisoner, he of course sent to Ireland for his son, and met him at Chester, so that the young prince made one of the procession to London, where, directly after his father's coronation, he was made Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, and Prince of Wales.

Though he seems to have spent some months in study at Oxford University, he was barely fourteen when his father sent him to Wales to face Glendower's revolt (1401); and from that time Prince Henry took an active part in the government of the country, both in the Council and in war, when his dauntless courage, especially at the Battle of Shrewsbury, won him a great reputation. Thus, when at the age of twenty-six Henry V. mounted the throne he had gained considerable experience, and was already popular, both for his courage and his kindly nature. One of his first acts was 'for the great and tender love he bare to King Richard,' to inter his bones honourably in Westminster Abbey by those of Queen Anne, and to do what he could, according to the ideas of those times, to atone for the murder which had given the crown

to the House of Lancaster, by endowing almshouses and

‘Chuntries where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard’s soul.’

Then he recalled the banished heir of the house of Percy, Hotspur’s son, and restored his inheritance to him, and set free the young Earl of March, head of the house of Mortimer, whom Henry IV. had kept in the Tower from fear but who now became the loyal friend of Henry V. Neither did he forget humbler people: his old nurse was yet living in Monmouth, and he ordered a liberal pension to be given her.

He paid great attention to all the needs of government, and called a Parliament, for, like his father, he was always confident in the support of the two Houses. Then, when the country appeared quietly settled, he turned to consider the plan of an invasion of France, which had already been discussed in the later years of Henry IV.

There were several reasons, besides a young king’s natural wish for conquest and glory, which might determine Henry V. to attack France once more. As King of England he considered that he inherited all the rights of Edward III. The war would be very popular, not only among the nobles and their retainers, who hoped to get both fame and plunder, but also among the merchant classes, who thought that the conquest of France, or even Gascony, would increase their trade enormously. A successful war would make the people more loyal to the new line of Lancaster, while the quarrelsome nobility would be too well occupied to find scope for rebellion. Even of France itself Henry might reasonably think that, as she could hardly be in a worse condition, she might well become

happier under the orderly rule of an English conqueror.

He spent the year 1414 in negotiating with the French, offering to allow Charles VI. to keep half of his kingdom if he would give up all the territories from Normandy to Aquitaine which English kings had ever claimed, together with the hand of his daughter Katharine. The French princes, though they offered a great deal, could scarcely let Henry annex the half of France, and he, resolved to win his rights, as he thought them, prepared the most complete army ever seen in England. Not only was each division of the army supplied with its own stores of food and fresh weapons, and provided with carpenters and smiths, but surgeons and medicines were taken, a thing unheard of. Every soldier was paid on a regular scale, from the duke who had 13s. 6d. a day, and served with fifty horse, to the archer who had 6d. and only his one horse.

Short as the time was between Henry's accession and the invasion of France he was threatened by two plots: the first, a Lollard conspiracy planned by Sir John Oldcastle, was easily suppressed; the other was very different in nature.

The Earl of March, the true heir of Richard II., had no children, and the Lady Anne Mortimer, his sister, who would be the next heir, had married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, grandson of Edward III. If the Mortimers had had their rights, Cambridge's son, or even possibly his wife, would have sat on the throne of England, and the earl resolved to alter the succession by murdering Henry V. and putting March on the throne. He did not, however, arrange the plot with March, but only with a Northumberland knight, named

Grey, and Lord Scrope, from whom, as he had long been a close friend, Henry could never have suspected danger; he was, however, a kinsman of the Scropes who had been Richard's friends and were executed by Henry IV. The conspirators meant to murder the king as he was embarking at Southampton, but their plot was discovered, the three assassins were judged, and put to death. And so steady was Henry's courage that he would not put off embarking at once, nor show any suspicion either of March, or of Cambridge's brother, the Duke of York, who continued to hold his high command in the army, and at last died bravely at Agincourt.

It took three days for the fleet to sail from Southampton to Harfleur, the chief port of Normandy. Guns, battering-rams, catapults which flung stones as big as millstones, and other machines, had been brought on purpose for the siege, but though walls and houses were crushed by the missiles the brave garrison held out for a whole month. Then, as the rulers of France did not even attempt to succour them, they surrendered.

Henry sat on a little hill in royal state surrounded by his nobles; his helmet, with the crown round it, hung on the point of a spear held by a champion at his side; while the Governor and the citizens climbed up to lay the keys at his feet. The king's first thought was to give thanks for the victory, and he walked barefooted and bareheaded to the principal church, for he was honestly convinced that France was rightfully his and that God showed approval by blessing his arms. Then he arranged what was always with him the next matter of importance—the military position. The whole of the garrison and inhabitants, though granted their lives, were driven lamenting out of the town with only a few pence apiece, and the place, with all its wealth, was



TOWER ON WHEELS.

handed over to an English garrison, to be, like Calais, an open gate into France.

It was by this time the close of September and the army was sorely reduced by hardship and disease, but Henry would hear no word of returning home. He felt that the capture of one seaport was not enough to terrify the French or to give confidence to his own people, so he declared that he would 'ride through France like his ancestors,' and set out for Calais, whence he could return to Dover. The march was most dangerous, for the stores were exhausted and it was difficult to get enough from the unfriendly people without more fighting than Henry could spare time or men for. But he kept strict order. Every soldier had been given his share of the plunder of Harfleur, which had been shipped to England, and now none might plunder for himself. One soldier who took a vessel from a church was at once hanged, for Henry always carried out any order, threat, or promise, that he had once spoken. Thus the army pushed on to the Somme, to cross where Edward III. had done.

The French, however, naturally remembered Cressy too, and defended Blanche Tache and the other fords, so that Henry had to turn and march for more than a week up the river before he could get his troops across. The delay enabled the French army from Paris to get between Henry and Calais, so that a battle must be fought; and as the little English force numbered scarcely one-fifth of the French, and was worn with toil and scanty food, the odds seemed impossible. Henry marched on steadily; he once passed the lodging prepared for him, but he would not go back to it, because he was in his war coat and it would displease God. Not that he was foolhardy; the French

Constable sent three heralds to challenge him to name a day and a place for a pitched battle. He replied that there was no reason to fix either, since he might be found every day in the open fields, not hiding behind defences.

Before he reached the castle of Agincourt the huge French army blocked the way. It lay in three divisions, one behind the other, between two woods and right across the open space of field and corn where troops could move, so as to compel the English to assault a vastly larger mass of armour-clad men. Now Henry had prepared for defence. He had five times as many archers as men-at-arms, and every archer carried a pointed wooden stake to fix in the ground before him if cavalry attempted to charge; but archers could not charge themselves. Henry knew that he must tempt the French to attack him, then they could not all fight at once, because the open space was narrow and so thick in mud that it was hard to traverse at all.

When the morning of St. Crispin's Day (October 25, 1415) broke no greater contrast could be imagined than that presented by the two armies: the French dazzling with bright steel, and the heraldic bearings of surcoats and banners; the English so travel-stained that the archers in front looked like a crowd of gipsies, many barefoot and hatless, with tattered, dirty jacks (or leather coats), nothing in trim but their bows and shafts. Only the king was conspicuous in a surcoat covered with the arms of England and France, and a helmet encircled by a golden crown. He rode along the front of his army on a small gray horse before dismounting to fight on foot like the bulk of his troops, and told the archers how the French had boasted that they would cut off the right-hand fingers of every bow-

man. They replied with a shout of loyalty, and then old Sir Thomas Erpingham, the king's officer, flung his truncheon into the air, and cried, 'Now strike!'

The English, as bidden, took a few steps forward and halted, and the French, thinking their chivalry insulted if this handful of beggars charged them, disregarded the plans of the Constable and hurried to advance. Those on foot sank at once knee-deep in the wet clay, and the mounted knights struggling painfully on towards the archers' stakes made targets for such a storm of clothyard shafts as pierced helmet and armour and covered the ground with a struggling mass of dead and wounded, so that the archers soon stood in safety behind a hedge of dead enemies. Most of the survivors turned and fled, breaking into their own second line, which then in its turn was riddled with arrows. When Henry thought the gaps in this line sufficient he ordered an advance. The archers left their stand, and all forced their way over and into the heaps of French, stabbing and hewing at the almost helpless throng till every man of rank was slain or taken. The Duke of Alençon made one desperate effort to retrieve the day. Seeing that all depended on the personal orders of Henry, he flung himself into the fight so furiously that, with his picked band, he reached the group round the king and the royal standard. The Duke of York was killed, Henry's youngest brother, Gloucester, severely wounded, and Henry, in trying to defend him, was himself struck to his knee by a blow that dented his helmet. But Alençon was surrounded, and the royal guard slew him just as he would have surrendered.

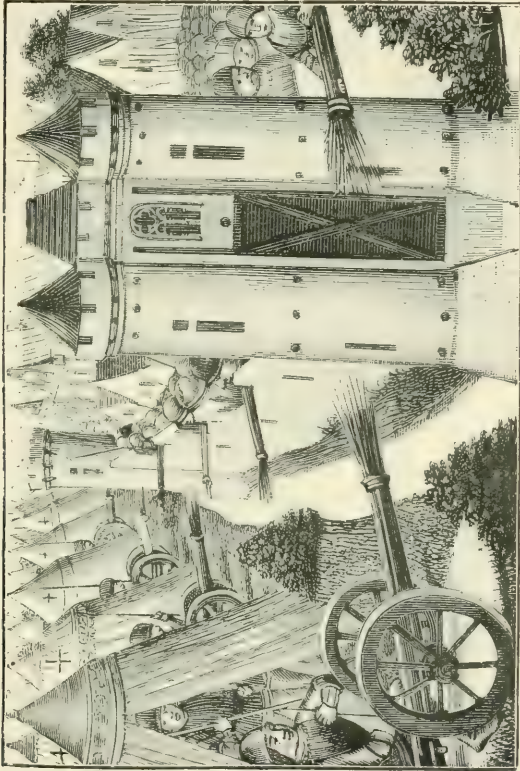
A marvellous victory was within Henry's grasp when all was imperilled, as it seemed, by an attack on the rear. The king was told that the French had

plundered his camp, and killed all the servants and guards. Henry knew that his crowd of prisoners far outnumbered his troops, and, fearing they might turn upon him, commanded them to be put to death in cold blood. This was against the rules of chivalry, and the English knights, who looked to get great ransoms for their captives, actually refused to obey. Henry, however, was resolved, and sent a band of archers to slaughter them so that many were massacred before the king found that his camp had only been attacked by peasants, who were already beaten off. Before leaving the battlefield Henry had a solemn service of thanksgiving performed. It was not his own skill, he told his French prisoners, which won him this startling victory, but the arm of God, because he was fighting for his right and the French nobles had stained their land with horrible crimes, which last, indeed, was but too true. Then the king led his men on to Calais, entered it at their head in joyful state, and after a few days' rest sailed to England. The Frenchmen thought his cheerful calmness on board amid the horrors of the sea quite as wonderful as his courage against such odds at Agincourt.

The journey from Dover beach to London was one long procession through wild rejoicings; the houses of London were draped with banners and tapestry, the fountains ran wine, and choirs of children sang the king's praises as he rode by. But he was so modest that he would not let his dented helmet be shown, but bade the glory be rendered to Heaven alone, and that solemn masses be said for the souls of the slain, French as well as English.

Henry knew that he had really only begun the war, and he prepared to invade France again before she had

recovered from the terror of Agincourt. But he never moved until he was ready, and then struck swiftly, so he spent a year and a half in collecting money and equipping men and ships with the same attention to



THE SIEGE OF ROUEN.

the details as before, and thus it was not till the summer of 1417 that he appeared in France. He knew that he was not likely to have another pitched battle, but he determined to subdue the land piecemeal until the

government should surrender, and he began with the cities of Normandy, of which he claimed to be duke.

Strongly fortified as they were, Henry knew how to combine the work of mines, cannon, and battering-engines so as to break down the walls rapidly. He took Caen with very little loss of his own men, and his rapid success and the mercy he showed to the citizens, caused many other places to yield to him at once.

Rouen, however, resisted stoutly, and Henry blockaded it so strictly that he would not let the peaceful inhabitants, whom the governor had turned out, pass through his own lines but cooped them up between the camp and the city, slowly to starve to death. This was not from cruelty, but as a military precaution, for if only the fighting men stayed in Rouen it would of course hold out much longer. The garrison had at last devoured even the cats and rats and had to surrender, expecting severe treatment. But Henry put no one to death except one captain, who had been very cruel to prisoners, and, as duke, bestowed such good laws and justice upon the Normans as they had never known before. They grew prosperous, and actually became so much attached to their new duke that years after his death (in 1435) they solemnly declared that Normandy was not French but English.

In the same year that he conquered Normandy (1419), the Duke of Burgundy, furious at his father's murder, joined Henry against the French court, which, indeed, could make very little further resistance, for the unnatural queen, Isabel, had deserted the cause of her son, the cowardly Dauphin, who fled beyond the Loire, and the imbecile king was helpless. Burgundy was anxious for peace, and with his help the Treaty of Troyes (1420) was at last arranged.

Henry was to wed the Princess Katharine, and, though he left the title of king to Charles VI., he was to be regent over all France, and king upon Charles' death. The marriage took place at once, 'with such magnificence,' grumbles a French chronicler, 'as if he were at that time king of all the world'; and then Henry kept a splendid Christmas in Paris, attended by the kings of France and Scotland, and Duke Philip of Burgundy. Henry established order in the capital, provided a fitting household for old King Charles, who had probably never led so peaceful a life before and became much attached to his son-in-law; and although some of the northern towns had to be besieged before they would submit, and the dauphin still was independent, King Henry could feel that he had achieved the greater part of his task when, early in 1421, he left his new kingdom in the care of his brother Clarence and returned to rejoicing England.

Clarence was slain at Beaugé (1421) by the Scottish allies of France, and Henry had to return to the field of war again. He won a series of successes, but just after the capture of Meaux he fell very ill—too ill to ride his war-horse, and had to be carried in a litter to quiet Vincennes. He knew that he lay on his deathbed, and his last hours were the sadder, it is said, because he heard that his infant son was born at Windsor, for he remembered a prophecy that 'Henry born at Monmouth should short time live and much win; Henry born at Windsor should long live and lose all.' However, he arranged for the government and the war very carefully, and bade his brothers cherish the friendship of Burgundy, and keep Orleans a prisoner until his little son should be a man. Then, joining till his last breath in

the prayers of the priests, he died, not yet thirty-six years old, on August 31, 1422.

Few kings ever won so much admiration and affection. 'He was so feared that none dared to disobey his orders.' His people trusted him so completely that they furnished him with armies and sums of money 'so vast they could scarcely be counted.' Even his foes revered his justice and nobleness, and as the funeral procession drew slowly through the towns of northern France almost religious reverence was paid to it. The arms of England, France, and of King Arthur—the only other king never defeated—preceded the coffin, on which lay Henry's effigy, with crown and sceptre; over it was held a canopy of vermilion and gold, and close behind came the young King of Scots, whom Henry had at last ordered to be set free, as chief mourner, leading the band of grieving princes.

PRINCE HENRY AND HIS FATHER, HENRY IV.

(From Monstrelet's Chronicle.)

Henry of Lancaster, King of England, . . . was so sorely oppressed at the latter end of his sickness that those who attended him, not perceiving him breathe, concluded he was dead, and covered his face with a cloth. It was the custom in that country, whenever the king was ill, to place the royal crown on a cushion beside his bed, and for his successor to take it on his death. The Prince of Wales, being informed by the attendants that his father was dead, had carried away the crown; but, shortly after, the king uttered a groan, and his face was uncovered,—when, on looking for the crown, he asked what was become of it? His attendants replied, that 'my lord the prince had taken it

away.' He bade them send for the prince ; and on his entrance, the king asked him why he had carried away the crown? 'My lord,' answered the prince, 'your attendants, here present, affirmed to me that you were dead, and as your crown and kingdom belong to me as your eldest son, after your decease, I had taken it away.' The king gave a deep sigh, and said, 'My fair son, what right have you to it? for you well know I had none.' 'My lord,' replied the prince, 'as you have held it by right of your sword, it is my intent to hold and defend it the same during my life.' The king answered, 'Well, act as you see best: I leave all things to God, and pray that He would have mercy on me!' Shortly after, without uttering another word, he departed this life.

JOHN OF LANCASTER, DUKE OF BEDFORD.

(Died 1435.)

WHEN Henry V. died at the very crisis of his plans, a terrible burden fell upon the shoulders of his next brother, John, Duke of Bedford, the task of maintaining England, already half exhausted, and France, scarcely half conquered, on behalf of a baby heir who for many years could do nothing to earn loyalty or assert his own rights.

The Duke of Bedford nobly discharged his dead brother's trust. Laying aside every thought of personal advantage, he gave himself up to the care of the two kingdoms, and wore out his life in ceaseless effort for the sake of his country and the little king. *A vous entiere* was his motto, and he fulfilled it nobly. Even his private life was conducted for the sake of public duty. He married the sister of Philip of Burgundy, to make sure of his friendship for England, and after a splendid wedding feast at Amiens, where he entertained the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, he took the Lady Anne straight to Paris, wasting no time on the way, for he only paused to assault a fortress, which he captured immediately.

Very different was the conduct of the youngest brother of Henry V., Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester. He was one of the most selfish, violent, and un-



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

scrupulous men of whom we read in English history, yet his love of learning and his charming manners made both scholars and the common people love him and call him 'the good Duke Humfrey.' This selfish young prince looked upon the minority of Henry VI. simply as a convenient season for securing his own wealth and power. He married a run-away heiress from Flanders, not only against the wish of her family, but without asking the consent of the Duke of Burgundy, who was the over-lord of the Countess Jacqueline's estates in Hainault, and had a lawful right to interfere. Naturally the duke was very angry at the insult, which in those days was reckoned a very serious one, and he actually challenged Gloucester to single combat. Bedford had the greatest difficulty in preventing this disaster, and found his own brother, who was in the wrong, much harder to persuade than Philip of Burgundy, who was in the right. Philip had such confidence in Bedford's fairness that he said he was quite ready to leave the whole matter to his decision if only Gloucester would do the same.

It was no wonder that the lords of the Council were suspicious of Gloucester's intentions. Having quarrelled abroad with England's best ally he quarrelled at home with her wisest statesman, his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort. Henry V. and the Duke of Bedford had great confidence in the Cardinal's wisdom, and he was always ready to lend his immense wealth to the king, but as he opposed Gloucester's selfish ambition, 'good Duke Humfrey' stirred up the London mob against him, because he was a Churchman, because he was a Cardinal, and because he was rich! The Cardinal got a guard of Lancashire and Cheshire archers, and the Council could find no means of keeping order without sending to France for

Bedford. The Cardinal himself wrote that otherwise a pitched battle might take place in the streets of London. 'Such a brother you have here! God make him a good man!'

Bedford could not easily be spared from the war, but no one else could calm the general feeling of uneasiness, and he came, though he was nearly captured by a band of robbers on the way. He managed to make his brother shake hands with Cardinal Beaufort, but he felt that Humfrey must not be left to excite riots and pocket the public money, so he arranged a solemn meeting of the Council, where he acknowledged that he and his brother were not above the government, but simply members of the Council, like any other lords. With tears in his eyes he laid his hand upon the Gospels, vowing that he desired the lords' advice in all things for the king's good, and begged them to let him know if he should err at any time. After this Gloucester, of course, was obliged to submit to the Council too.

It was most unfortunate for the country that her best men were sacrificed to the war in France. Bedford knew that the struggle was not nearly over, and he strove to urge it on by taking the best leaders with him, nearly all of whom met their death there. At first success rewarded them. Besides taking many towns Bedford won a brilliant victory at Verneuil (1424) over a combined French and Scottish army. His numbers were smaller than those of the enemy, and he not only made the archers protect themselves with the stakes, which they now always carried, but also provided in a quaint but effectual way against any attack on the baggage in his rear, such as had happened at Agincourt. He had all the horses on which his men

had ridden placed before the baggage as closely as they could stand, heads by tails, and then securely tied so that they could not move; they thus formed a solid wall of animals, and at each end of the block stood a group of archers. The French hired troops wasted their efforts in vain on this living hedge, while in the front of the battle the English archery were showering their usual rain of shafts on the knights. Finally, the foremost ranks engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, taking to swords and clubs when their spears were broken. Bedford, who was tall and strong, wielded a great battle-axe, and had a fierce duel with Earl Douglas, the son of Hotspur's friend, and as great a man as his father. This was his last field, for he fell dead beside his son and the most distinguished Scottish captains.

It seemed as if France was nearly subdued at last. By 1428 Orleans was the only important town in the northern half of France which remained untaken, and the Earl of Salisbury wanted to besiege it before pursuing the Dauphin. Bedford did not approve, but gave way to the wish of the experienced Salisbury and took great pains to keep his forces supplied with food and weapons—no easy matter in that wasted country. It was a train of Lenten provisions, escorted by the gallant Sir John Fastolfe, which brought on the next famous fight, the 'Battle of the Herrings' (1429).

As usual, the English stood to be attacked, the archers behind their stakes, while the French charged them. The ranks of the latter were riddled by arrows, and hand-blows finished the combat. The French were beaten and Fastolfe carried his convoy duly to the English camp. The Dauphin, the 'King of Bourges' as the English mockingly called him, was in despair

and began to think of flight to foreign lands, and the city of Orleans offered to surrender if the Duke of Burgundy, and not the English, would hold it.

Burgundy was pleased, but Bedford thought that duty and honour forbade him to agree to this; he is reported to have said that he would never beat the bush for another man to catch the bird, and so the



THE BATTLE OF HERRINGS.
(*English on left, French on right.*)

siege went on, and Burgundy was offended and withdrew his troops.

Just at this crisis occurred the almost miraculous event which roused the patriotism of France—the appearance of the wonderful peasant maiden, Joan of Arc, ‘La Pucelle.’ Joan of Arc shamed the Dauphin into ordering an attempt to save Orleans; it was her doing that it succeeded. She inspired the soldiers

with her own faith and courage, and was able to create among them an orderly discipline unknown before. They made desperate efforts, and the English, discouraged by the death of Salisbury and afraid of the magic which they supposed this 'false witch' was working, were actually driven away from Orleans, pursued, and at Patay (1429) defeated for the first time in a pitched battle. Talbot was captured, Fastolfe fled, and so much amazed was the Duke of Bedford that he at first supposed treachery or cowardice must account for the disaster, and threatened to take away Fastolfe's Order of the Garter, for it had come to seem impossible that Englishmen could ever be beaten by Frenchmen.

After Joan of Arc had brought the Dauphin to Rheims to be crowned as Charles VII. many places rose against the English, and Bedford saw that half his work would have to be done over again. He made a firmer alliance, therefore, with the Duke of Burgundy, not by yielding anything of young Henry VI.'s possessions or dignities, but by giving him some lands of his own and his own position as Regent in Paris. Bedford had done a great deal for the Parisians; he had been just and merciful, he had coined good new money, and given much help to the weavers and merchants, but they preferred the Duke of Burgundy, whose father had been popular, too, in Paris.

The Duke of Bedford went to take charge of the active fighting. He tried to tempt Charles VII. to a pitched battle by sending him a scornful challenge, as to one who was not ashamed to hide behind a woman: let him have compassion on the poor people, and name a place and a day on which to fight for his claims. Although the young king replied that he would rather seek the duke than trouble the duke to pursue him he

not only avoided a battle, but refused to help Joan in her attack on Paris, which failed utterly. Then he retired across the Loire again and Bedford came back to meet Burgundy in triumph. 'Joyous was the reception on both sides and great and numerous were the embracings.'

A gleam of good fortune visited the allies when the heroic Maid of Orleans was taken by the Burgundians. They handed her over to the English, and both agreed that she could only have won such success by magical arts. In that case they need not observe either the rules of war, which protected prisoners, or those of chivalry, which protected women. The English therefore had her tried by a bishop, who declared her to be a heretic who had used the arts of the devil, worthy only of the heretic's punishment, burning at the stake. Joan was put to death in the market-place of Rouen and the English felt once more certain of conquest (1431).

Bedford was so much relieved that he brought over little King Henry to be crowned King of France, hoping that this would rouse some enthusiasm. Cardinal Beaufort with most of the English peers and a great host conducted the child to Paris, where he was welcomed with the utmost magnificence in spite of the poverty of the citizens. The streets were dressed with trees like the avenues of a forest, violets were flung before the boy king's feet, and birds set flying over his head. In one street spouted a fountain with mermaids swimming round it, in another a stag was hunted till it took refuge at the feet of Henry's steed, so that he saved its life, while in every open square plays were acted to please the soldiers and the people. During this very season, however, the enemy was drawing nearer to Paris, and once only just missed taking

Bedford himself. The spirit of the French nation had been roused by Joan of Arc, and steadily, though slowly, Charles VII. began to gain ground. The chief link between Bedford and Burgundy was broken next year when the Lady Anne died, especially as Bedford, set upon winning another useful ally for the English cause, took for his second wife the daughter of the powerful Count of St. Pol without the duke's consent. He showed his offence so haughtily that Bedford also stood upon his dignity. The two dukes wished to confer with each other, but when they had reached the same town neither would take the inferior position by going to visit the other, and in spite of the labours of the usual peacemaker, Cardinal Beaufort, they went away having done nothing.

As Burgundy was already weary of war this slight determined him to end it if he could. He offered to make a treaty between the two kings, Henry and Charles, and a conference was held at Arras (1435). Good terms were offered to the English—the possession of Normandy and Guienne—but Bedford, though he must have felt his task impossible, would not break his promises to his dead brother Henry V. by accepting anything but the whole kingdom for his nephew, Henry VI. The French offer was refused, and Philip of Burgundy, who thought he had now done his best for both kings withdrew from the English alliance altogether and joined 'his natural lord,' Charles VII.

This was the last blow to fall on the Duke of Bedford. He had worn himself out with work and warfare, and with the news of Burgundy's withdrawal to sadden him he fell ill and died at Rouen. It is pleasant to remember that the gratitude of the Normans laid him

in a stately tomb amidst deep mourning. Normandy owed him much, for he gave it such good laws and free government that even when the French king re-conquered it the Normans insisted on keeping the good customs which had made them prosperous. His wise care of the duchy would by itself justify the epitaph of the chronicler :

‘ A man as politic in peace as hardy in war, and yet no more hardy than merciful when he had the victory.’

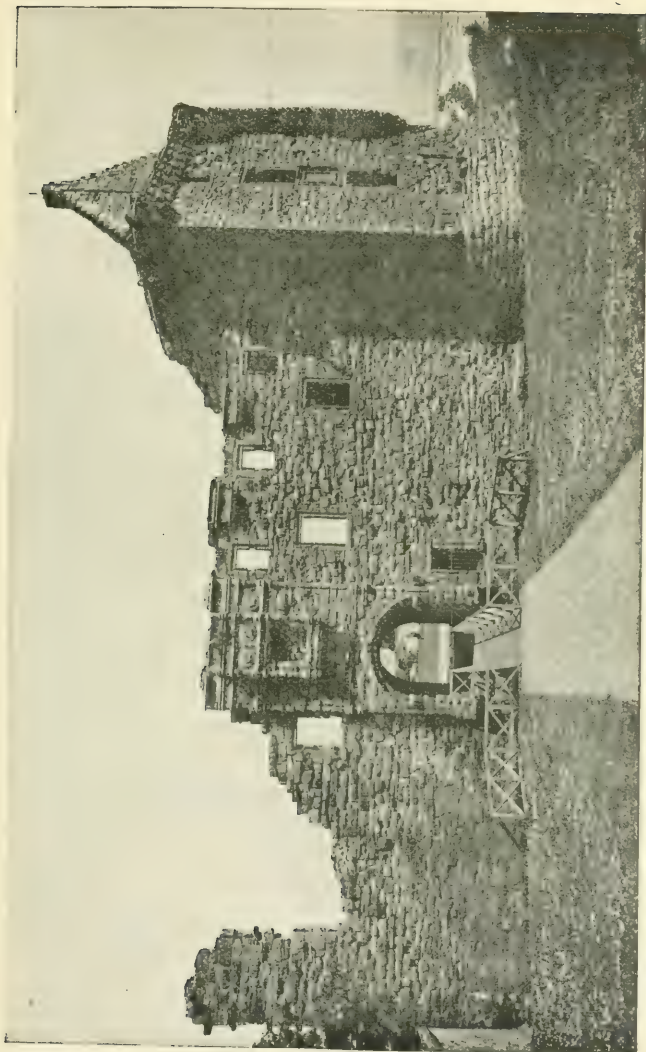
JAMES I. (OF SCOTLAND).

(*King of Scots 1406—1437.*)

JAMES I., King of Scots, spent his childhood amid dangers, his youth in captivity, and during his brief time of actual rule showed himself one of the bravest and best of kings.

He first became known to his own subjects and to Europe as the friend and chief mourner of the famous Henry V., yet his earlier life was full of romance. He was born in 1394, the younger son of Robert III. of Scotland, the second of the Stewart line, an old man so feeble that he left the whole work of government to his brother, the Duke of Albany. Albany was a bad and ambitious man, and hated the heir to the throne, Robert's elder son, the Duke of Rothesay. Now Rothesay was violent and foolish, and the old king, distressed by his son's ill-doings, believed everything that Albany said against him, and at last let him imprison Rothesay until he should promise to amend his ways. Albany seized his unhappy nephew and shut him up in the dungeon of one of his castles where he starved him to death, that he might be sure of remaining Regent of Scotland.

When King Robert discovered the horrible truth he felt that he was completely in his brother's power, and began to fear for his other son, James, so he entrusted



CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS.

him to the Bishop of St. Andrews, to be brought up in his safe castle by the sea.

After a year or two, however, the king became anxious. He feared lest Albany should somehow get the prince away from the bishop, and resolved to send his son to the friendly country of France, where he could be well educated at the court. Accordingly, in 1405 or 1406, James, who was about ten years old, was provided with a few noble companions and a tutor, and set sail from the Bass Castle. But a storm arose; the ship was driven to the English coast, and some Lincolnshire sailors stopped it off Flamborough Head, plundered the vessel, and took the passengers prisoners. This was much like an act of piracy, for there was no open war between England and Scotland; but the laws of the sea were very vague, and English sailors would consider any Scottish ship a fair prize.

The boy prince and his companions were sent to Henry IV., and showed him a letter from Robert III., which he had written in case they should be wrecked on the English coast. Henry, however, cared, as usual, little for law or honour when his own advantage was concerned; he only said jestingly that if the Scots had been really friendly they would have sent the youth to him, for that he knew French very well; and though he set free the lords and gentlemen, he kept James his prisoner. This dreadful blow broke the old king's heart. He died a few days after hearing the news, and though the child James was called king, Albany could do as he would and was glad enough to leave him in the safe keeping of Henry IV.

For nineteen years James Stewart remained a prisoner—not, however, in a dungeon. He was excellently trained in all the learning and accomplish-

ments of the age, and became a scholar, a musician, and a poet; he was strong, broad-shouldered, and active, and excelled in athletic and warlike games. When Henry V. became King of England he was kind to James, and sometimes allowed him to travel, with guardians to watch him, but he usually lived at Windsor.

Here, as he leaned from his window early one bright spring morning he beheld a beautiful maiden walking in the garden—

‘ The fairest or the freshest youngë flower
That e’er I saw, methought, before that hour ’

—he says in his own poem. So beautiful and gracious was she that he fell in love at once, and soon began to write a poem about his love for her, which he called afterwards ‘ The Kingis Quair ’ (or ‘ The King’s Book ’). She was Joan Beaufort, the Cardinal’s niece, but though she returned his affection it was long before they could marry each other, for Henry V., friendly as he seemed, would not let James return to his own land without a greater ransom than the Scots could pay.

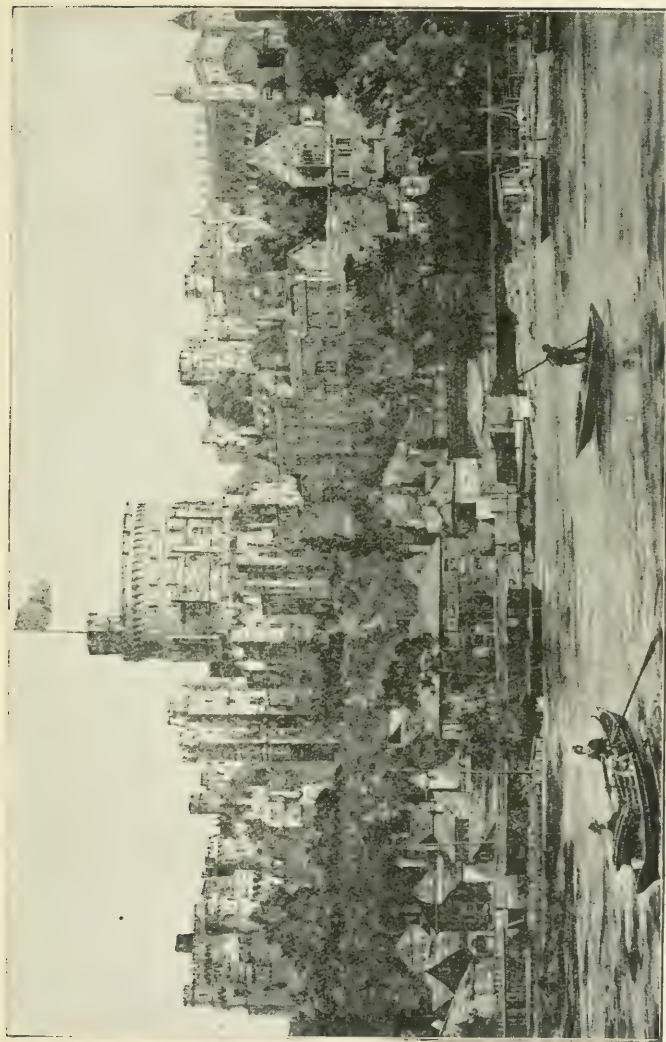
Even after Albany’s death no great effort was made by the Scots to rescue their king. Albany’s son became Regent and Duke of Albany, and wished to remain so. He was, however, a weak man and could control neither the nation nor his own sons, who were extremely violent. One of them begged his father several times to give him a certain falcon which was Albany’s favourite sporting bird. Albany refused, and one day the savage youth, seeing the falcon sitting on his father’s wrist, snatched it from him and wrung its neck. ‘ Since thou wilt give me neither reverence nor obedience,’

threatened Albany, 'I will fetch home one whom we must all obey.'

By this time James was nearly thirty. He had gone to France with Henry V., half as captive, half as ally, for Henry hoped that the Scottish allies of France would not fight against their own king. He was disappointed in this, for the Scots refused to acknowledge duty to a prisoner, and James refused to command their obedience, and before Henry died it was clear that it would be a wiser policy to release James altogether. Bedford, therefore, was ready to listen to the Scottish Regent's proposals, and after two years of negotiating a treaty was made. James was to go back to his kingdom when the first instalment of his ransom was paid, and a number of hostages, all noblemen, were to stay in England till the rest was sent.

Before James I. left London, Cardinal Beaufort married him to the beautiful Joan, and made a splendid feast in their honour. Then the king and his bride set forth at last (1424) for Scotland, which they entered amidst the joy of the whole nation, and were crowned at Scone.

James found his kingdom in a state of lawlessness. The ancient difference between Highlands and Lowlands was stronger than ever now that the Lowlands were increasing in wealth, and an army of Highlanders had quite recently attempted to conquer the Earldom of Ross, and had with difficulty been repulsed at the Battle of Harlaw. There were blood feuds between many of the noble families, who were both powerful and violent. The Borderers on the English March were as warlike as the Highlanders themselves. There was little law and no orderly system of administering it. The royal revenues were slender and taxation almost unknown,



WINDSOR CASTLE.

while most of the castles were in the hands of strong barons who were accustomed to treat the royal authority with contempt.

All this James I. resolved to reform. 'I will have the key keep the castle and the bracken-bush the cow,' he said, and he set to work sternly and swiftly. He knew he had only the nobility to struggle with, for the clergy, the middle-classes, and the peasantry looked to him to protect them; so he skilfully made them support him by constantly holding Parliaments, as the English kings did, though he allowed the members to shorten their labours by choosing a committee, called 'The Lords of the Articles,' who acted for the whole body. Albany and his sons were tried before Parliament, and then executed as traitors on the 'heading-hill' of Stirling, and a number of nobles were imprisoned for a time, as a warning, and then set free. In order to punish the Highlanders a Parliament was called at Inverness, where, in the same way, a number were arrested, some executed, the rest imprisoned, as a warning, and then released.

The proud Highland chiefs regarded this as a deadly insult and the Lord of the Isles was not long in raising his clan, the MacDonalds, for a foray, and burning Inverness to the ground. But James was as active. He swept into the mountain country with troops, defeated the MacDonalds in Lochaber, built forts to watch the valleys, set ships to watch the coast, till at last the Lord of the Isles, unable to escape, came to make his submission. The king was keeping Easter at Edinburgh in the royal chapel at Holyrood. 'Wearing only a shirt, a halter round his neck, holding his sword by the point, a suppliant passed up the nave, and, stopping before the king's throne, proffered him

his weapon.* James might not have shown the mercy hoped for but that the queen was present and begged his life.

During his reign of twelve years James I. began reforms in everything. He brought Scotland into friendly relations with several foreign countries, France, Burgundy, Denmark, and Norway, and this developed commerce considerably; so did his encouragement of Flemish artisans, who settled in the towns and taught the Scots many new trades. He sent also for musicians and scholars to increase learning, and founded the University of St. Andrews. He tried to make the Scots learn archery that they might meet the English on equal terms, though, unfortunately, he made this attempt unpopular by forbidding the people to play at golf or football that they might give the time to the bow. He had codes of laws published in the native tongue that all might understand them, and, to secure justice, ordained that if a poor man could not pay a lawyer to plead for him the judge should find him one. The wrongs of the poor always stirred him most. Once one of the MacDonalds robbed a poor widow of her cow, and when the woman cried out that she would go to the king for justice, the brutal chief ordered her to be 'shod for the journey' by nailing a pair of horse-shoes on her feet. The widow was but the more resolved to have justice, and when her wounds healed managed to reach Edinburgh and told her tale to James. He caught the chieftain and a dozen of his men, and sternly ordered them to be 'shod' in the same manner before they were led to execution.

Justice, however, was an idea which no Highlander could understand; the chiefs feared the king, but

* Jusserand.

hated him, and were ready to join with some nobles whom the king had offended by seizing their castles upon legal pretexts which they considered unfair. The most bitter was Sir Robert Graham, an ambitious nobleman, proud of his royal descent, whom James had once imprisoned. He had supposed that the nobles could copy English ways, too, and in a Parliament had attempted to arrest and depose James for tyranny, as the English had done Richard II. But as no one supported him it was himself who was seized and imprisoned, and as soon as he managed to escape he sent James a formal defiance, saying that he did not consider him as king any longer, but only as a man and a foe whom he would slay with his own hand.

James would not listen to warnings. He was told of a prophecy that 'a king should be killed in Scotland that year' (1436), but he only jested. There was a very handsome young knight at the court whom James called the 'King of Love,' and him he bade 'Take good care of thyself, for there are but two kings in Scotland.' And he went to keep Christmas at Perth, close to the dangerous Highlands. As he was about to cross the Forth an old Highland woman, a soothsayer, suddenly appeared and cried: 'An ye pass this water ye shall never return alive!' More she would have said, but James only sent an attendant to speak with her and was satisfied when he was told that she was mad. There was, in fact, treachery all about him. Even his chamberlain and kinsman, Sir Robert Stewart, whom he had promoted to be constable of the army, was among the traitors, and took care to remove the bolts and locks when the night fixed upon arrived.

The king was staying in the convent of the Black Friars, and kept but little guard about him. Christmas

passed safely, and one February evening the royal party were amusing themselves as usual, music was sounding, the queen was reading a manuscript of romance, James playing at chess, when they were disturbed by a knocking at the door. The old Highland woman once more begged to speak with the king, but he, busy with his game, bade her come next morning, and she was thrust away. 'It shall repent you all,' she said, 'that ye will not let me speak now with the king.'

It was about midnight when James dismissed his courtiers, and stood by the great fire talking with the queen. Only a few of her ladies were with them. Suddenly a trampling of horses was heard without, and the rush of armed men into the house. No one came to aid the king. The windows were fastened outside that he might not escape or call for help; there were no bolts on the door. It is said that a brave lady, Catherine Douglas, thrust her arm through the great staples to make a brief delay, as James, remembering a hiding-place beneath the floor, tore up the planks with tongs and sprang down into it. It had once had an opening into the moat, but only three days before, when playing tennis in the dry moat, he had ordered the passage to be walled up because his balls got lost there.

Robert Graham and his gang of murderers burst into the apartment, crushing down Catherine with a broken arm (Kate Barlass she was called afterwards). They fiercely attacked the queen, who strove to stop their way, and wounded her, and at length discovered the hiding-place. The assassins sprang down upon the defenceless king, who could only struggle with his bare hands, and soon he fell dead, pierced with sixteen wounds.

All that his broken-hearted wife could do was to avenge him, and with the help of the infuriated people she succeeded in securing the whole of the band very shortly. They were put to death with the most dreadful tortures and amid the curses of the nation, for with the exception of the savage chiefs the whole country mourned with the queen. Scotland could ill spare her best king, the law-giver, warrior, scholar, and poet—James I.

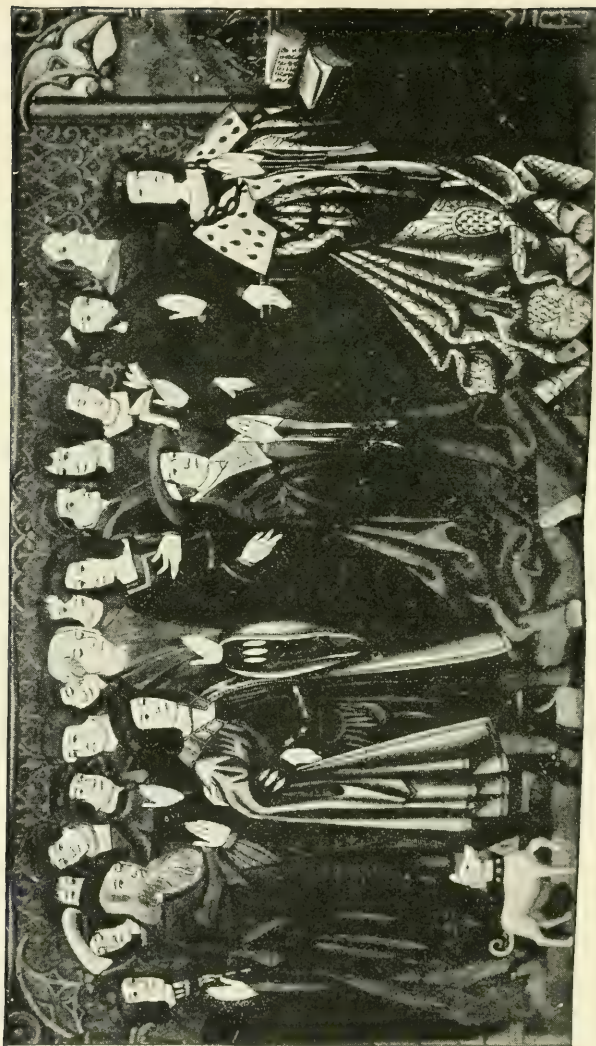
MARGARET OF ANJOU.

(*Born 1430; died 1482.*)

MARGARET OF ANJOU, the queen of Henry VI., was the daughter of René of Anjou, who was called ‘Count of Provence, Duke of Lorraine, King of Sicily, Hungary, and Jerusalem.’ ‘Yet, for all his long style he had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the king her spouse,’ so the English had to send the Earl of Suffolk to fetch her, and pay all the costs. It was a grand marriage for the daughter of a penniless and powerless prince, but René, who was the intimate friend of Charles VII. of France, promised to help to make a good peace, and as this was necessary the alliance was thought wise by Cardinal Beaufort and the Earl of Suffolk, and by Henry VI. himself.

Margaret was beautiful and clever—‘a woman of a great wit and no less courage, desirous of honour, and furnished with the gifts of reason, policy, and wisdom.’ Henry VI., who married her in 1445, was devoted to her, and it seemed as if she would help him, for he was weak and undecided.

Unhappily for Henry and for England Margaret never learned the differences between this country and France. She had been used to seeing townsmen and country-folk count for nothing beside nobles, so she took no thought about the middle classes who were in

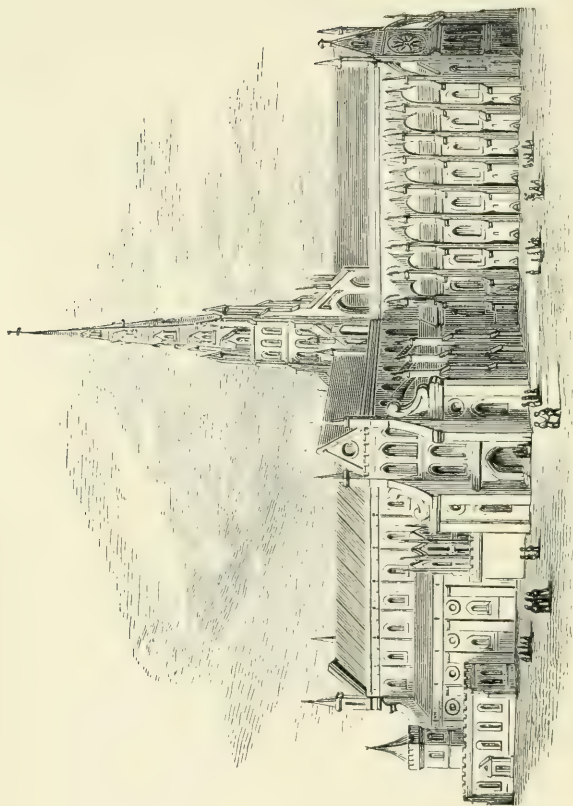


HENRY VI. AND HIS COURT.

England so important. They naturally disliked her proud ways, jeered at her as a queen 'not worth ten marks,' and declared that the loss of Maine, which occurred soon after the marriage, was plotted by Margaret and Suffolk.

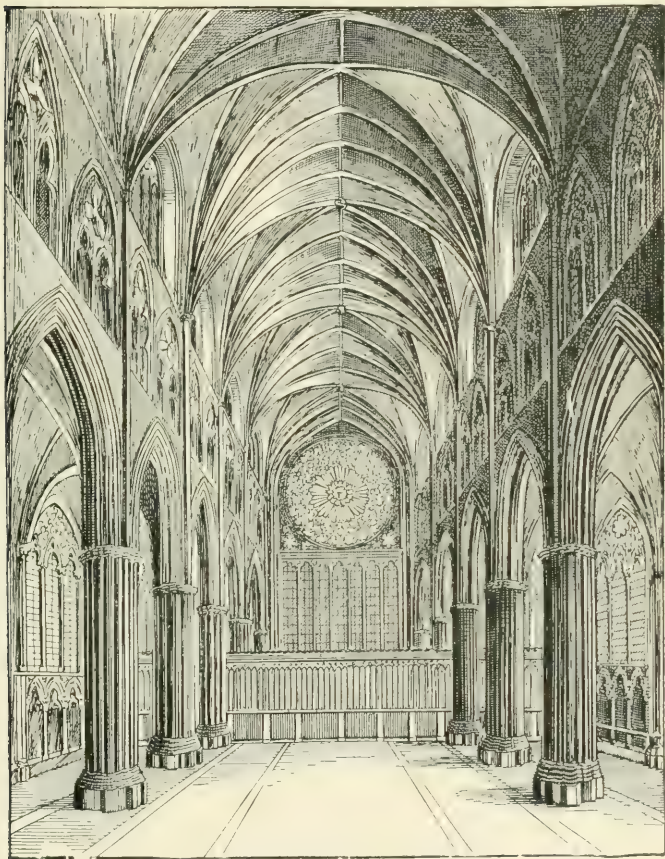
As the queen was very high-spirited she 'disdained that her husband should be ruled rather than rule,' and plainly showed how much she disliked the arrogant Duke of Gloucester, and how much she preferred his enemy, the Earl of Suffolk. When old Cardinal Beaufort withdrew from public affairs, Suffolk was the principal minister, and both the king and queen trusted in him, though he could neither keep order in England nor make a good peace with France. Margaret was naturally grateful to the man who had brought her to England, and his wife (a grand-daughter of Chaucer) became one of her best friends.

For her friends she would do anything, and gave them lands and money which the king could ill spare, till he grew so poor that he 'owed more than he was worth, and had almost nought to live on.' A still worse thing was her constant interference in lawsuits to 'maintain' the causes of her friends and servants, without any regard for real justice. The greater part of the English nobles, however, gathered round the court and the high-spirited young queen, for they liked the French system, in which nobles had everything their own way in spite of law or the people; but the few who were more patriotic or ambitious, especially Richard, Duke of York, and the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, felt that Margaret was supporting an incapable minister and preventing themselves from obtaining power, and they began to hate her as much as they hated Suffolk.



OLD ST. PAUL'S.

After Cade's rebellion and the murder of Suffolk in 1450 the queen showed the same reckless favour to his



OLD ST. PAUL'S (INTERIOR).

successor, the Duke of Somerset, and pursued the Duke of York, his rival, with hatred, as the real cause of the disturbances. York, Henry's nearest kinsman of royal

blood, was the heir of the Mortimers, and when he claimed a right to interfere in the government and did so by force at the first Battle of St. Albans, where he killed Somerset (1455), Margaret foresaw that he would never rest till he had the crown.

Accordingly, she began to prepare for the struggle by making friends, not only among those great nobles who were rivals of York and Warwick but among many lords and knights who had not yet taken much part in politics. They mostly belonged to the North of England, which had always been simpler and wilder than the South. They knew little of the disgraces of the war and the government which made the southern towns so bitter against Somerset, and were easily won by the brilliant queen to pledge their loyalty to their king and the little Prince of Wales.

Thus the reconciliation which the good king brought about after the Battle of St. Albans was hollow. Henry persuaded the Duke of York to give large sums of money to the widows of the slain, and then all the enemies came to forgive each other and walked in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, Richard of York leading the queen, Salisbury hand-in-hand with the young Duke of Somerset, and the other foes in like manner; all exchanged the kiss of peace, and King Henry wept for joy.

Neither the Duke of York nor Margaret thought of peace. Richard negotiated with the Duke of Burgundy, Margaret with the Scots and the French. She even caused the court to leave its usual seat near London to come into the Midlands, and for some time Henry and Margaret lived at Coventry, 'the queen's safe harbour,' where they were popular, and could, moreover, keep a watch upon Warwick's castles hard by, at Kenilworth and Warwick. From here, when the prince was only

six years old, Margaret made a journey to Cheshire, and held open house among the gallant gentry of that forest county. The boy was taught to give them silver badges of a swan, to mark them as especially his own soldiers, and the brave knights and squires of all the districts round became devoted to the queen.

As soon as she had an opportunity she ordered them to arrest the Earl of Salisbury (Richard Neville, York's brother-in-law), and thus brought about the little Battle of Blore Heath (1459); and though Salisbury got away and the queen's friend, Lord Audley, was killed, she did not hesitate, but joined the king with great forces, and surprised York at Ludlow. Here they proclaimed that all who submitted to the king should be pardoned, and many who had been told by York that Henry was dead deserted him and held to the king ever after. York and his chief supporters fled, and the king and queen returned in triumph to Coventry and ordered the Parliament of 1459 to meet there. Naturally only the supporters of the queen's party dared to come, and they pleased her by passing an Act of *Attainder* against York and his friends, even including Lady Salisbury, which meant that if they were caught they would be executed, and that all their property was to be taken from them. Of course it was given to Margaret's favourites, so that the unhappy tenants of the York or the Neville lands had to choose between their old lords and their new ones, and were sure of being fined and ruined by whichever they decided against.

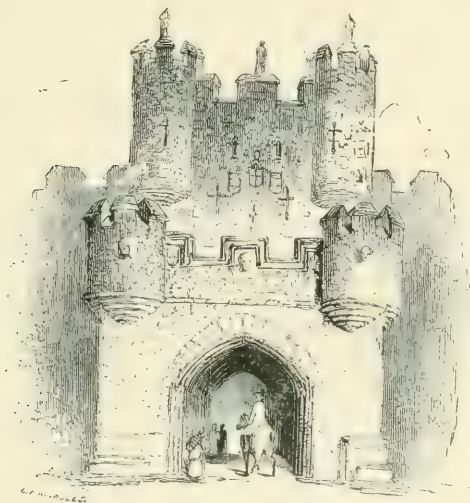
When Warwick and Salisbury came suddenly back to England next year the king and queen were still in the Midlands. Henry took refuge in the strongly-fortified town of Northampton, where his new cannon

ought to have kept off the enemy, but they could not be used because of the heavy rain. The battle should have been a hard one, but was ended suddenly in favour of the Yorkists by the treachery of Grey of Ruthyn, whose men beckoned to Warwick's troops not to shoot, and, leaning over the walls, pulled them up. Henry was sitting in his tent all alone; the old Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury, almost the last left of the old-fashioned, loyal nobles trained under Henry V., fell by the tent-door trying to protect him, but he did not know how to escape, and sat still to be taken by Warwick, who spoke to him most respectfully and conducted him to London with proper state.

Margaret, when she heard that the fight was lost, fled quickly with Prince Edward to Wales. Her one thought was to collect a fresh army, for she felt nothing but anger and contempt for the Parliament of 1460, which had recognised York as heir to the throne and set her son aside. The journey into Wales was very dangerous, for on its eastern border lay the great estates of York and Warwick, where all the tenants hated Margaret. Once she was nearly taken by the men of the Yorkist Lord Stanley. Once a follower of her own, to whom she had shown much kindness, turned traitor and robbed her of her gold and jewels, and even threatened her life. She escaped, but only four servants were still with her, and she and her son were saved in the end by the devotion of a lad of fourteen, John Combe, who took them up behind him on his own good horse, and rode away with them while the thieves were quarrelling over the plunder. So they at length reached the Earldom of Pembroke, where the Tudors lived, the half-brothers of Henry VI., and there for a time they were safe in Harlech Castle,

and received generous gifts from the loyal knights and lords to replace what had been lost.

Margaret, however, was not content with mere safety. Fearless of danger, she followed the Tudors as they pushed victoriously into Denbigh, and there gathered round her some of the lords who would not submit to York. Exeter and Somerset, the Percies, Cliffords, and



MICKLE GATE, YORK.

many others had their own blood feuds with York and the Nevilles, and they raised retainers enough in the North to make a stand in Yorkshire, while the queen herself with the prince sailed to Scotland to try to get help there. James II. of Scotland was just dead, but his widow, a French princess, was kind to Margaret, and the Scottish lords were quite ready to fight for her if, as payment, she would give back to the Scots the famous

Border town of Berwick, taken from them long ago by Edward III. Margaret pledged her word and afterwards gave them Berwick, but the English, when they knew, called her traitor and hated her so bitterly for bringing in the Scots that perhaps no victories could ever have caused her to be owned as queen again.

While she was in Scotland the fierce Battle of Wakefield (1460) took place, where the Duke of York and the Earl of Salisbury were killed. By the time Margaret reached York their heads were set over one of the gates and Lord Clifford is said to have greeted her with : 'Madam, your war is done ; here is your king's ransom !' She knew that the war was not done while Warwick was unsubdued, and led the Northern host, with her Scottish and Welsh allies, on towards London, where, said the Northern men, they would rescue the king from prison and restore him to his wife. These wild soldiers looked upon every place south of the Trent as an enemy's country, and declared that the queen had given them leave to plunder what they liked in the Southern and Eastern counties. Their march along the great North road was marked by the sacking of Grantham, Stamford, Peterborough, Huntingdon, and many another town till they got to St. Albans, and here the Earl of Warwick's army came to face them, bringing with them poor King Henry, who 'stood sadly to see his people slain on both sides.'

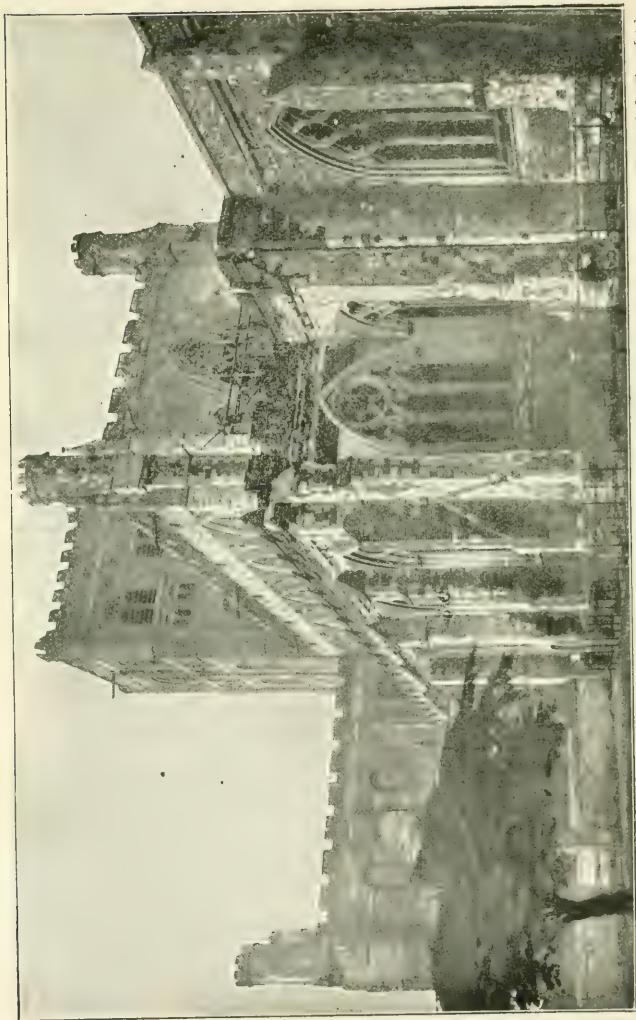
At this second Battle of St. Albans the Lancastrians won a complete victory, and many Yorkists who did not fall on the field were taken. The king promised them their lives, but in some cases Margaret, made cruel by her misfortunes, refused to be bound by his word. Two who had won fame in the French wars were brought before her to be punished, and she made

the prince, not eight years old, act as judge. 'Fair son,' said she, 'by what death shall these two knights whom ye see there end their days?' And the boy answered that their heads should be cut off.

Cruelty like this made other Yorkists afraid to surrender, so that they clung to Warwick and York's son Edward of March for safety, and thus peace was made impossible. The queen's troops, too, were beyond all control. The Northern men even robbed abbeys and churches, 'as if they had been paynims or Saracens and not Christian men.' They 'spared neither widows nor orphans, no, not the half-clothed poor who went from door to door begging.' The Abbot of St. Albans had to send all his monks away to beg their food, and turned Yorkist; and Henry and Margaret were afraid to enter London with such unruly troops, lest the capital should be destroyed.

The Londoners were in a state of panic; they would not submit and they dared not resist. Great was the relief of the Lord Mayor when he found that the queen only demanded provisions and money, and he got them together quickly in a long string of waggons, thinking to pacify her. The mob, however, would not let the provisions go to the queen; they made a riot, headed by a cook, servant of a follower of Warwick, and parted all the provisions among themselves. 'But as for the money,' says the chronicler, 'I know not how it was parted. I trow the purse stole the money.' The Lord Mayor was in terror lest this insult should bring the Northerners down upon the city when he heard that they were already retreating, and Edward of March with Warwick reached the city.

This retreat lost the whole advantage that had been gained at Wakefield and St. Albans, for only a month



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ABBAY CHURCH OF ST. ALBANS.

after the second Battle of St. Albans Edward IV. and Warwick caught the Lancastrians up at Towton (1461) and there destroyed them. Henry and Margaret waited in York to know the result of the battle, and at once fled to Scotland, where Margaret left her husband while she went to France to try to get help from the new king, Louis XI.

In 1462 she was back on the Border to lead an army of Scots and French into England, but the English Lancastrians would not join their ancient foes, and she accomplished nothing. At length her troops dispersed, and she had to seek hiding-places with the king and prince and only a few attendants. Once they had nothing to eat for five days but herrings and bread. At another time, after she had parted from the king for the sake of greater safety, she was pursued by a robber 'hideous and horrible to see.' There was no way of escape, so Margaret boldly faced him, told who she was, and appealed to him to save the son of his king. 'The robber fell at her feet, saying that he would die by a thousand deaths rather than abandon the noble youth till he had brought him to the haven of safety.' And at last Margaret and the prince reached the coast and fled to the continent, attended only by seven women, who possessed nothing but the very garments they wore. The queen was even dependent for food upon the charity of an old French knight, and when she went to visit the Duke of Burgundy it was in a common cart under a canvas tilt roof.

The Battle of Hexham and Warwick's capture of Henry VI. ended her hopes, and for seven years she dwelt in great poverty abroad among the few nobles who had escaped the revenge of Edward IV. What she had she shared with the brave men who still

followed her. 'I have seen,' says a chronicler, 'a Duke of Exeter go shoeless on foot after the Duke of Burgundy's train, seeking his living from house to house without giving his name.'



HENRY VI.

At last, in 1470, took place the quarrel between Edward IV. and Warwick, and the earl's flight to France, filled with such bitter hatred of Edward that

he was ready to seize on any means of revenge. Louis XI. wanted to ruin Edward IV. because he was allied with Charles the Bold of Burgundy, the enemy of France. He therefore urged Warwick and Margaret to join against the Yorkists, and promised to help them. Margaret could hardly bring herself to see Warwick, who had been a main causer of her miseries, but at last for her son's sake she consented, and Warwick threw himself on his knees, humbly craving mercy and pardon. She spoke harshly, and kept him on his knees for a quarter of an hour, but at last relented, and permitted Prince Edward to be betrothed to Warwick's daughter Anne as a pledge of reconciliation. Warwick flew back to England at once, but Margaret had to wait, first for her French troops, then for a fair wind, so that she was some months behind Warwick, and actually landed at Weymouth on the very day of the defeat of Barnet (April, 1471).

Undaunted even by that dreadful blow, the queen pushed on in the West, hoping to join the Welsh royalists at Gloucester, but Edward IV., who came westwards with great speed, persuaded the governor of that town to hold out and caught up the Lancastrians as they struggled along the miry lanes in the first days of May, which happened to be very hot. Edward's troops were on the cooler and better roads on the Cotswolds, and were better supplied with water, so that when they found the Lancastrians posted at Tewkesbury they were still fresh. They had also better cannon and archers, and as some of the Lancastrian leaders charged too fiercely the Yorkists, pushing them back, entered their positions and began a great slaughter. The young prince was struck down, crying in vain for help to his treacherous brother-in-law Clarence. Somerset, Dorset, and Devon

fell on the field, and others were massacred actually in the abbey, and in spite of Edward's promise that their lives should be spared.

The unhappy queen was waiting for news in a small religious house a little way off. Here she was taken prisoner, and when Edward IV. made his triumphant entry into London he paraded his captive in a chariot before him.

Directly afterwards she heard that Henry VI. was dead, murdered in the Tower without doubt, and Margaret's spirit was broken at last by the death of her son and her husband. For five years Edward kept her a prisoner, then, as he had nothing to fear from her any longer, he allowed her to return to France, where she lived sadly in poverty and loneliness till her death in 1482.

RICHARD NEVILLE, EARL OF WARWICK,
THE 'KING-MAKER.'

(Born 1428: killed 1471.)

THE story of the famous Earl of Warwick, the 'King-maker,' begins with a family history. Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland, was in the reign of Henry IV. the chief of a great family who rivalled the Percies in Yorkshire and Durham both in power and pride. He was the father of twenty-two children, and as he was ambitious and covetous he used the royal favour to help him to marry his children to rich heirs and heiresses. Soon he saw five of his younger sons peers and another a bishop, while eight daughters were married to noble lords—the youngest, 'proud Cis Neville, the Rose of Raby,' to no less a person than Richard, Duke of York. After her the most fortunate of the twenty-two was Richard, who married the heiress of that Earl of Salisbury who was killed at Orleans, and so became earl himself, and lord of several strong castles in the South as well as his father's palace at Middleham in Yorkshire.

Salisbury's son Richard had a still more splendid fortune than his father, for his wife, daughter of the stout Earl of Warwick, brought him the inheritance and title of that great earldom before he was of age. His possessions were then vast. He held miles of rich

estates in the Midlands, in Wales, and along the Severn, and manors and castles scattered all over the South of England. His fortresses were more numerous than those of any other peer and his retainers beyond counting. When he travelled his escort was often some five hundred armed men, all wearing red coats



BEAR AND RAGGED
STAFF.

with the earl's famous silver badge of a bear with a ragged staff. 'And when he came to London he held such an house that six oxen were eaten at a breakfast. Every tavern was full of his meat, for who that had any acquaintance in that house, he should have as much sod and roast as he might carry upon a long dagger.'

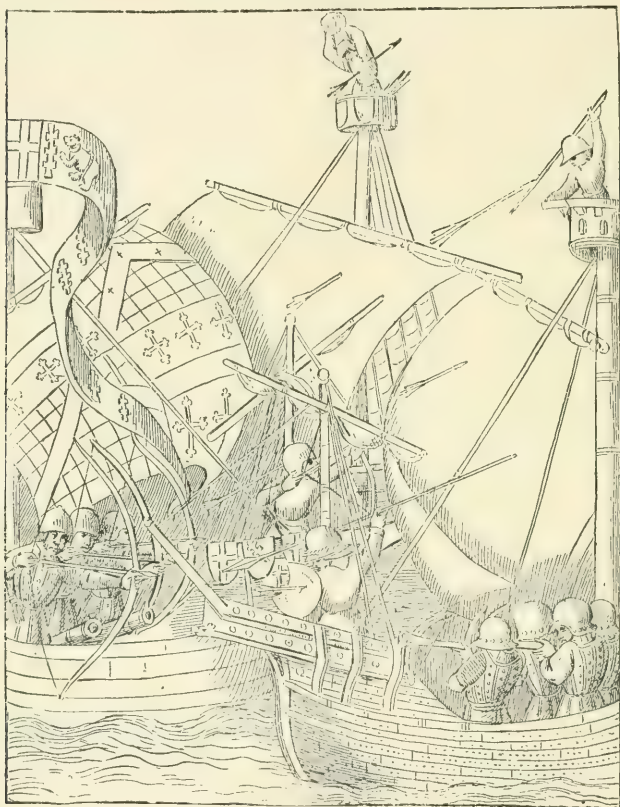
The young Earl of Warwick, who thus dazzled all the South of England by his magnificence, was an active, capable man, ambitious to direct the fortunes of the country and quite certain that he knew how to do so. Unlike most of the nobility of that time he was no mere soldier, insolent to peaceful folk. His 'witty and gentle demeanour towards all manner of persons' caused him to grow into such favour among the common people that they judged him able to do all things. 'Which way he bowed, that way ran the stream, and what part he took, that side got the game.' No patriotic English noble could see without shame the disgrace brought upon the nation by the mismanagement of Suffolk and Somerset. Even if family friendship had not drawn him to the party of Richard, Duke of York, right feeling must have done so. Warwick accordingly stood by his uncle York and his father Salisbury when

they made their sudden attack on the king's unpopular ministers at St. Albans, and the success of the fight was mainly due to his finding a way into the town through the back-yards of the houses.

After the battle York recognised the importance of the young earl by making him Captain of Calais, an office extremely important now that Calais was our only stronghold in France ; and here, and as admiral of the one English fleet, he gained both distinction as a commander and much gratitude from the merchants of the seaports ; for he not only repulsed the French again and again before the gates of Calais, but cleared the straits of pirates, and once captured a whole Spanish fleet, the profits whereof enriched both his own soldiers and the English merchants. The Londoners and the sturdy Commons of Kent, who all hated Somerset, almost worshipped Warwick, so that 'they judged that the very sun was taken from the world when he was absent.' His troops, too, became devoted to him. Few of Warwick's captains ever played him false, a thing which, in those days of bribery and treachery, speaks volumes for the esteem he was held in.

When, in 1459, Richard of York summoned his friends to join him at Ludlow, Warwick, of course, came to him from Calais, and in the flight which followed Salisbury and the young Edward of March, York's eldest son, owed their lives to Warwick's practical knowledge of the sea. The three were aiming at Calais, so they hired four mariners to take them. After they had set sail the earl asked the mariners if they knew the way, to which they replied that they did not, for they had never sailed thither before. The noble company was much dismayed, but the Earl of War-

wick said to cheer them 'that, so please God and my lord St. George, he would bring them to a haven of safety. And, in fact, he stripped to his doublet and



A SEA-FIGHT (WARWICK'S BADGE ON PENNON).

went to the helm; then he had the sail hoisted, upon which the wind blew so ' that they reached first Guernsey and then Calais.

Queen Margaret was well aware of the value of Calais to her enemies, and despatched the young Duke of Somerset to secure it. On the very evening of Warwick's return the duke's messenger appeared at the port to announce his master's arrival next day. The guard listened to him solemnly, and then replied that 'they would give the news to the Earl of Warwick, who was their sole and only captain, and he should have the earl's answer in a few minutes.' The discomfited Somerset dared not attack Warwick, and could only betake himself to the little town of Guines, and keep up a petty warfare from there. In these skirmishes victory was usually with Warwick. He took a good many prisoners, and put to death some few who had once sworn oaths of faithfulness to himself, but dismissed the rest of the common soldiers to their homes, and even won over some of the noble commanders to desert the cause of Somerset and adopt that of York.

Warwick was, indeed, much the most active of the Yorkist leaders. He liked to strike first, and on hearing that Margaret was fitting out a fleet at Sandwich which was to drive him from Calais, he determined to seize it for himself. He despatched two of his trustiest knights in merchant-ships, with freights of soldiers, all carefully hidden. The good folk of Sandwich asked no inconvenient questions; the soldiers quietly marched into the middle of the town, and there one of the knights kept guard while the other arranged for the despatch of the ships with friendly crews. The Lancastrian commander himself was caught asleep in his bed, and was hardly awake before he found himself a prisoner, on the way to Calais. This success and the knowledge of the general

indignation at Margaret's rule, together with a request from the Commons of Kent that he would come and protect them from the greed of the courtiers, deter-



RICHARD NEVILLE, EARL OF WARWICK.

mined Warwick on another attempt to win by force the control of the kingdom for his uncle.

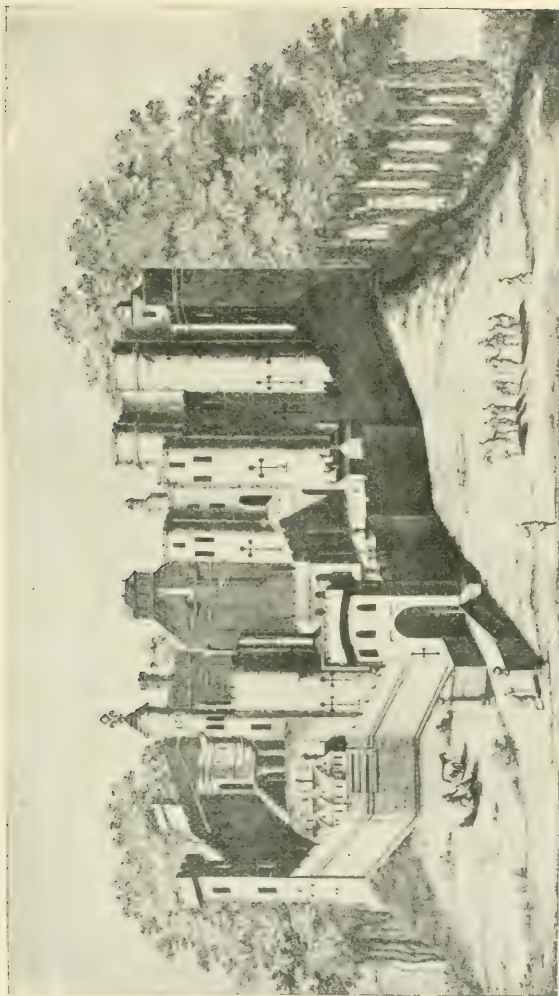
First he went to Ireland to see Richard of York and arrange plans, and was a good or a lucky sailor enough

to get there and back in a little less than a month. But the queen ordered the Duke of Exeter to take the fleet to catch him on the way back, and their numbers were overwhelming. However, just as the two parties came in sight of each other Exeter's sailors learned whom they were to attack, and, flatly refusing to obey orders, turned the fleet about and took it back to harbour, so leaving Warwick's way to Calais clear. His invasion of England (1460) was as rapid as a triumphal procession. First he sent a proclamation, supposed to be York's, to explain the loyalty of the three lords (York, Salisbury, and Warwick) to their sovereign, and their determination to remove his bad ministers and punish those who had 'sold' Normandy and Guienne. Then, with his father and Edward, the young Earl of March, Warwick crossed to friendly Sandwich. Here the archbishop met and blessed him, and George Neville, his brother, who was bishop of Exeter, brought a gallant band of soldiers; popular songs fired the enthusiasm of the Kentishmen, and a great army gathered round him. At the news of his coming the Londoners rose, drove the Lancastrian lords into the Tower and besieged them there, while the aldermen joyfully welcomed the invaders. Even the Papal Legate bestowed his blessing upon them; Warwick had entertained him at Calais, and convinced him of the justice of York's claim to be minister.

The earl would not wait in London, though there was no sign of York's coming from Ireland. He hurried after the king and queen, and found them entrenched at Northampton. Here he and Edward of March assaulted the city, and won a victory after only half an hour's fighting, owing to the treachery of a Lancastrian lord. This battle, like that of St. Albans

before, was remarkable for Warwick's order that none of the common men should be pursued, but that lords and knights should meet with no mercy. This policy of slaying the nobles themselves and not putting them to ransom began a reaction against the attention paid to rank by the chivalry of the Hundred Years' War. As the greed and violence of the nobles brought about these civil wars it was but fair that they should pay the penalty. Warwick guessed that if the leaders were dead the mass of the people would be glad of peace and ready to support York. After the battle Henry VI. was a prisoner in the hands of Warwick, who took him back to Westminster, and then, without waiting for the Duke of York, began to settle the government, and made the king sign whatever he desired. The chief offices were given to the Neville family, though Warwick took none himself, content to be still Captain of Calais, and he used the month of quiet which followed his success characteristically. First, he hastened to see that all was well at Calais, and generously did no ill to Somerset, who was completely in his power, but made a kind of treaty with him; then he went with his wife to express his gratitude to Heaven in the manner then usual, by a pilgrimage to the shrine of Walsingham; last of all, he visited his splendid home at Warwick and received the lords and gentry, who flocked round him to bless his coming and beg his protection against the rapacious partisans of the queen, who had herself taken refuge in Wales.

At last the Duke of York arrived from Ireland and proceeded to London with royal state. He startled everyone by forcibly taking possession of the king's apartments at Westminster, breaking the bolts and locks to do so, and by entering the hall where the



SANDAL CASTLE, NEAR WAKEFIELD.

peers were assembling for Parliament as if he were no peer, but king. He stepped to the throne and laid his hand upon it as if to take possession of his right, and refused to go to see the king because there was no one in the realm, he said, who ought not rather to come to wait upon him.

None of the lords approved of York's attempt to snatch the crown from Henry, not even Warwick, and it was partly by his earnest endeavours that the compromise was made which named York only protector for the present, but heir to the crown when Henry should die.

Warwick, of course, knew that the sword must decide between the two parties, but he was less of a soldier than a statesman and stayed in the south while York hurried after the Lancastrian nobles to Yorkshire. Then came the Battle of Wakefield, the death of York, and the invasion of the south by Margaret's fierce northern army.

The Yorkist cause now depended entirely on Warwick. York's heir, Edward of March, was barely twenty; the queen was overwhelmingly strong; Warwick must either rally the Yorkist party by giving them a new hope, or give up the cause and submit.

He showed no hesitation. The archbishop, the Duke of Norfolk, the Londoners, and the Kentish men stood by him. Quickly he gathered troops, cannon, and foreign 'gun-men,' and marched from London to meet Margaret's army, taking King Henry with him. Possibly he desired to govern in the name of Henry, and hoped to make the approaching Northerners appear like rebels. But the second Battle of St. Albans (1461) proved the earl no good general, for though he fortified his front carefully with solid wooden

fences, and traps and nets to hinder cavalry, he allowed the enemy to turn his flank and attack him from behind. Neither could he control his troops, some of which were too far off to understand his orders. The northern men fought furiously, till at last the men of Kent, crying out, 'Treachery!' fled in a panic, and the whole army broke in disorder. Even then Warwick's rapid thought devised a way to safety. He knew that the young Earl of March was in the west gathering forces in the old Mortimer lands, and he hurried away to join him with such troops as he could rally.

Two things now turned the scales of fortune: Edward had won a victory in the west at Mortimer's Cross, and was coming with his victorious army to London, and Margaret's troops, not allowed to enter the capital, waited idly for more than a week till Edward and Warwick reached it. They were hailed with the utmost joy, and when Warwick's brother George, the bishop, made a speech to explain Edward's claim to the throne, the citizens shouted 'King Edward!' with wild enthusiasm, and the peers and bishops of the Neville connection hastily crowned him as Edward IV.

Thus Warwick, who had refused to make the father king, set the young son on the throne. He knew that the queen, who had beaten him at St. Albans, would never let him rule as Henry's minister, and he doubtless supposed that the inexperienced Edward, a lad of twenty, would be easily influenced, especially as he had been in the earl's care for two years, and was bound by friendship as well as gratitude to the man who had made him king. The good of the country was fast becoming a less important matter in Warwick's mind than his own power and safety.

The moment that the hasty coronation was over the

new king and Warwick pursued after the Lancastrians along the great north road. They caught them up at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire, where a struggle took place for the bridge over the Aire, and the story is that Warwick, to prove his zeal to his men, who were foot-soldiers, slew his horse with his sword, saying: 'Let him flee that will, for surely I will tarry with him that will tarry with me.' In the end the Yorkists won Ferrybridge, and marched on till they found the enemy barring their road to York upon the moors of Towton.

Here took place a murderous battle (March, 1461). Warwick led the main body, but his uncle Falconbridge, a knight very small in stature but extremely brave and skilful, commanded the wing nearest to the enemy. It was a very cold morning, and just as this wing came in sight of their foes a sudden snow-storm came on which beat upon the faces of the Lancastrians. Falconbridge's archers at once sent a shower of arrows to drive with the wind and sleet, and then kept out of range while the half-blinded Lancastrians wasted nearly all their shafts on the empty moor, for the Yorkist archers to pick up afterwards and shoot back again. The Lancastrians were desperate and the fight became a hand-to-hand combat, Warwick's difficult task being to keep his men steady till the reserve under his cousin Norfolk came up. By that time the men were thirsting for revenge, and, flinging themselves on the now far out-numbered enemy, they pushed them back inch by inch to the verge of a flooded stream behind them. Those who were not slain were drowned by hundreds, till the piles of corpses made a footing to cross by. The Cocke and the Wharfe ran red with blood, and though it snowed the whole time there was more red than white upon the moors for many a mile.

Towton, with its deadly slaughter of the northern lords and their brave fighting men, really ended the rule of Lancaster and began that of York, and Warwick must have felt himself indeed a king-maker when he brought Edward in triumph into the old Neville castle of Middleham.

Falconbridge was made an earl, Warwick's brother John, Lord Montagu, and Bishop George soon became Archbishop of York. Other titles were bestowed upon the great earl himself, but his real reward was that for three years Edward IV. gave himself up to pleasure and left the conduct of affairs to his able cousin. He began by finishing the conquest of the North. The battles of Hedgeley Moor and Hexham and the capture of many castles proved Warwick's skill in combining troops, providing them with supplies, and watching the passes and roads in the difficult mountain country. He obtained a train of cannon to batter the castles with, the first to use them thus in England. At last helpless King Henry was taken prisoner and brought to Warwick, who disgraced his knightly fame by cruelly leading Henry a prisoner into London with his feet tied together under his horse as though he were some felon.

Warwick's diplomacy ended all danger in the North. He made a treaty with the Scots which drove Queen Margaret abroad, and then sought to destroy her last hopes by winning Louis XI. of France to an alliance with Edward IV. With the king's consent he began to negotiate for a marriage between Edward and a French princess when his plans were rudely checked, and he himself, like the rest of the nobles, amazed and shocked by Edward's announcement that he could not wed a French princess because he was married already, and

that to the widow of a Lancastrian knight, Elizabeth Woodville.

It was a deadly insult to Warwick that this should have been done in secret and the earl have been allowed to begin a treaty with France in ignorance of it, and he was not slow to see his young cousin's real intentions. Edward IV., in fact, wanted to rid himself of Warwick's control and have a party among the nobles devoted to himself. He promoted his wife's kindred to wealth and honours and contrived a further humiliation for the earl, who was sent to France as ambassador to arrange the treaty for which he still hoped, though a marriage was impossible. Then, when he came successfully home bringing French envoys to sign the peace, they were treated so rudely that Warwick had to entertain them himself and could not help bursting into a fit of indignation at Edward's ingratitude in their presence. The Frenchmen went home with the news that Edward had allied with the great enemy of France, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and that the Earl of Warwick was no longer of any importance.

Warwick next saw his kinsmen roughly dismissed from their places, and, furious at the king's ingratitude and the pride and power of the Woodville family, he set his heart upon revenging the insults he suffered and securing once more the control of England for himself, even at the cost of another civil war.

He skilfully used the angry feelings of the Northerners and the discontent of old Lancastrians, and found it only too easy to play on the selfish passions of his own friends, and their hopes of gain if he should succeed.

Helped by his son-in-law Clarence, who was also jealous of the Woodvilles, he planned the successful revolt of Robin of Redesdale, which enabled him to take

Edward prisoner in 1469; for when Warwick appeared on the side of the rebels Edward's best captains, who had once been Warwick's men, deserted him with their bands. The rest fled at Edge Cote, and the king was waked at midnight by the Archbishop of York, who courteously desired him to 'Rise, and come to see my brother of Warwick.'

Edward, however, defeated Warwick's plans by putting on a semblance of resignation. He pretended to be fickle enough to give up his friends and plans, and so common had treachery become that Warwick perhaps believed him; at any rate, he had no excuse for keeping a guard round him, and Edward had not long to wait for an opportunity of striking back again. A little Lancastrian rising took place and was put down. Edward collected troops on this ground, and then declared that the rising had been planned by Warwick and Clarence and dared them to come to trial. They had no time to collect troops, but, hastily taking what treasure they could from Warwick Castle, rode to the coast with their families and fled over sea to France to Edward's enemy, Louis XI.

When Louis XI. discovered that Warwick's hatred of Edward IV. was stronger than his old hatred of Queen Margaret he arranged the strange alliance between the two, and Warwick, too impatient to wait for Margaret's French troops, hastened to begin the great Lancastrian rising of 1470. The magic of his name raised an army at once, ready to shout for 'King Henry' if Warwick bade them. Montagu talked over the very troops King Edward was leading; he awoke one morning to their shouts for Warwick and King Henry, and his flight enabled Warwick to enter London in triumph. Poor Henry VI., dazed by ill-treatment and

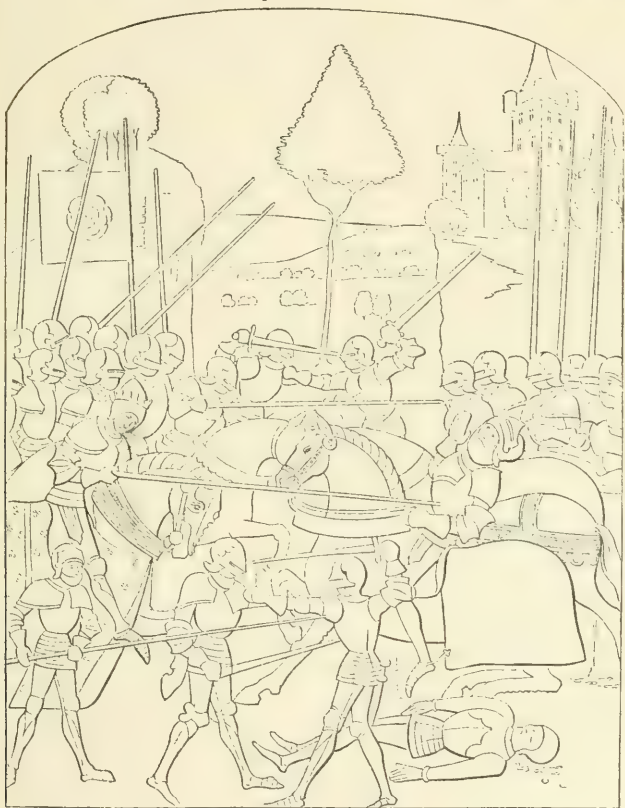
surprise, of course signed whatever orders Warwick chose, and named him governor of the kingdom. Once more he had proved himself stronger than kings.

But plans based on treachery are likely to fail through treachery. The fickle Clarence saw Warwick's success with ill-will. It was not remorse for his ingratitude to his brother Edward which moved him, but merely jealousy and covetousness. He could never hope to mount the throne now that Warwick had adopted the cause of Lancaster, and as Prince Edward was to wed Warwick's other daughter, Anne, he could not secure the whole of the earl's inheritance. Accordingly, he promised to join his brother, Edward IV., when he came back to fight for his crown (1741).

With equal falseness Edward persuaded the people of Ravenspur and York that he came 'only for his duchy.' He swore this before the altar in York Minster, and shouted, 'King Harry!' Then, when he had collected a small army of his own retainers, he dashed on to London, skilfully slipping past Montagu, who should have stopped him, and Warwick, who was entrenched at Coventry. Warwick knew that London, though it loved the king-maker better than the king, loved peace best of all and would submit to the stronger. He must fight at once, not waiting for Queen Margaret's forces. So with the Lancastrian lords, Somerset, Exeter, and Oxford, he came towards London.

On Easter Eve, 1471, the two armies ranged themselves in the fields by Barnet. Warwick fired cannon all night, but the shots went over the enemy and did no harm. In the gray of the misty morning the troops engaged, unable to see what was happening at any distance. Oxford's fiery charge broke the ranks

opposite to him, but he pursued too far, right into the streets of Barnet. When at last he came back to the rear of Warwick's men a desperate hand-to-hand



BATTLE OF BARNET.

combat was going on. In the mist Oxford's banner with a star and rays looked just like Edward's with the sun and sunbeams, and Warwick's archers sent a

shower of arrows at their friends, who, in panic, cried out 'Treason! Treason!' and fled. This mistake decided the day. Somerset and the other Lancastrians supposed Warwick had betrayed them. Some fled, others turned their swords against Montagu, who fell dead, the Kentishmen broke and fled, and Warwick, attempting to fly, was hindered by his heavy armour, overtaken and slain.

The dead body of their idol was taken to be shown to the Londoners, and left to lie three or four days on the pavement by St. Paul's, that all men might know that the great king-maker was really dead. He was little more than forty years old.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

(Died 1491.)

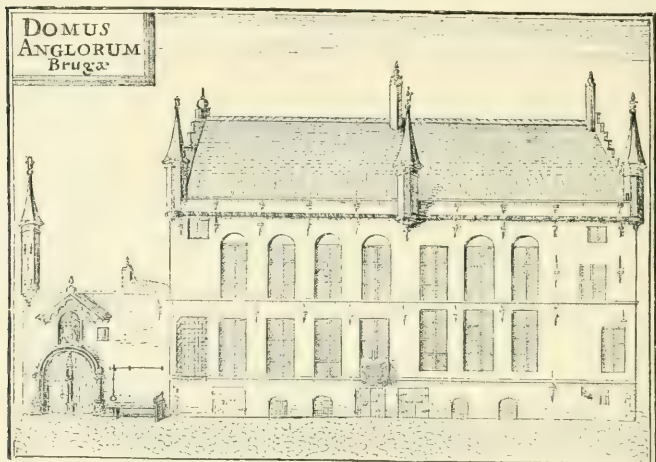
WILLIAM CAXTON, the first English printer, lived in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., but only began to print books in 1476, so that it is the last fifteen years of his life which have made him famous. During the first and longer part of his life he was a busy merchant, who studied books in his spare time and took much interest in them and in the art of copying them out beautifully in manuscripts.

He belonged to a well-to-do family of Kent, and his parents gave him a good education, for which, he says, he blessed them, since it enabled him to earn an honest living afterwards. He was probably born about 1422, and when his school days were over he was bound apprentice to a wealthy London alderman, named Large, and thus given the best possible opening for a business career. All trade and business was learned by apprenticeship, just as young nobles were trained in the household of some great lord, and young clerics in that of some bishop.

Caxton was bound to serve his master for a certain time, very likely for seven years, during which time he would learn the methods of Large's business, which was that of a mercer, and live in his fine city house as

one of the family, with the alderman's six children and seven other apprentices. Alderman Large was Lord Mayor the year after Caxton became his apprentice, so he must have joined in the procession, which was even more splendid than usual as Large was very popular and the Mercers' Company numerous and wealthy.

Life in London in those times was itself the best of training. The scarcity of food, often amounting to



HOUSE OF THE MERCHANT ADVENTURERS AT BRUGES.

famine amongst the poor, the splendid tournaments and feasts of the young king and his nobles, occasionally a burning for heresy, or a great lady doing penance for 'magic,' not seldom a fray in the streets at night—all these and much more were forced upon the apprentices' notice, and taught them to think of politics and take sides in the great questions of the time. Caxton did not remain long in London, for his master died in 1441, and the Mercers' Company had to arrange for his

apprentices to finish their time. Caxton went to complete his training in the Company's largest establishment abroad, at Bruges, the Flemish capital, and here he continued to live for about thirty-five years.

Bruges was the centre of that busy commerce which had subsisted for ages between Flanders and England, and as Flanders was part of the great Duchy of Burgundy, this commerce was busier than ever in the days of Philip the Good—the duke who was the friend of Henry V. and Bedford, and held his splendid court at Bruges. The Flemings disliked foreigners as heartily as the Londoners did, and the English merchants had

*And fully to be endid payinge yerely the seid
Successours in hand halfe yere afore that is
next suyninge xxij. s. iiij. d. by evene porciouns*

HANDWRITING IN AN ENGLISH CHARTER, 1457 A.D.

(and fully to be endid, payinge yerely the seid—
successours in hand halfe yere afore that is—
next suyninge xxij. s. iiij. d. by evene porciouns.)

to live together in a great building half like a fortress and half like a monastery. Here the young man finished his apprenticeship and began business on his own account, helped by the legacy Alderman Large had bequeathed to him.

William Caxton prospered, undisturbed by the Wars of the Roses at home and the accession of Edward IV., and by 1465 was the governor of the English colony in Bruges, called the Merchant Adventurers.

The discords between Edward IV. and Duke Philip affected trade badly and must have caused the governor of the Merchant Adventurers a good deal of anxiety

and money losses ; but they were of some service, too, for they brought him under the notice of the great Earl of Warwick and the king himself, who found him so able as to make use of him in conducting treaties, so that when in 1468 the new duke, Charles the Bold, made an alliance with Edward and married his sister Margaret, Caxton was already acquainted with the royal family and received kindly notice from the duchess.

Both as merchant and politician Caxton had, of course, learned foreign languages, and he enjoyed so much reading good books written in French or Latin that he generously wished to bring them to the knowledge of his countrymen. He told the duchess how he had once begun to translate a famous French romance, ' *Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye*,' and she laid her commands upon him to finish it for her. It was then that he determined to give up commerce and devote himself to literature. It was a brave resolve, for, though he had doubtless saved something in Bruges, he says that he had to go on earning his living all his life. He withdrew from the Merchant Adventurers and entered the service of the duchess, who gave him a yearly salary.

When he presented his English ' *Stories of Troy* ' to Margaret she and her courtiers were so much delighted with them that a great many persons wanted copies. These he began to write out for them, until, as he himself tells, his pen was worn, his hand weary and not steadfast, his eyes dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and his courage not so ready to labour as it had been. Now in Bruges, a city of culture and wealth, there were many professional copyists of books, which were there produced with as fine painting, writing and binding as anywhere in Europe. One of

these copyists, Colard Mansion, had turned his attention to the new German art of making many copies at once by machinery, the art of *printing*. He used to work in two little rooms over the porch of a church, which he was allowed to rent, and here came William Caxton, and at 'great charge and dispense' learned how to 'ordain' his book in print, 'to the end that every man may have them at once.' For a few years he used this new process at Bruges, making copies of several books, and had a printing-press of his own. But in 1476 he came back to England, where as yet there was no printer, but the copying of manuscripts

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'Recuyell of the Hist. of Troye,'

c. 1471.

**of Malakel the
of Seth sonie &
Moos floe Af**

'Dictes and Sayings,'

p. 1477.

CAXTON'S PRINTING.

was still slow and costly. He settled with his wife and daughter and his precious printing-press in Westminster, living in a small house beside the almshouses near the Abbey. A sign hung over his door of a shield with a broad red line, or pale, down the middle.

As a printer, Caxton's aim was not so much to make beautiful works of art which only a few could afford to buy as to provide useful copies of the romances, poems, chronicles, or prayer-books which ordinary people would buy at a fair price. The work was laborious and difficult; all the business of author, printer, binder, publisher, and bookseller was conducted by Caxton himself and his apprentices in his own house. Probably he had to

make the letters himself after his return to England, and to fetch paper from abroad. He had to watch his workmen arranging the type, inking it over with the 'balls,' or skin pads, and rolling the 'bar,' or presser, down over the sheets on the wooden machine. A more difficult task than this was the choice of the books which were to be printed, for he knew that if he issued works which only a few people wanted he would be ruined, like his teacher, Colard Mansion, and other famous printers. It must, therefore, have been a relief as well as an honour when, at his first settling in Westminster, the learned Earl Rivers, brother of Edward's queen, asked him to print a work which he had himself translated, partly for the use of his pupil, the little prince, afterwards Edward V. It was called 'Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers.'

In spite of the long wars which destroyed or ruined so many nobles, there were a good many in England who took a deep interest in learning, and especially in those new studies then famous in Italy and other parts of Europe which cause this latter part of the fifteenth century to be called the time of the *Renascence*. The quarrelsome Humfrey of Gloucester had been a generous patron of scholars and buyer of manuscripts. Edward IV. and his wife and sister, Earl Rivers, the brave Sir John Fastolfe, and Richard III., were all friendly patrons of Caxton. Later, when the Yorkist family had ceased to rule, Henry VII. and his mother showed the same interest in the new art, and Henry himself lent to Caxton a copy of a famous work on 'Feats of Arms' which he wished to have in print.

But Caxton was not dependent upon his royal friends. He printed for ordinary people numbers of small works of only a few pages apiece, such as fables, poems, a

phrase-book of French, a treatise on grammar, or a book of good teachings for children, which bids them :

Arise early
serve God devoutly
the world busily
go thy way sadly (*seriously*)
answer demurely
go to thy meat appetently
and arise temperately
and to thy soup soberly
and to thy bed merrily
and be there jocundly
and sleep surely.

One of his first pieces of printing must have been his own advertisement, which ran thus : ‘ If it please any man spiritual or temporal to buy any pyes of two and three commemorations of Salisbury Use, imprinted after the form of this present letter, which be well and truly correct, let him come to Westminster into the almonry at the Red Pale and he shall have them good cheap.’

Pyes were the rules for the principal Church services, and the *Use* or system of Salisbury Cathedral was that most commonly followed in English churches.

For larger ventures he chose, first, the ‘ Canterbury Tales ’ of Chaucer, who ought, he says, ‘ to be eternally remembered ’; then ‘ An Account of the Game of Chess,’ and later the ‘ Chronicles of England,’ Malory’s ‘ Morte d’Arthur,’ and the ‘ Golden Legend,’ his most handsome work, imprinted, he says, ‘ In the most best wise that I have could or might.’ The ‘ Golden Legend ’ was a great collection of the lives and legends of saints, extremely popular in every country of Europe. Caxton did not think the English translation then used a very good one, so he himself made a new one from a Latin

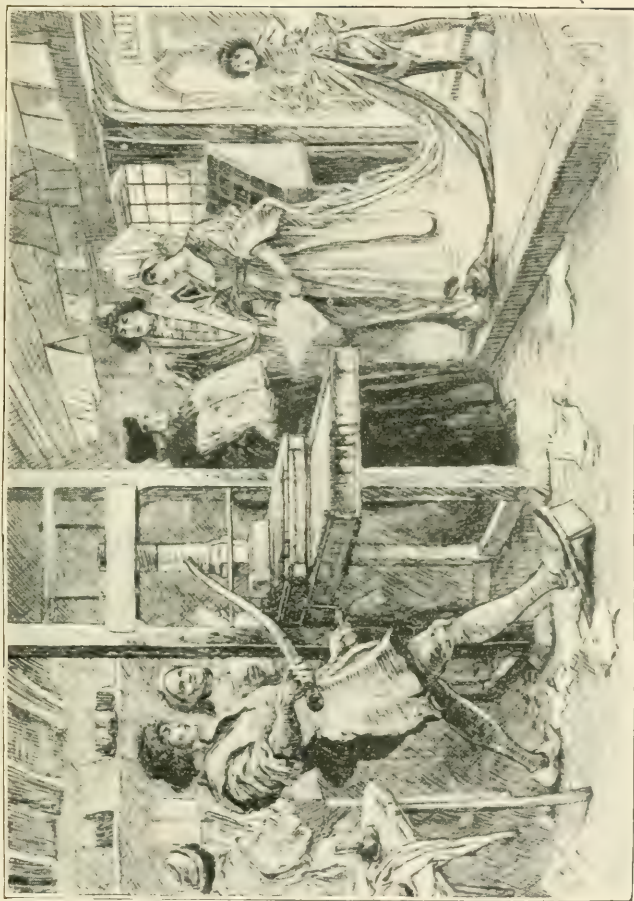
copy, a French copy, and an old English one. It took a long while to do, and he was 'half desperate to have accomplished it,' but he did not give it up.

Perhaps the most arduous part of his whole undertaking was the translation on which he was often at work. So few books had as yet been written in English that there were scarcely any fixed rules for prose, and



FRONTISPIECE TO CAXTON'S 'BOOK OF CHESS.'

as the speech of different counties varied a great deal, there were often several words for the same thing, so that men from different places could not always understand each other, and some might, therefore, be unable to understand the words Caxton chose. He was often puzzled how best to express the sense of what he was translating, for in Kent, his native county, he says, 'I



Paul Hardy.

VISIT TO A PRINTING-PRESS, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

doubt not is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place in England.' Nor did he get much help from his friends the scholars and noblemen, some of whom wished him to use the old English of ancient times, while others preferred the newest French forms.

Caxton resolved to write in 'the common terms that be daily used,' and he had a natural instinct for suitable words and a love of noble language. He says that he translated the story of the 'Æneid' out of a French book chiefly because he took so much pleasure in its beautiful wording. And so it is a matter for much gratitude that his books created the kind of style in which Englishmen would write books, simple yet dignified. He may be termed the *father of English prose*.

So, busily translating and printing, he worked hard till the end of his life, for he only finished translating the 'Lives of the Fathers' on the very day he died, about seventy years old.

His apprentice, Wynken de Worde, was his best successor, but neither he nor any of the other English printers whom Caxton trained can claim such honour as their master, the man who first brought good literature within the reach of the English people.

RICHARD III.

(*Reigned* 1483—1485.) .

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, was the fourth son of Richard, Duke of York, who was killed at Wakefield, and youngest brother of Edward IV., but he had been too young to take any part in the earlier Wars of the Roses.

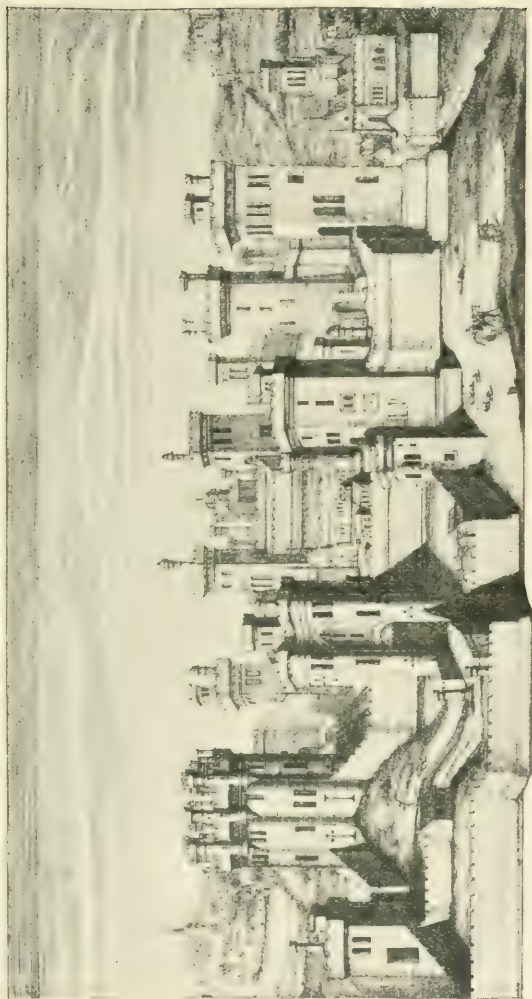
Gloucester was always faithful to his brother Edward, and although he hated the queen's relatives—the Rivers and Grey families—fully as fiercely as did Clarence and Warwick, he would not for that reason desert the king, but, in 1471, went with him in his hurried flight to Flanders. Richard was then twenty years old. Their party consisted only of the two royal brothers, Hastings, Rivers, and a little band of retainers; and Hastings, who shared in all the dangers and anxieties, became (as he believed) the close friend of Richard; but common trials never made Richard a whit more friendly or grateful than his own interest might find politic.

At the Battle of Barnet the Duke of Gloucester's prowess had much of the credit of the victory, for though he was a small-made man, with one shoulder slightly higher than the other and a shrunken appearance of the left arm, he was both a fierce and a skilful soldier; and yet his thin, serious countenance and shrewd eyes seemed those rather of a politician than a

warrior. At Tewkesbury, again, he did Edward notable service, feigning flight to draw Somerset from his strong position, and then turning on the Lancastrians so fiercely as to get behind their fortifications with them. If the story of his stabbing young Prince Edward be true, he was one among many butchers, and must not be blamed alone; but after Edward IV.'s triumphant return to London, the 'sudden death'—that is, murder—of King Henry VI. was very likely his deed. So callous had men become to everything but their own interest that the suspicion that Gloucester was responsible for this did not rouse any horror among either the courtiers or the Londoners.

Edward IV. rewarded his youngest brother with great offices and gifts, and he rewarded himself by marrying a rich heiress—Anne, that very daughter of the dead Earl of Warwick who had been betrothed to the unfortunate Prince Edward of Lancaster. This marriage offended the greedy Duke of Clarence, who was the husband of Anne's sister Isabel, for he was resolved to have the whole of the vast Warwick inheritance himself; and to make sure that poor Anne should never marry anyone who would claim her share he disguised her as a kitchen-maid and hid her away in an obscure lodging. However, Gloucester managed to find and rescue her, and perhaps it is not surprising that Anne, not yet twenty, allowed him to marry her, for there was no one else to protect her.

Gloucester became popular with the nobles and gentry, partly from the bold yet respectful way in which he urged Edward IV. to carry out his promise of making war on Louis XI. of France. When Edward meanly sold a peace to Louis (1475), Gloucester was the only prominent man who refused a French bribe,



PONTIEFRACT (POMFRET) CASTLE.

which even the loyal Hastings took. The nobles called them 'pensions.' Soon after Richard won fame by commanding an invasion of Scotland and retaking Berwick, which Margaret of Anjou had given up to the Scots. It was noted to his honour that, though he entered Edinburgh in triumph and made the citizens pay a large sum of money to Edward, he prevented any cruelty or plundering, such as had become too common among English troops during the Civil War. It was no wonder, therefore, that, when the execution of the perjured Clarence left Richard the only prince of the blood royal, Edward should feel perfect confidence in him, and on his deathbed leave to his special care the two little princes, Edward and Richard, the elder of whom was but thirteen.

When Edward IV. expired Richard of Gloucester was in Yorkshire, where his favourite home was at Middleham, once the castle of the proud Nevilles. He set out for London immediately, and on the way received a promise of support from the man of next importance in the kingdom, who guessed what the duke's first acts would be.

This nobleman was the powerful Duke of Buckingham, who had deserted the cause for which his father and grandfather had died, and turned Yorkist for his own interest, like Suffolk, Northumberland, and many others. Buckingham knew that Richard would at once destroy the new nobles of the Rivers family, and he pledged his assistance.

Young King Edward V. was at Ludlow when his father died, and on his way to London with his uncle, Lord Rivers, he met Gloucester and Buckingham, coming from the north, close to Northampton.

They instantly separated Rivers from his nephew,

and placed him in custody. Then Buckingham picked a quarrel with Lord Grey (the young king's half-brother) in Edward's presence, and declared that he was in league with Rivers and the Marquis of Dorset (Edward's other half-brother) in a plot. The boy replied that he could pledge his word for their honour, but in vain, and Grey was sent to join Rivers as a prisoner. Next, Edward found that many of his servants were sent away and their places filled by Gloucester's men, and at this 'he wept and was not content but it booteth not.' Gloucester thought it wise to conceal his intentions, and at dinner sent a dish of meat from his own table to the captive Rivers, as a compliment, praying him to be of good cheer, for all should be well; after which he sent him and Grey prisoners to Yorkshire in the charge of his devoted servant, Ratcliffe, 'a man as far from pity as from all fear of God.' Ratcliffe saw them beheaded at Pomfret, an execution as unjust as it was illegal.

This dreadful news terrified the widowed Queen Elizabeth into flying for sanctuary to Westminster with her younger son, Prince Richard. She was always a foolish, talkative woman, and now she loudly wailed and declared that Gloucester sought the blood of all her kindred. But she did not know how to take any steps to save them, though she was careful to have great loads of treasure conveyed to the sanctuary, that she might, at any rate, keep her goods.

Gloucester was too clever to do anything violent till he knew how London would receive him. He caused the young king to make a dignified entrance into the city, and treated him with such affectionate reverence as quite to deceive all the spectators, among them the loyal Hastings, and Bouchier, the timid archbishop. In

consequence the council named Richard *Protector*, which gave him royal power while Edward V. was a minor; 'and so the lamb was betaken to the wolf to keep.'

The Protector's first step was to send the archbishop to get Prince Richard out of his mother's keeping in Westminster sanctuary. The archbishop assured Elizabeth that no harm was meant to the child, and as she knew that he would be taken by force if she tried to keep him she had to let him go, weeping bitterly, for she knew that she should never see him more. The little Duke of York was sent to join his brother in the Tower, 'for safety,' and neither of them ever left it again.

The only person likely to protect the two princes was their father's friend Lord Hastings, and as the Protector could make no further use of him he now swept him from his path. Hastings had, indeed, been warned by his cautious friend Lord Stanley, who already suspected Richard, but he laughed and declared that as long as his retainer Catesby went to the Protector's councils he should always know what was planned there. But Catesby was a traitor and helped to betray his master to Richard.

The story of Hastings' sudden overthrow is famous. Gloucester came to the council meeting one morning with a cheerful request that the Bishop of Ely, Morton, would get them some strawberries from his garden in Holborn, and while he sent for them Richard went away. When he came back he was frowning and biting his lip, and as the lords looked at him in dismay, he asked what was the fit punishment of such as plotted his death. Hastings, as his best friend, answered that certainly they deserved death. Then the duke pulled

up his sleeve, and, showing his deformed arm, bade them see what that sorceress the queen and other witches had done to him. Everyone knew that his arm had always been thus, so no one knew what to say, till



THE TOWER.

Hastings replied at last: 'My lord, if they have so heinously done, they deserve heinous punishment.' 'What!' cried Richard, 'Thou servest me with if's and with an's? I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor!' Then

he clapped his fist on the table, and armed men rushed into the room. One aimed a blow at Lord Stanley, who escaped death by falling under the table, the rest were bidden to carry away Hastings, Richard adding, 'I will not to dinner till I see thy head off.' He was at once beheaded on Tower Hill. This murder was clearly against law and justice, but people had become so much accustomed to violence that no one dreamed of resisting the man in power.

Only two months had passed since the death of Edward IV. when Richard felt he could venture to put the crown on his own head. The eloquent Duke of Buckingham was now entirely his tool, and he, having first gained over the Lord Mayor, made a fine speech to the citizens of London, to explain that the evil deeds of Edward IV. made it unfit for his young child to rule over them, and that Richard would make a better king. But Edward IV. had been really popular and the citizens kept 'a marvellous obstinate silence.' Buckingham then asked: 'Dear friends, be ye minded, as all the nobles be, to have this noble prince to be your king?' Then there was a whispering among the crowd like a swarm of bees, but only a few servants of Buckingham's threw up their caps and cried, 'King Richard!' Upon what they called this unanimous shout the duke and the mayor led the aldermen to visit Richard. He pretended to be too busy in private devotion to see them, but at length appeared in a gallery with a bishop on either hand, and allowed Buckingham to persuade him to take the crown for the good of the nation.

The citizens said amongst themselves that such matters be kings' games, as it were stage plays, and for the most part played on *scaffolds*, so they prudently did

not interfere, and Buckingham indeed soon paid for his share in the 'play' with his head.

After a splendid coronation Richard III. made a progress through England, and was gladly received everywhere, for he dealt good justice and showed moderation and generosity. But soon it began to be whispered that his two young nephews had met with foul play, and as they could not be shown to stop the murmuring, it was soon certain that they were dead. Not till long after was the full story told of how Richard sent Sir James Tyrell to take charge of the Tower, and how his servants, Dighton and Forrest, smothered the two princes in bed and hid their bodies below a staircase. Still later, in the time of Charles II., when some repairs were being made in the Tower, the skeletons of two boys were found at the foot of a staircase, and, as there was little doubt that they were those of the unhappy Edward V. and his brother, Charles II. had them fittingly buried in the Abbey.

Perhaps it was horror at this dreadful murder as well as the clever arguments of Morton, Bishop of Ely, which made the Duke of Buckingham chafe at Richard's success. He began to boast that he had as many retainers wearing his 'knot' as ever the king-maker Warwick had wearing the 'ragged staff,' and he soon wrote to Henry, Earl of Richmond, and offered to lead a revolt in his favour. All was planned so quickly that Richard was taken by surprise, but he at once set the Welsh chiefs to harass Buckingham, who was cooped up in Wales by a great flood of the Severn and could not reach the other conspirators. His men deserted him, and one of his own retainers betrayed him to the king, who had him beheaded at once.

For two years Richard seemed firm on the throne

and he ruled well. Parliament was allowed to make wise laws against benevolences and unjust juries, better order was kept, and by pardons and lavish gifts the king tried to make himself beloved. There was, however, a general feeling of dislike or suspicion towards him. He could not trust any of the great nobles, save the new Duke of Norfolk, a Howard, and contempt was felt for the baser men through whom he had to rule, such as Catesby and Ratcliffe. A rhyme was fastened up in London mocking at them—

‘ The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dog,
Ruleth all England under a Hog ’

—alluding to Richard’s badge of a white boar.

Richard himself felt deep suspicion of all men. He began to wear armour secretly and was ever fingering his dagger ; his eye seemed to be always searching for foes, and at night he could not sleep, or was startled out of his bed by horrible dreams, so dreadful was the remorse he suffered after the murder of his innocent nephews. In 1484 his son died and then his wife. He declared his nephew, the Earl of Lincoln, his heir, who was the son of the Duke of Suffolk, and thus the descendant of the merchant of Hull would have worn the English crown. On his wife’s death he actually proposed to marry his own niece Elizabeth, partly because he suspected the design of clever Bishop Morton to marry her to Henry of Richmond, and he sent the poor girl to Yorkshire like a prisoner. But before he could do any more harm Henry of Richmond had come.

Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, was the last hope of the Lancastrians. His mother was a Beaufort and his father a Tudor of Wales, so he was not of the royal

house at all; but he was the only leader left, and his wise mother, who had married the prudent Lord Stanley, planned to wed him with Elizabeth of York, and so unite the survivors of the old Lancastrian party with those who wanted revenge for the murder of the two princes, of Hastings, and of Buckingham. Henry had been waiting his time in friendly Brittany, but in 1485 the King of France lent him some ships, and while a storm blew Richard's fleet away, Henry landed safely at Milford Haven. Few nobles were with him besides the staunch Earl of Oxford, but he believed that Stanley would join him as soon as he felt it safe, and, encouraged by the zeal of the Welsh, he marched along the ancient road by Shrewsbury and Lichfield till he reached Leicestershire, where Richard III. was encamped, ready to move in any direction.

On the night before the Battle of Bosworth (August, 1485) Richard was disturbed by horrible dreams 'of devils pulling and haling at him,' so that he roused his servants before it was morning. His principal supporter, Howard, Duke of Norfolk, found a paper pinned to his tent :

' Jack of Norfolk be not too bold
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'

Richard knew that the old noble families cared nothing for him. Suffolk stayed away. Northumberland posted his troops a little aloof and did not fight at all. Stanley stood between the two armies, and Richard tried to punish this one, at least, of his enemies by ordering the head of his son, Lord Strange, to be cut off, but the lord to whom he gave the order did not carry it out. Then he made a speech to his men, calling Henry 'a Welsh milksop,' and hurried into the fight, wearing the crown on his helmet.

The king's army was the larger, but Henry had taken up a very good position and Stanley joined him as soon as he knew his son was safe. This caused shouts of



RICHARD III.

‘Treason!’ whereon many of Richard’s troops broke and fled. He was urged to fly too but he cried, ‘I will die King of England!’ and dashed at the body-guard round Henry. With great force he hurled the

standard-bearer, Brandon, to the ground and another knight of great stature, and reached Henry himself. But it was too late ; he was overwhelmed and slain, as well as the gallant Norfolk, and the crown fell into a bush whence Sir William Stanley plucked it and set it on the Earl of Richmond's head amid the soldiers' shouts of ' King Henry !'

Richard's body was treated with contempt and buried without honour or mourning. ' So,' says the chronicler, ' was his people to him unsure and unfaithful at his ending as he was to his nephews untrue and unnatural in his beginning.'



BLUE BOAR INN AT LEICESTER.
(*Reputed to have lodged Richard III.*)

THE PASTONS.

FAMILY LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the year 1448 John Paston, of Paston, Esquire, and his wife Margaret, lived in the little village of Paston, hard by the coast some twenty miles from Norwich. The family had long been settled there, farming their own land, but it was only John Paston's father, lately dead, who had risen to the dignity of an esquire.

He had been a successful lawyer and a judge famed for his fairness, which had, indeed, nearly cost him his life from a disappointed suitor. He had bought property, whole manors at various places in Norfolk, which entitled him to hold the little law-courts for the tenants and to rank as an esquire. His widow, Dame Agnes, a stern, clever old lady, lived with her son and his wife, as well as an unmarried sister of John Paston, Elizabeth. His two younger brothers were for the most part from home, the youngest at Cambridge, the other in London studying the law, as the eldest brother had done before him, not in order to become a lawyer, but because in those days of complicated land-laws and excessive delay and dishonesty in all matters of business a man of property was obliged to know how to manage lawsuits. The old judge used to say that whoever should dwell at Paston should have need to

know how to defend himself. There were children in the household, too, the two eldest sons being both named John, and there were little ones—Walter, Edmund, William, Anne, and Margery.

The manor at Paston was not the most important possession of the family. The judge had bought the considerable manor of Gresham from Thomas Chaucer, the great poet's son, besides other places. At all these manors the manor courts had to be held, which the peasantry must attend to pay their little dues and fines. There were tenants of farms and mills whose rents had to be gathered; a mill let for twelve marks, that is, eight pounds. There were woods, too, to be cut or fenced in, besides a large quantity of farm-land to be tilled. The produce of the farm-lands was more than sufficient to feed the household, and it was by the sale of corn, malt, and wool, as well as by the rents and other payments, that John Paston, Esquire, would make his income. He required a good deal of money, for though he spent little on food, or perhaps on clothing (for the women worked up both wool and silk at home), he had to pay the charges of his two brothers and must soon find a dowry for Elizabeth; no gentlewoman could marry without either money or lands to take to her husband. Besides, Paston was ambitious; he wanted the family to become of importance, and only in London could business be despatched, the king's favour obtained, and the intentions of judges and sheriffs be found out. This meant constant journeys with horses and servants to provide for, and, unfortunately, it also meant the risk of imprisonment now and then on the complaint of some angry noble; and getting out was costly, so John Paston was never long without wanting money.

Ready money, however, was hard to raise, for country folk rarely had any unless they had just sold some crop. When John Paston sold a quantity of wool in October it was thought quite reasonable that the buyer should not be able to promise payment till the following September, when he would have sold his own wheat crop, but he had to find good sureties to pledge themselves for his honesty. Debts and rents were often owing for years, especially if some heavy tax compelled people to sell their wood or cattle in a hurry to pay it, for the king's taxes came before private business, and when all wanted to sell prices were, of course, very low, so though the town merchants grew rich the country farmers and squires grew poor.

Even had Paston been content with a humble country life he would have had plenty to do. First the early rising and light breakfast of ale and bread or cold meat; then supervision of farming work at whichever estate he was dwelling on—for he would live now at one and now at another. Dinner came before noon, and then a resting-time when everyone went to sleep, at any rate in the summer. Then more business, interviews with bailiffs and accounts to keep. As all sums were written down in Roman figures bills were reckoned with counters, and Paston had his counting-board set up beside his bed and strong coffer put in the room in which he kept his bags of money.

Sometimes friendly visitors would come. When the mayor of Norwich wished to show attention to the Pastons, then at Hellesdon near the city, he sent out a dinner to the house with a message that he and the mayoress were coming to dine, which was no doubt done with much ceremony, and Dame Margaret took it

as a great honour. There were visits to be made to Norwich, also, and news to hear from the pilgrims constantly passing to Bromholm Priory.

John Paston was one of the innumerable Norfolk gentlemen 'retained' by the Duke of Norfolk. He did not attend upon him constantly but only now and then, when the duke was at Norwich, or when specially sent for; but he obeyed the duke's wishes at elections, when, as the duchess once wrote, it was 'right necessary that my Lord have in the Parliament such persons as 'long unto him, and be of his menial servants.' Nor did he venture to stand himself for election as sheriff or as member of Parliament without the duke's permission, of whom he always spoke as his lord who, he hoped, would 'be good lord unto him.'

The Duke of Norfolk was, on the whole, of the party of the Duke of York, consequently no friend to the all-powerful Duke of Suffolk, who, in 1448, swayed the king and queen entirely. This proved serious for Paston, for an enemy suddenly rose against him who was heartily supported (or 'maintained') by Suffolk. This enemy was a wealthy, insolent young nobleman—Lord Moleynes—who, having married a descendant of the family which had sold part of Gresham to Thomas Chaucer, pretended that he had a right to all the possessions which his wife's ancestors had ever held. The claim was too ridiculous to urge in a law-court, even in those days of complicated laws. But Lord Moleynes went to work far more simply: he despatched a band of armed men to force their way into the manor-house, where they made loopholes for guns and bows, and ordered the tenants to pay all rents and dues to them.

Paston knew he must behave very humbly to a lord,

mere robber though he was, so he made the long, costly journey to Salisbury, where Moleynes was at home, and there tried to see the great man. He waited about many days; his lordship was never at liberty, and at last the poor squire had to go away. He tried next a petition to Parliament, but the Commons were too busy to consider the wrongs of a country gentleman and the great lords did not want to offend Moleynes, so nothing remained but to try the ordinary law-courts. King Henry VI. was not above listening to the complaints of his people, and he had told the sheriff to be particularly strict in dealing with certain of Lord Moleynes' followers, who had long been known as disturbers of Norfolk; but unhappily before sheriff and judges got to work other influence proved stronger, and the sheriff had to confess that he had orders both from Lord Moleynes and the Duke of Norfolk to acquit the men, whatever was the evidence. Paston set friends to find out if the sheriff only wanted a bribe, but clearly he was afraid. He could not safely accept more than £100, he said, and the Lord Moleynes was a great lord, who could do him more damage than that. Thus, though the fall of Suffolk in 1450 raised hopes of better government, the same violent ways and want of justice persisted in the country, for the great nobles were all equally selfish. In the end Lord Moleynes had to relinquish Gresham, but not till his men had done great damage. The Pastons, as they could not get into their manor-house, had boldly taken up their abode in one of the smaller houses, apparently built of stout timber posts and beams with lath and plaster work betwixt, like the 'black and white' farmhouses often to be seen now; round it ran a wall with a strong wooden gate in it.

From this house Dame Margaret wrote to her husband in London: 'Right worshipful husband I recommend me to you, and pray you to get some cross



Photochrom Co., Ltd.

CAISTOR CASTLE.

bows and windacs to bind them with [*irons with which to draw the string tight*] and quarrels [*shot*] for your houses here be so low that there may no man shoot out with no long bow though we had never so much need.'

She also asks for poleaxes and jacks, or armoured coats, then she goes on: 'I pray you that ye will vouchsafe to do buy for me 1 lb. of almonds and 1 lb. of sugar, and that ye will do buy some frieze to make of your child his gowns, ye shall have best cheap and best choice of Hayes' wife, as it is told me. And that ye will buy a yard of broad cloth of black for an hood for me of 44 pence or 4 shillings a yard, for there is neither good cloth nor good frieze in this town. As for the child his gowns, an I have them I will do them make.' Four shillings then was worth some £3 of our money.

These warlike preparations were not strong enough after all, for while her husband was still in London a troop of about a thousand armed men set upon the house where Mistress Paston had but a dozen servants. The ruffians brought bows and guns, pans with fire burning, long hooked poles, and scaling-ladders. They broke down the great gates with long trees and then began to undermine the house-wall. As the brave lady would not yield her husband's rights they carried her outside, where she could only helplessly watch them cut the solid timbers asunder to pull the house down and break up the furniture. They carried away all they could and the rest was utterly spoiled, so that £200 (that is, £3,000 of our money) would scarcely pay for the damage. Old Judge Paston had not imagined such assaults as this when he set his sons to study the law. The times were growing fiercer. John Paston had afterwards to face a still more cruel outrage committed by 'his very good lord' the Duke of Norfolk himself, who watched with jealous eyes the progress his dependant was making towards county rank.

There dwelt at Caistor an old, rich, famous knight, no other than Sir John Fastolfe, an old Agincourt soldier, hero of the Battle of Herrings and friend of the good Duke of Bedford. This great warrior was miserly and obstinate. He had set his heart on founding a 'college' of priests who should keep up perpetual prayers for his soul, and thus (according to the belief of those days) ensure its eternal safety. But as he could not bring himself to part with any of his wealth while he yet lived he sought to find honest executors whom he could trust to carry out his plans after he was dead. He fixed upon John Paston with a few others to help him, and sought to buy his honest services by granting him some share in the inheritance. Caistor was a fine castle, and Paston's hopes were fixed upon establishing his own family there, in order, of course, to take care of the college of priests.

In truth, all the executors hoped to get the lion's share for themselves and give as little as possible for the knight's soul, and great was Paston's discomfiture when, upon the death of Fastolfe, the duke himself went and took possession, merely saying that he held it too great a castle for a simple gentleman to live in. Here-upon even pious Dame Margaret's utmost hope was that 'God will give grace that the truth may be known, and that the dead may have part of his own good.' The rest of her husband's life was spent in trying to win Caistor back by royal favour; but though Edward IV. at the beginning of his reign really wished to deal impartial justice, the rebellions of Warwick made him afraid to offend other great nobles, and the duke kept Caistor till he died, when the Pastons secured it and duly provided for seven priests,

though not there but attached to Magdalen College at Oxford.

The fortunes of the family varied much during the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III., for they had private enemies who made use of politics to injure them. Strange to say, their ill-treatment by the Duke of Norfolk did not sever their connection with him. The second son was sent to live in the household of the young duke, there to learn war and politics. To live in the household of some great gentleman was the proper mode of education for youths and maidens of any rank, and John Paston the younger profited, for he made friends with the famous Earl Rivers, the queen's brother, and also with the rival family of Neville, so that though he and his brother both fought at Barnet on Warwick's side they afterwards obtained pardons, and seem to have been thought no worse of by the royal family.

This young John and his elder brother, also named John, showed some interest in that revival of literature in which the Rivers family took part. They possessed several of Chaucer's poems, besides chronicles, romances and moral treatises, and the elder John had books copied out for him at a charge of 2d. (2s. 6d.) a page.

They were quite as ambitious as their father. They wanted to place their sister Margery in the household of a countess or a duchess, and the elder brother even aspired to the hand of a kinswoman of the queen. He wrote gaily to his brother: 'It seemeth that the world is all quavering, it will reboil somewhere, so that I deem young men shall be cherished, take your heart to you.' Unhappily wars and commotions may bring ill-luck. Neither brother ever married a great heiress,

and as for sister Margery, she fell in love with the Pastons' head bailiff, a clever, honest fellow named Richard Calle, and in spite of her mother's and her brothers' horror she insisted upon marrying him—'to sell candle and mustard in Framlingham!' cried young John in a rage. Probably she was a great deal safer and happier than if she had waited in the family home, for the letters of the Pastons to each other give but a dreary picture of a girl's life, in particular of Mistress Elizabeth's. Before the troubles at Gresham began there had been talk of marrying her to Fastolfe's stepson, to whom she was well disposed, 'if it be so that his land stand clear.' This stipulation is always made, and seemingly nobody's land ever was quite clear of debts or claims. Poor Elizabeth was rather neglected by her family, and a kindly cousin wrote to urge her brother to find some husband quickly who would give her a good home, since old Dame Agnes would not allow her to speak to anyone, even servants, without chiding her. 'She hath been beaten once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice on one day, and her head broken in two or three places.'

The sons had to be just as obedient to their mother when they were at home. After their father's death, when they were grown up, John the younger writes to the elder John that he and his brother Edmund 'go not to bed unchidden lightly, all that we do is ill done,' yet he is very respectful. He begins a letter thus: 'Right worshipful mother, after all duties of recommendation in as humble wise as I can, I beseech you of your daily blessing.' And he ends:

'Mother, at the reverence of God, beware that ye be so purveyed for that ye take no cold by the way towards

Norwich, for it is the most perilous march that ever was seen by any man's days that now liveth; and I pray to Jesu to preserve you and yours.

‘Written at Topcroft, the viii day of March
‘your son and humble servant.

‘J. P.’

It was this second brother who lived to make the family fortunes, to be knighted on the field of Stoke by Henry VII., and to dwell in state and prosperity at Caistor Castle.

SUMMARY

1307-1485

The Later Plantagenets

Edward II.	.	.	.	.	1307
Edward III.	.	.	.	.	1327
Richard II.	.	.	.	.	1377

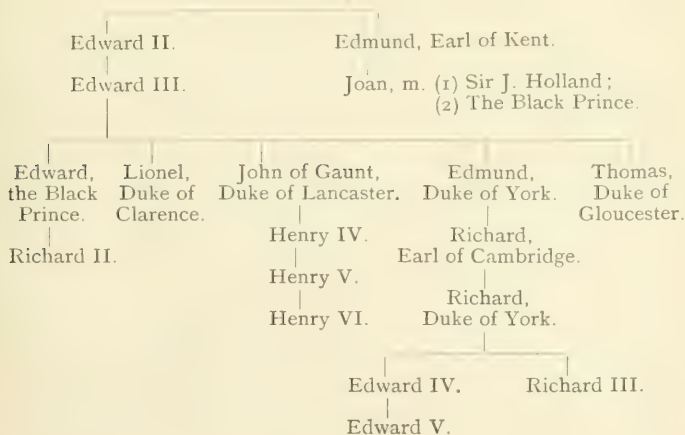
House of Lancaster

Henry IV.	.	.	.	.	1399
Henry V.	.	.	.	.	1413
Henry VI.	.	.	.	.	1422

House of York

Edward IV.	.	.	.	.	1461
Edward V.	.	.	.	.	1483
Richard III.	.	.	.	.	1483

Edward I.



KING EDWARD II., 1307-1327

Married Isabella of France

Edward I. died at the head of his army on the frontier of Scotland. His son, Edward II., had promised to pursue the war at once, then to send a troop of knights to the crusade in Palestine, and never to recall a favourite of his whom the old king had banished, Piers Gaveston.

EDWARD II. was an unsuccessful king. He was vain, silly, and self-indulgent, and had never heeded his father's rebukes. He at once sent a messenger to fetch Gaveston, ordered the army to return home, celebrated his father's funeral and his own marriage with great splendour, and took the money his father had saved for the crusading knights to give to Gaveston.

PIERS GAVESTON was the orphan son of a loyal Gascon gentleman, and Queen Eleanor had educated him in the royal family as a playmate for Edward. He was lively and clever and amused Edward II., who was passionately fond of him, but his jests were often ill-natured and insolent. He nicknamed the proud nobles, calling the Earl of Lancaster 'The Actor'; the Earl of Pembroke, 'Joseph the Jew,' because he was dark; and the Earl of Warwick, 'The Black Dog.' 'Let him beware of my teeth,' said Warwick. Gaveston loved splendour and luxury—he seems to have introduced forks 'to eat pears with'—and he taught Edward II. to be even more idle and extravagant than he was by nature. At the king's coronation it was noticed that he could not take the oath to rule well in Latin, as was usual, but had to say it in his common speech—French, for the Court still talked French.

Baronial Resistance

The nobles were always violent unless a strong king could keep them in order, and they resolved not to let Gaveston lord it over them.

THOMAS, EARL OF LANCASTER, was their leader, and demanded Gaveston's exile. Edward pretended to consent, but sent his friend, whom he had already made Earl of Cornwall and loaded with gifts, to Ireland, as regent of it. This was not what the barons meant, and, seeing that Edward neither kept his promises nor tried to rule well, they assembled in a great council, and made a list of the national grievances. The king had to agree to give up his power to a council of twenty-one lords and bishops, called the Lords Ordainers (1310).

THE ORDAINERS drew up a number of ordinances, or rules, for the government of the country, one of which was that Gaveston should be banished.

THE ORDINANCES were needed, for the country was in a disorderly state; the royal officers used to take whatever they wanted from the farmers and peasants without paying, and sheriffs and lesser officers would tyrannize over the towns and common country folk, and pretend they had royal authority, while those who collected customs often took much more than was lawful, so that some better rule

was needed. But though the barons made wise ordinances, and a Parliament agreed to them, nobody saw that they were carried out.

In 1311 Edward II. led an army towards Scotland, but as soon as he felt safe, with soldiers round him, he said that he need not keep promises which he was forced to make and recalled Gaveston, whom he sent to Scarborough Castle for safety. Hereupon the Earl of Pembroke besieged the castle, while Lancaster brought his armed retainers by the forest tracks during the nights, so that the king never knew where he was, and captured all Edward's stores and treasure at Newcastle, as if there were civil war.

Pembroke pledged his word to Gaveston to save his life, and thus persuaded him to surrender. They began to travel southward, that Gaveston might be taken as a prisoner before Parliament, when the Earl of Warwick with a band of troops set upon Pembroke, dragged Gaveston away, and carried him off to Blacklow, near Kenilworth, where he put him to death in the presence of Lancaster who was waiting to see the execution. This violent act was against all law and justice, but no one could interfere when the Lords Ordainers chose to break the laws themselves. Pembroke was so angry that he made friends with the king, but the Ordainers continued to be the real government, for Parliament approved of whatever they ordered, and the king was forced to give them pardons for murdering Gaveston.

IN SCOTLAND, while Edward II. and his barons were quarrelling, Robert Bruce was able to conquer the castles Edward I. had fortified. He took Linlithgow in 1311, Perth in 1312, Edinburgh and Roxburgh in 1313, and then besieged Stirling. To save it Edward II. ordered a great army to muster, but the Ordainers said he was bound to call a Parliament first, so Lancaster, Warwick, and some others would not go. At Bannockburn, close to Stirling, Edward was shamefully defeated and his army destroyed.

When he reached England, a fugitive, no one had any more respect for him, and Lancaster, as chief of the Ordainers, acted like a regent of the country for several years, while the king lived almost privately with his wife and little son, Edward, on an allowance of £10 a day.

THOMAS OF LANCASTER, now moved by mere selfishness, had no idea of protecting the country. He let Bruce ravage Northumberland, and, in 1318, take Berwick and ravage Yorkshire, and did not try to hinder Edward Bruce, who invaded Ireland. At last people observed that Lancaster's own estates were not hurt by the Scots, and many began to think him a traitor. He offended some of the barons by his pride and his wicked life, and by making a private war of his own against another earl, so that Edward's party increased; and at last, in 1322, an insult from one of Lancaster's followers gave the king and his friends an opportunity of calling troops together. Edward marched quickly to the west, calling the loyal Welshmen to his banner, and with their help took prisoner Lancaster's strongest supporter, Lord Mortimer. Then he went on to Yorkshire to meet Lancaster.

THE BATTLE OF BOURGHBIDGE ruined the Earl's cause; he fled, was captured, hastily tried as a rebel and traitor, and executed.

LORD DESPENSER and his son had taught Edward II. to act thus swiftly and successfully. They were powerful barons of the west and rivals of the Mortimers. For some time they had been the king's

favourites, and had already been banished once. Now they tried to find some support for themselves and the king in a Parliament. One was held at York, which decreed that all things which concerned the kingdom ought to be dealt with by a complete Parliament—that is, by the Commons as well as the Lords, and not by a small number of Lords, such as the Ordainers.

The Despensers, unfortunately, could not teach Edward to be wise and firm; he was still as idle and unpopular as ever. They showed themselves haughty and covetous, and thus angered the other barons. The common people began to call the dead Earl of Lancaster a martyr, 'Saint Thomas of Lancaster,' and to say that miracles were wrought at his tomb.

LORD MORTIMER, who escaped from prison and fled to France, made use of the dead Earl's fame to stir up rebellion by messages and letters.

When, in 1325, a new French king, Charles IV., came to the throne, Edward II. sent his young son Edward and Queen Isabella to do homage for his French dominions and make a treaty. Mortimer seized this opportunity to plot with the wicked queen against King Edward, and they got troops from Hainault in return for the marriage of the count's daughter with young Prince Edward.

EDWARD'S DEPOSITION was certain when Isabella and Mortimer landed at Orwell in 1326. So great was the hatred of the king and the Despensers that most of the lords and bishops joined Isabella. Edward II. fled to the west, but was captured, and so were the Despensers. Parliament met at London in 1327 and, amid the riotous cries of the citizens, decreed that the king should be deposed because he was unable to rule, and had evil advisers, and had lost Scotland, Ireland, and Gascony. He himself refused to meet Parliament, but resigned that his son might reign; and so Edward III. was proclaimed, and Edward II. sent to prison.

EDWARD III., 1327-1377

Married Philippa of Hainault

(I) 1327-1330 Government of Mortimer

The long reign of Edward III. is famous in our history for the great French war, the dreadful Black Death, the growth of manufactures and commerce, the prosperity of the peasants, the beginning of religious reform by Wyclif, and the beginning of modern English literature by Chaucer.

Edward III. was barely sixteen when he was crowned, and the royal power was in the hands of Isabella and Mortimer, who caused the wretched Edward II. to be cruelly treated in prison, and at last had him murdered in Berkeley Castle.

THE PEACE OF NORTHAMPTON was concluded with Robert Bruce in 1328. Edward III. resigned his claim to the Scottish throne, while Bruce promised to restore their lands and money to the nobles who had helped the English king.

The barons became jealous of Mortimer, but dared not oppose him,

for he terrified them by seizing the Earl of Kent, the king's uncle, who was beheaded for treason after a mock trial. This alarmed Edward III., who had, however, to form a plot before he could attack the powerful baron.

He obtained the help of the governor of Nottingham Castle, where Mortimer was, and himself led a band of armed men up a secret passage in the rocky hill to the interior of the castle. Mortimer was seized, tried, and executed, and Isabella imprisoned in a convent.

(2) War with the Scots

Edward III. wished to restore the good days of his grandfather, Edward I., by making England orderly and wiping out the disgrace of the Peace of Northampton. Robert Bruce died in 1329, and as he had not fulfilled his part of the treaty the nobles did not see why the English king should keep it.

EDWARD BALIOL, son of John Baliol, hoped to conquer Scotland from Bruce's little son David, and though Edward III. would not join him, he allowed many nobles to go as volunteers. Baliol defeated the Scots, and was crowned king, and then was ready to do homage for his kingdom to Edward III., but David's party got help from France and drove Baliol into England, upon which Edward III. thought he ought to support his vassal, and Parliament agreed with him.

THE BATTLE OF HALIDON HILL, 1333, was a brilliant victory; Berwick was retaken, and Edward Baliol placed on the throne of Scotland. But as soon as he did homage to Edward III. the Scots rose and drove him away a second time, and though Edward III. invaded Scotland again, the same thing happened as soon as the English troops went away, and David remained king of Scotland.

(3) War with France: First Period, 1336-1360

ONE CAUSE of the great struggle between England and France, which lasted more than a hundred years, may be traced as far back as the Norman Conquest and the marriage of Henry II. The French kings naturally wanted to rule the whole of France, yet they could not so long as the duchies of Normandy and Aquitaine belonged to the kings of England. Though the French king took Normandy from John, the great duchy of Aquitaine, that is, Guienne and Gascony, still belonged to Edward III., and its trade, especially in wine and salt, was so valuable that the English defended it zealously; therefore the French kings desired war.

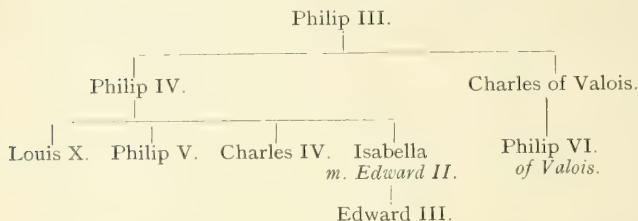
A SECOND CAUSE of hatred between the two nations was the rivalry between their seaports and fishing fleets. All ships in those times carried weapons and often turned pirate, for there was no law upon the high seas. Bloody fights sometimes took place even when the two kings were at peace.

A THIRD CAUSE was the help which the French king gave to the Scots. The new king of France, Philip VI., actually invaded Gascony in 1336 in order to help David Bruce.

FINALLY, Edward III. had never done homage for Aquitaine in such

precise terms as Philip VI. claimed from him ; he had encouraged and honoured a disgraced kinsman of Philip's, and as his mother was sister to the last French king while Philip VI. was a cousin, he had announced that he might have a claim to the crown of France.

CLAIM OF EDWARD III. TO FRANCE



WAR BEGAN in 1336, when Philip VI. invaded Gascony and sent out a fleet which burned Portsmouth. Edward III. resolved to take some very strong step, for similar attacks had been made in former reigns, and although the French peers had some time ago declared that the crown of France could not be inherited through female descent and that Philip VI. was the rightful heir, he claimed the crown and took the title of King of France. The war would be fierce, for France was larger and more populous than England. Edward therefore thought it wise to secure allies either the emperor and his German princes, or the citizens of the rich cloth-working towns of Flanders, who were friendly with the English because of their woollen trade, and had driven away their French count. He spent great sums, but his allies gave him so little help that he more than once returned to England after accomplishing nothing. One great sea-fight, off Sluys, in 1340, is famous, in which the French fleet was almost destroyed.

THE SECOND STAGE of the war began in 1346, when he invaded Normandy with a fine army. Many towns were taken and plundered, and then Edward crossed the Seine and marched northwards. He was overtaken at Cressy, and there defeated the French in a famous battle.

After this he besieged the great port of Calais, which held out many months. Edward made wooden huts for his troops to live in, and brought cannon, new inventions, to batter the walls, but they were as yet too feeble to make much impression. Hunger compelled the French to surrender in 1347, but Edward, to show his anger, declared that he would only spare the citizens' lives if six of their foremost would give themselves up to be punished. They came, with ropes round their necks, but the king spared them at the prayer of Queen Philippa.

Philippa had come from England to Calais to bring a royal prisoner, David, King of Scots. As he was an ally of Philip VI. he had invaded England in Edward's absence, but had been defeated and captured by the troops the queen sent to defend the north at Neville's Cross.

There were great rejoicings on Edward's return, and the huge plunder of Normandy, Cressy, and Calais enriched numbers ; but the Black

Death, which ravaged the land in 1348 and 1349, made it impossible to renew the war for some years, though a naval fight against the Spaniards was won in 1350.

THE THIRD STAGE of the war began in 1355, when the Black Prince went to Aquitaine. Next year he won the great victory of Poitiers, and brought the French king, John II, a prisoner to England. The war was continued by the French nobles and princes till 1360, when the awful misery of France compelled a peace.

THE TREATY OF BRETIGNY, 1360, arranged that King John should pay a great ransom and King Edward should give up his claim to the French crown in return for absolute sovereignty over Aquitaine and Calais.

(4) Condition of the People under Edward III.

It would have been well if England could have had a long peace, for her people were exhausted by the war and had many other matters to attend to.

Feudalism was weakening, for the laws of Edward I and the pressure of war and taxation had made a change in the military and land system, and encouraged the growth of a *middle class* of free knights, esquires, and yeomen, owners of their own small estates or farms. They were often able to make money either by their wages and plunder in war time, or by farming sheep, since there was a great demand for wool, not only from Flanders, but from our own towns.

THE TOWNS were now growing rapidly. Many old restrictions on trade had been abolished, roads were becoming safer, for Edward III. put down robbers sternly, and numbers of Flemings, who understood how to weave and dye cloth, fled from the wars of their own land, and were welcomed in England by the king and queen, who wished the English to learn their arts. Soon the West Country towns round Bath, and the East Country district round Norwich became famous for cloth. 'Lincoln green,' 'Bristol red,' 'Kendal green,' 'Norwich frieze,' became household words, like 'Worsted' and 'Blanket' (named after a Bristol merchant).

The ruin of the French and Spanish fleets encouraged English shipping, and the coasts of Dorset, Devon, and Somerset, of Norfolk, Suffolk, and all the south-eastern counties, were studded with flourishing ports, many of which are quiet villages to-day.

THE PEASANTS, or villeins, were enabled by the general prosperity to become freer. The Black Death really helped them still more. Even those who did not become free often got rich, and by the end of the century labour services had in many districts almost vanished.

THE BLACK DEATH, 1348-1349, probably destroyed about half of the population and left many convents and small towns ruined. The Church suffered especially, for there were not enough suitable men left to supply the parishes. The dreadful scenes men had witnessed apparently made many more selfish and irreligious than before, and the lowered standard of right and wrong among the clergy, together with the degraded state of the papacy, caused much discontent in England at the condition of the Church.

RELIGION was made an excuse for idleness, or worse, and the Popes'

authority used chiefly to get money from the people or to make profit by selling Church preferment. The popes had, early in this century, removed from Rome to Avignon, and there the Pope and cardinals sold for money their decisions in lawsuits, or pardons for crimes, or bishoprics and rectories. Messengers were sent to England with sham relics, or with pardons ready-made which they sold, and the ignorant people were taught to become more careless and brutal than before, since they had only to pay to get forgiveness. Soon after the Peace of Bretigny John Wyclif began to teach against these abuses, and continued to do so and to attack the papal pretensions till his death in 1384.

GOVERNMENT was orderly throughout the reign of Edward III., and there were no rebellions. Parliament met often, and the king consulted it about all his plans. It came to be understood that the House of Commons had the principal voice in determining how much money to give. Sometimes they would not give any unless Edward would first grant them some petition. Each petition granted became a law, and besides the good laws which were thus made a good many customs were observed in the conduct of government which were afterwards said to be part of *the constitution*, because, as they had been used so often, it would be a bad novelty, and therefore *unconstitutional*, to set them aside. In 1376 the Good Parliament impeached several persons, and ordered them to be punished, but Parliament was not yet able to carry out what it ordered, because when it broke up there was no one to interfere with the ministers who could then do as they liked. On this occasion, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was the most powerful of the royal family, freed the condemned ministers and began again all the evil practices of bribery, robbery, and injustice which the Good Parliament had tried to stop.

(5) The last Period of the War in France, 1367-1377

In 1364 Charles V., 'le Sage,' became King of France. By courtesy and fulfilling the Treaty of Bretigny carefully he made Edward III. think that he would hold to it, but he was really planning to win back Aquitaine. Edward III. grew careless and fond of pleasure, and gradually became almost foolish, while Charles trained soldiers under Bertrand du Guesclin, and stored up money.

In 1367 the Black Prince invaded Spain to help Pedro the Cruel; on his return he taxed Gascony so heavily that some of his subjects revolted, and Charles V. at once helped them. The Black Prince was ill, Edward III. almost childish; John of Gaunt, who really ruled in his father's name, was an incapable general, and Charles conquered half Aquitaine.

In 1373 Gaunt made a grand campaign with a splendid army. He landed at Calais, but as the French would not fight a pitched battle, Gaunt did not know what else to do but march through France to Bordeaux. Nearly all his men died of starvation, or were cut off on the way, and he reached Bordeaux at the head of a starving, tattered band limping on foot. Next year all was lost but Bordeaux and Calais, French pirates swept the seas, and the first year of Richard II. saw them burning and plundering on the south coast.

KING RICHARD II., 1377-1399

Married (1) **Anne of Bohemia**; (2) **Isabella of France**

On the death of Edward III., his grandson, Richard of Bordeaux, was at once declared king, and, though he was little over ten years old, was crowned and treated as the real sovereign.

This was to prevent the ambitious John of Gaunt from making himself regent, but it had a bad result, for those whom the council appointed to offices were able to shirk much of their responsibility, and the nation supposed that the boy-king was really to blame. Sometimes the Council treated Richard as king, sometimes as a child.

THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND under Richard II. was very dangerous. Everywhere the common people were discontented and secretly plotting against the nobles. Both the poor and the middle-classes grumbled at the heavy taxes.

The French had ships in the Narrow Seas, and landed several times on the south coast. They burnt Rye and Hastings, made the Isle of Wight pay a ransom, and carried off the prior of Lewes. At the same time their allies, the Scots, pillaged the northern Border. There were no troops, and, though a fleet was collected, its admiral, John of Gaunt, was so long in coming that it sailed without him, and then was beaten disgracefully. Afterwards he led costly expeditions to Guienne, Brittany, and Scotland in turns, and was always beaten.

Private persons did what they could. The abbot of Battle armed his monks and tenants, and saved Winchelsey; a rich merchant, Philpot, equipped a fleet of his own, and beat the French; while the Percies drove the Scots from Northumberland.

THE PEASANT RISING of 1381 convulsed half England in the midst of these troubles. For a few days the labourers succeeded. Under Ball and Tyler an army entered London and kept it in terror. By promising pardon and freedom Richard II. persuaded first the Essex men, then the Kentish men, to go home, but when the rising was over he did not prevent severe punishments.

Parliament took advantage of the Rising to ask for reforms in the expenses of the king and court, but it still granted Gaunt all he asked, and let him take the king on a fruitless expedition to Scotland. The enemy slipped away, and only Richard's personal orders saved the army from destruction. He was, however, blamed, because no glory was won.

At last the selfish Duke of Lancaster went to try to conquer part of Spain for himself. He took a fine body of troops and large sums of money, and left the treasury empty, our few French possessions undefended, and the young king to bear the blame.

DISORDER IN THE GOVERNMENT began at once, for Parliament requested Richard to dismiss his ministers, and when he refused they impeached and condemned the Earl of Suffolk, and named a council of eleven, who were to rule for a year instead of the king. Impeachment meant a trial before the House of Lords, when the whole House of Commons accused the prisoner; but impeachments were not then likely to be fair.

Richard released Suffolk, and began to collect troops, but five of the greatest lords 'appealed,' or accused, his ministers, friends, and favourites of treason. The five lords appellant were the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earls of Arundel, Warwick, Derby (son of Gaunt), and Nottingham (afterwards Norfolk).

At the Battle of Radcot Bridge, 1387, Richard's friend, the Earl of Oxford, was defeated, and the king had to submit. The Appellants put to death or exiled all the ministers and courtiers of whom they were jealous. Some, like Suffolk and Burley, were men of high character and patriotism; their real crime was that they stood in the way of Gloucester's ambition.

THE WONDERFUL PARLIAMENT sanctioned all the acts of the Appellants. It was packed—that is, the members of the House of Commons were not chosen fairly, but the electors were frightened into choosing men of Gloucester's party.

THE SCOTS, during these years, were continually fighting in the north, where the Earl of Northumberland and his son, Sir Harry Percy (Hotspur) commanded. The Battle of Otterburne, a Scottish victory, was the most famous fight.

Richard's Eight Years' Rule

Suddenly Richard announced that he was of age, and would take the government into his own hands; and, as the Appellants had done nothing for the French war or for reforms in England, nobody resisted him. John of Gaunt returned to find Richard ruling successfully, and from that time he supported the young king against the discontented nobles, and even quarrelled in Parliament with the most violent of them, Arundel.

For many years Richard governed sensibly, and agreed to several wise laws made in Parliament.

THE STATUE OF PRÆMUNIRE forbade anyone to take a lawsuit to Rome, or to receive any orders or letters (called *Bulls*) from the Pope. If anyone did, all his property was to be forfeited to the king.

Though Richard agreed to this law to limit the power the Pope exercised in England, he disliked the Lollards, and helped the bishops to persecute them.

LIVERY AND MAINTENANCE were also forbidden by a law, which ordered the nobles to keep no more trains of men-at-arms wearing their 'livery,' or badge, such as the bear of the Beauchamps or the portcullis of the Beauforts. These retainers used to commit all kinds of violence, and their masters thought it a point of honour to protect them and 'maintain' their interests, without regard to justice. Unhappily the law could never be carried out, for if the nobles were sheriffs they did not choose to have it kept; if lesser men were sheriffs they dared not. So the evil grew till nearly every lawsuit was decided by the power of the noble who 'maintained' his retainer's cause by threats, or worse, to the judges and jury.

RICHARD'S UNPOPULARITY sprang from both his good and his bad deeds. He showed contempt for Parliament, and often left London while it sat. He refused his consent to a petition to prevent villeins from buying land or sending their children to school. He made

a peace with France, and wished to civilize Ireland. He was extravagant, and gave profusely to unworthy courtiers.

HIS DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT, however, was a surprise to the nobles. In 1397 he suddenly arrested the chief Appellants—Gloucester, Arundel, and Warwick. Gloucester was murdered, or died suddenly. Arundel was executed, and Warwick imprisoned, after trial in Parliament. Richard then began to act like a despotic king. He forced the Parliament of Shrewsbury, 1398, to grant him a life revenue and give up all its powers to a committee. He collected money by illegal means, and allowed his servants to tyrannize over rich and poor till London and the other towns murmured loudly.

A strange quarrel now broke out between the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk. Both had been Appellants, but had since been honoured by the king, and seemed to be his friends. Each accused the other of treason, but when the quarrel was about to be fought out Richard stopped the combat and banished both.

HENRY OF BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford and Earl of Derby, was Richard's cousin, being the son of John of Gaunt, and Richard promised not to touch his inheritance, but when the old Duke of Lancaster died he at once seized it and thus terrified all the nobility.

As soon as Richard had gone to Ireland, in 1399, Henry landed in England, and with the help of the Percies and other great nobles, and the Londoners, secured the control of the country before Richard returned. He captured the king at Flint, took him to London, and compelled him to abdicate. Parliament, which was full of Henry's friends, declared Richard deposed, and bestowed the crown upon the new Duke of Lancaster as Henry IV.

CONDITION OF ENGLAND, 1400-1450

The first half of the fifteenth century saw many changes. The population increased again, and many towns grew large, traded, and grew rich. In both town and country people cared most for the things which produced solid wealth, and little for ideas. Therefore the great and the middle-classes tried to get land, and this caused perpetual law-suits between rivals. Few new books were written, and Lollardy became less vigorous. One reason for this was that people feared that changes might mean rebellions, and though they did not honour the clergy, supported them in putting down heretics.

GOVERNMENT now became very regular. Parliament was held often, and the Lancastrian kings always tried to do as it wished. The House of Commons not only granted money, but inspected ministers' accounts to see if it had been properly spent, which Edward III had not allowed. Money was never taken without Parliament's consent, as had been done by Richard II. The king's Council was often named in Parliament, and Henry IV. even dismissed some councillors to please the Commons. As the Council controlled the actual management of affairs this was much like the appointment of ministers by Parliament. Indeed, so much progress in power and wealth did the House of Commons and the middle and lower classes of the nation make, that the fifteenth century is sometimes called 'The Century of the Commons.'

Unhappily, Parliament could not itself carry out laws, and was afraid to let the king be strong enough to do so, lest he should become despotic like Richard II. Consequently the great nobles broke the laws when they chose and let their followers do so. Livery and Maintenance grew worse, especially when the French war began again, for the nobles and their soldiers then became more violent. The country gentry were the most injured by this, as they dared not resist the will of the great, but the towns were not so much affected.

IN THE TOWNS the citizens governed themselves by choosing their own mayors and officers; often they collected the taxes themselves. They provided for order in their streets, and often for schools and churches. Many were fortified. In 1450 Bristol, then the second city of the kingdom, had a dozen brass cannon which fired 'pellets as great as a Paris ball or less.' The cloth trade had almost left Flanders for England, whose merchants carried her goods to every part of Europe, even Iceland and Finland. Henry IV. made treaties with many foreign princes to aid English commerce, and sometimes a merchant was rich enough to help a king. A king of Denmark made a charter for Canynge of Bristol, and the famous Whittington is said to have entertained Henry V. in his house by burning the bills of the huge debt the king owed him.

Guilds, or societies for joint trade and mutual help, had long been formed by the merchants, and often they were extremely wealthy, and had splendid halls in which the merchants feasted or held their business meetings. The *Guilds* acted partly like insurance clubs, providing for widows and orphans, and held religious services, but their members had to keep strict rules about commerce. The workmen, too, had their guilds, though their masters disapproved of them, and often broke them up.

'THE UNQUIET TIME OF KING HENRY IV.'

1399-1413

Married (1) **Mary de Bohun**; (2) **Joan of Navarre**

Shakespeare makes the deposed Richard II. tell the Earl of Northumberland that he will soon think that, though Henry

'divide the realm and give thee half
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.'

And this was exactly what happened; for, though the Percies received such great rewards as to impoverish Henry IV., they were never satisfied, while Henry was suspicious of their power. Though the House of Lancaster was placed on the throne by Parliament many remembered that the Mortimers were really first by descent, since their ancestor, Lionel, was elder brother to John of Gaunt. Henry IV. therefore kept the boy Earl of March shut up and would not ransom his uncle, Sir Edmund Mortimer, when he was captured by the Welsh.

WALES was in revolt, and, under Owen Glendower, was almost independent during this reign. Though Henry invaded it several times Glendower never fought a battle, but hid his troops among the mountains, whence they cut off the king's supplies, and drove him

'Bootless home and weatherbeaten back,'

for great storms so often came on that the English were sure Glendower was a magician.

THE PERCY REVOLT began in 1403. Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur), famous for his victory over the Scots at Homildon (1402), together with his father, the Earl of Northumberland, and his uncle, the Earl of Worcester, plotted with Glendower and Edmund Mortimer to depose Henry IV. and divide England among themselves. They were beaten at the Battle of Shrewsbury, where Hotspur was killed.

In 1405 the Earl of Northumberland stirred up Archbishop Scrope (brother of Richard's minister) and Lord Mowbray (son of the exiled Norfolk, who was dead), to begin a rising, but they were tricked into disarming, taken and executed, while the Earl fled to Scotland. When he at length led a revolt himself he was easily defeated at Bramham Moor and slain, 1408.

THE CHURCH, led by Archbishop Arundel, had helped Henry to the throne. He, in return, helped the Archbishop to secure an Act of Parliament which declared heresy to be an offence against the law, so that anyone proved to be a heretic would be burned to death. It is called, from its first words, 'De Heretico Comburendo' (1401). Not many Lollards were burned, however, because most were so much terrified by their own lonely condition and the anger of the government that they concealed their opinions, or recanted if the bishops found them out.

The House of Commons did not sympathize much with the clergy, and twice proposed that the wealth of the Church should be taken away and used for the French War, which seemed likely to break out again, but the king would not allow it.

Henry IV. succeeded in putting down his enemies, because he was so 'politic.' He knew

'At what time to promise, when to pay.'

He had pleased the powerful bishops by resisting the Commons; he pleased the Commons by letting them examine accounts and gain other powers; he was ready to begin the French War again in order to please and occupy the nobles and their retainers, for Richard's peace had been unpopular. The capture of James Stewart, the heir of Scotland, who was wrecked on the coast, though it was not an honourable deed, enabled him to make friends with the Scottish regent and prevent invasions on the Border; but before the council could agree on a plan for attacking France Henry IV. died.

‘THE VICTORIOUS ACTS OF KING HENRY V.,’ 1413-1422

Married Katherine of France

Shakespeare represents the dying Henry IV. as warning his son Henry V., that to wear the crown securely he must remember that

‘All my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced.’

And the prince replied boldly :

‘You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain and right must my possession be ;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.’

He acted in this spirit, vigorously carrying out his father's plans. He did nothing without consulting Parliament, which became a still more powerful part of the government ; he helped the bishops to persecute the Lollards ; he had pacified Wales before his father's death, and, in order to begin the French War again, he claimed the crown of France.

Two PLOTS first delayed him. (1) The Lollards, desperate at their ill-treatment, in 1414 arranged a great meeting near London under Sir John Oldcastle, a famous soldier and a friend of Henry's, but as the meeting was discovered, they were dispersed, and Oldcastle was in time caught and executed.

(2) A more dangerous plot was that of Richard, Earl of Cambridge, grandson of Edward III. and husband of Anne Mortimer, to murder Henry and place the Earl of March, Anne's brother, on the throne. It, too, was discovered, and Cambridge, with his companions Scrope and Grey, was executed.

French War Renewed

Henry V. claimed the French crown in 1415, and that autumn invaded France, took Harfleur, and won the Battle of Agincourt.

He made a second campaign in 1417, when he took many Norman towns, and began to treat Normandy as a separate and English duchy.

The quarrels of the French made conquest almost a boon to the people. The king, Charles VI., was mad, and his sons too young to control the nobles, who fought each other for power. One party was that of the Duke of Burgundy, the other that of the Armagnacs. In 1407 the Duke of Orleans, then head of the Armagnac party, had been murdered by Burgundy, and in 1418 the Parisians joined Burgundy and massacred numbers of the Armagnacs ; but next year the young Dauphin, who took part with the Armagnacs, had the Duke of Burgundy murdered in revenge. His son, Philip ‘the Good,’ then joined Henry V. against the Dauphin, with the good will of the Parisians.

THE TREATY OF TROYES was the result by which Henry V. was

recognised as heir to Charles VI., married his daughter, Katharine, and became Regent of France. But even the northern half was not yet conquered.

While Henry V. was in England, his brother, the Duke of Clarence, was defeated and killed at the Battle of Beaugé (1421), and Henry returned to France. He took some towns, and had nearly reduced all the north when he fell ill and died in 1422.

His renewal of the French War was a great wrong and a great mistake. Not only had the French kept from provoking a war, but Henry had no shadow of right to claim more than Edward III. had taken at the Peace of Bretigny, and the truce which had lasted through two reigns might easily have been turned into a firm peace. England suffered much for her king's mistake, for most of her best men perished in the war, which formed a bad training for their sons, and taught them habits of violence and selfishness, for which Henry VI. had to suffer.

Parliament and the nation, however, agreed with Henry V., and spent immense sums on the war, and Henry's brilliant success caused him to be regarded with admiration in other countries also. During his lifetime England had a high place among the nations of Western Europe, the emperor himself visited Henry V., and became his friend. Henry's influence was powerful abroad, and at the famous Council of Constance (1415-1418) English bishops took the first rank.

THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE was a meeting of bishops and great men of all the western countries to reform the Church, which had become terribly degraded whilst the popes had lived so long in Avignon (1309-1377) and was now torn by quarrels and by the struggles of three rival popes ('the Great Schism,' 1377-1415). The Council deposed all these popes, and the Bishop of London named the new pope, Martin V. Henry's influence helped him very much. It was this Council which burned John Huss, the famous Bohemian reformer who preached Wyclif's doctrines. The reforms of the council and of Martin V. did much to restore order in the Church and to discourage the Lollards.

'THE TROUBLOUS SEASON OF KING HENRY VI.,' 1422-1461

Married Margaret of Anjou

Deposed, 1461 ; Restored, 1470 ; Deposed and Murdered, 1471

As Henry VI. was an infant when his father died, Parliament named the royal Council, which exercised the king's powers while he was a child. The chief members were the brothers of Henry V.—the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester—and his uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, commonly called Cardinal Beaufort.

BEDFORD was really supreme, and all trusted him ; but as he was the best and wisest he was given the hardest task, to finish the war in France, and spent most of his life there, till he died in 1435.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT was a wise and rich statesman, more engaged in politics than in religion, and always willing to lend his great wealth to

the Council. The English did not like the title of cardinal, because cardinals were the principal ministers of the Pope, and they dreaded his interference. Henry V. would not let Beaufort have this dignity, saying he 'would rather see the crown on his head than the cardinal's hat,' but on Henry's death he accepted it.

HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, was a selfish man, who hated his uncle, the cardinal, and did all he could to embarrass him, even if the kingdom was injured also. He did much harm by quarrelling with the Duke of Burgundy, and by teaching the Londoners to dislike Cardinal Beaufort. At last uncle and nephew quarrelled openly, and brought followers to the Parliament of 1426 armed with such threatening clubs that it was called the 'Parliament of Bats.'

The French War (1422-1444).

At first the war was successful; the victorious battles of Crevant and Verneuil placed the northern half of France under Henry VI., and destroyed the Scottish allies of the Dauphin. Orleans was besieged, and the 'Battle of Herrings' (1429) seemed to make the success of the siege certain, when the sudden appearance of Jeanne d'Arc changed all. This saintly peasant girl was stirred by visions to go to the Dauphin and rescue France. Making her way to Charles she won his confidence and led the soldiers to Orleans, where she raised the siege. Next she conducted the Dauphin to Rheims to be crowned as Charles VII., and tried to rouse the Northern French to retake Paris. The French won some victories, but Charles' courtiers grew jealous of Jeanne and would not help her; she was captured in 1431, and burned as a heretic.

The Duke of Burgundy, however, became weary of war, and wished the English to make peace as Edward III. had done, and be satisfied with some provinces instead of the crown. A congress was held at Arras in 1435, but the English would not accept the great provinces offered. Burgundy then gave up his alliance with them and soon joined Charles VII.; Bedford died, and gradually the English conquests were recovered by the French, till a truce was made in 1444. The English then held only Normandy, Maine, and the coast of Guienne.

Henry's Government

In 1442 Henry VI. came of age; he had been crowned before, both at Westminster and at Paris, but left the government to the Council, and learnt to trust chiefly to Cardinal Beaufort and his family, and to the Earl of Suffolk. Henry longed for peace, and agreed with Beaufort and Suffolk in thinking that England was too much exhausted to spare men and money for further fighting. He believed their plan of making a marriage for him with a French princess would bring about peace, and therefore wedded Margaret of Anjou in 1445.

Henry VI. was extremely pious, gentle, and kind. He was fond of learning and of architecture, and took a deep interest in Eton College and King's College, Cambridge, both of which he founded. Unhappily, he was too easily persuaded, especially by his wife, and so kindly that he could not bear to refuse a request, so that he gave away far more than was wise, and even gave the same bishopric to two clerics, and

the same office to two nobles, which caused a fierce quarrel resulting in a private war. As his wife was afraid of Richard, Duke of York, the king would never consult him, although he ranked as the chief of the nobility, and was till 1453 the heir to the crown.

RICHARD OF YORK was the son of Richard, Earl of Cambridge and Anne Mortimer. He hoped to be king on Henry's death. He was brave and ambitious, and as he inherited the old claims of the Mortimers as well as their great possessions it was not surprising that Henry's ministers dreaded him, especially as he was popular with the people. They liked him because he was generous and pleasant, while the cardinal's nephew Somerset was grasping and proud; and as York was not quite so unsuccessful in France as Somerset, they believed that all would be well if he were minister. Richard did not see that the conquest of France was impossible, and agreed with Gloucester that the efforts the cardinal and Suffolk made for peace were cowardly.

The popular hatred of peace was so great, and the language of the Duke of Gloucester so treasonable, that in 1447 Suffolk ventured to arrest him; he died suddenly soon after and the populace accused Suffolk of murdering him. In the same year the cardinal died also, and Suffolk and Edmund, Duke of Somerset, were left sole ministers. Their bad management and Somerset's dishonesty hastened the loss of Normandy and Guienne, so that the people hated them, and jeered at Suffolk in ballads as 'Jack Napes,' while they sang songs of loyalty to Richard of York. To get rid of York, Suffolk got the king to name him Governor of Ireland, but was no better able to keep order at home.

REBELLION and murder showed the rage of the people. Two bishops, who were ministers of the king and suspected of fraud, were murdered in a riot; no one was punished, and Suffolk himself was impeached by Parliament. Knowing that he would not get a fair trial, he surrendered to the king's mercy, and Henry, to save him, banished him (1450). On the way his ship was overtaken by another, and the earl was ordered to come back in a little boat. In it were a block, axe, and executioner, and Suffolk's head was struck off at once. The murderers could not be found, and no one was punished. But there was no improvement in the government, for Somerset took Suffolk's place.

CADE'S RISING (1450) followed at once. Jack Cade pretended to be a Mortimer, and led the common people of the southern counties in a tumultuous rebellion. The mob defeated the soldiers the king sent against them, and entered London, where they beheaded another minister; but, after holding the city for three days, they were beaten out after a fight on London Bridge. Pardons were given to the rebels, who dispersed home, but Cade tried to raise a fresh disturbance, and was at length killed.

The news of this rising under a mock Mortimer, and of the incapacity of the government, decided York to leave Ireland, though without the king's permission, which was an act of defiance. It was known that he meant to compel some reform in the government, and Somerset placed ambushes along his road, so that he would have been slain but for his armed retainers. The king's presence-room was barred against him, and he understood that Somerset and the queen treated him as an enemy. Henry VI. was kept in ignorance of the real state of things, for the

queen and Somerset prevented others from seeing him, and even corrected the sermons which were to be preached before him.

In the next Parliament (1451) a member of the Commons proposed that York should be recognised as heir to the throne; it was not done, but this proof of national support gave York confidence.

THE FINAL LOSS OF FRANCE increased the public fury. In 1451 our last strongholds in Normandy surrendered, and Bordeaux and Bayonne in Guienne. Maine had been lost in 1448, and now Calais itself was besieged. Ships were hastily bought, borrowed, and seized, and Calais saved, while Talbot, the famous Earl of Shrewsbury, was sent to fight; but the popular indignation enabled York to surround himself with armed retainers and demand Somerset's trial. By a trick Somerset separated York from his soldiers, and then, accusing him of treason, forced him to swear allegiance, like a rebel seeking pardon. He, however, showed himself as regardless of justice as Somerset was, by carrying off the Speaker of the House of Commons and keeping him in prison.

YORK BECAME PROTECTOR in this crisis. For the news of the defeat and death of Shrewsbury at the Battle of Castillon came just as Henry VI. fell ill of a strange apathy, which took away his senses so that he knew nothing, and would scarcely move. During his illness his son Edward, Prince of Wales, was born, so that York could no longer hope to be king in the ordinary course of events. A regent was necessary during the king's illness, and the Lords invited the Duke of York to be Protector. He began to take measures to keep order, and had already imprisoned Somerset and made his own brother-in-law, the Earl of Salisbury, chancellor, when Henry suddenly recovered, and at once undid all York had done (1455). Civil war followed.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES, 1455-1485

THE CAUSES OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES were: (1) The power and violence of the nobles; (2) the weakness of Henry's government; (3) York's claim to the crown through the Mortimers.

(1) The English nobles had always wanted to be independent. Under kings strong enough to enforce the law and lead them to foreign wars they were loyal (Edward I., Edward III., Henry V.); under weak kings they rebelled (Edward II., Richard II., Henry VI.). Henry IV. had been clever enough to put down their rebellions. The renewed French War encouraged violence in the lords and their followers, and they became rich, greedy, and selfish. The customs of *livery* and *maintenance* gave them many followers; family quarrels became violent feuds, till the Percies and Nevilles, after quarrelling at a wedding-feast, fought a private war in the North with hundreds of men; the Earl of Northumberland ravaged the lands of the Archbishop of York; while, in the south, Courtenays and Bonvilles fought a pitched battle, one of them carrying off the Canons of Exeter and holding them to ransom.

(2) The weakness of the king permitted these excesses. Justice was not enforced, for the armed retainers of the lords outraged judges and

jurors. Neither was there money to fit out fleets and armies, and yet no peace was signed, but our French conquests were left to be won back by the enemy. Thus the national pride was wounded, while the loss of commerce injured the towns. The people accused the queen of treachery, and hated her for upholding the bad ministers, and naturally the southern counties, where all the populous towns were, supported Richard, Duke of York. The white rose was the mark of his party, the red became that of Lancaster.

(3) At first York only aimed at taking the place of chief minister; later, after the birth of Prince Edward and when he saw the queen's deadly hatred, he put forth a claim to the crown, based on the Mortimers' descent from Lionel of Clarence.

THE WAR BEGAN in 1455, when York, with troops gathered from his estates, and supported by his kinsmen, the powerful Neville Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, went to force Henry VI. to dismiss and punish Somerset. Somerset made the king come as far as St. Albans to meet him, accompanied by many nobles who were jealous of the Nevilles (Percies, Cliffords, Courtenays), as well as by several loyal nobles who disapproved of violence (Buckingham, Oxford, Shrewsbury). The Yorkist party was the stronger, and many of the chiefs of the royalist, or Lancastrian, party were slain at this *first battle of St. Albans*.

After this York was supreme, especially as Henry fell ill again, and thus York was Protector for a short time. When the king recovered he made a formal reconciliation between the different enemies (1458); but no true friendship was possible, for the death of Somerset at St. Albans had left the queen the head of the court party. She could persuade Henry of whatever she willed; she was unable to understand the need for a strong ministry, and York's endeavour to secure influence seemed to her rebellion. Indeed, as opposing the queen meant opposing the king, York very soon was in the position of an open rebel. The queen tried to arrest Salisbury at *Blare Heath* (1459), and this began the war again. York gathered his supporters at Ludlow, in the midst of his western domains, and, now resolving to seize the kingdom himself, actually declared that Henry VI. was dead. When Henry appeared, with unusual energy, and offered pardon to all who would submit, most of the Yorkists surrendered, and the leaders fled, York himself to Ireland.

However, Warwick and Salisbury suddenly returned, and their victory at *the Battle of Northampton* (1460), once more placed the Yorkist party in power. York came back from Ireland, and openly claimed the crown, as descending from Lionel of Clarence. This implied a denial of Parliament's right to give the crown to Henry IV., and Henry VI. replied that, as his father and grandfather had reigned undisputed, and he had worn the crown thirty-eight years, there could be no doubt of his right. But he was, as usual, persuaded into giving way, and, in order to prevent more fighting, accepted the Parliament's proposal to declare York heir to the throne on his death.

Queen Margaret would not tamely resign Prince Edward's rights, and at once raised troops in the north, whither York went to fight them. His generalship was very bad, and he was defeated and killed at the *Battle of Wakefield*, in 1460. His second son, the Earl of Rutland, a youth of seventeen, begged hard for his life of Lord Clifford. 'Thy father slew mine, and so will I do to thee,' replied the fierce northerner,

and stabbed him. Salisbury was killed, too, after the battle, by the common people who hated him for his insolent manners.

The son of the Duke of York, Edward, Earl of March, was a great general. He won a victory at *Mortimer's Cross* (1461), and, though Margaret defeated Warwick at the *second Battle of St. Albans*, the cruelty of the northern troops made London and other towns prefer Edward to Henry, especially as Warwick, his great supporter, was very popular. Consequently, while Margaret and Henry withdrew to the north, Edward entered London, and was hailed as King Edward IV.

Edward IV. pursued Margaret and Henry, and defeated them completely at the Battle of Towton (1461). He then returned to London, and was crowned, and a Parliament of Yorkists passed an Act of Attainder against Henry VI. An Act of Attainder declared that a person was guilty of high treason and should be executed, his property was forfeited, and his children could not inherit any title or claim; the man accused in a Bill of Attainder got no trial, and might make no defence. Most of the Lancastrian lords were now attainted, and their lands given to Yorkists.

Warwick continued the war in the north till he had taken all the castles, and Margaret's last troops were defeated at *Hedgeley Moor* and at *Hexham* in 1464. Henry VI. was captured and put in the Tower, and Margaret and Prince Edward fled abroad.

'THE PROSPEROUS REIGN OF KING EDWARD IV.,' 1461-1483

Married Elizabeth Woodville

EDWARD'S POLICY was to make an alliance with Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, chiefly because the merchant classes wanted to trade with Flanders, part of Charles' dominions. This vexed Warwick, who wanted to ally with Louis XI. of France, the great enemy of Charles. He was deeply offended by Edward's marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, whose father and first husband were Lancastrians of no great rank.

Edward promoted the Woodvilles—his wife's brothers and father—and her sons, the Greys, and this offended still more both Warwick and Edward's brother George, Duke of Clarence, who had married Warwick's daughter, and dreamed of mounting the throne himself.

WARWICK and CLARENCE secretly helped to bring about a rebellion in the north, under 'Robin of Redesdale,' in 1469, and when Edward was defeated at Edge Cote, they seized him and made him promise whatever they wanted. Edward hid his plans till a fresh insurrection gave him the chance of collecting troops. He defeated the rebels at the fight of 'Lose-coat Field,' so called because the rebels threw away their liveried coats that they might not be known; then he suddenly turned upon Warwick and Clarence, who were not prepared, but fled straight to France.

Louis XI. of France longed to punish Edward IV. for his alliance

with Charles the Bold, and actually succeeded in getting Warwick and Margaret to join together against Edward to replace Henry VI. on the throne.

Warwick landed at Dartmouth, and was joined by the men of the southern counties, while Edward IV. and his youngest brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, fled to Burgundy.

HENRY VI. was taken from the Tower and restored as king, and Warwick really ruled in his name.

Contrary winds kept Margaret still on the French coast, till Edward obtained help from his brother-in-law, Charles the Bold, and landed in Yorkshire, pretending that he only came for his duchy of York. He was, however, joined by Clarence, who now, doubly a traitor, deserted Warwick suddenly. At the *Battle of Barnet* (1471) Edward defeated and slew Warwick, and thus regained the crown.

When Margaret landed with French troops she tried to go to Wales, but Edward overtook her and completely defeated the Lancastrians at the *Battle of Tewkesbury*. Prince Edward was killed, Margaret taken, and Henry VI. murdered in the Tower.

THE GOVERNMENT of Edward IV. was very different from that of the Lancastrians. He held scarcely any Parliaments, and, as he was not content with the revenue which his first Parliaments gave him for his life, he took more money by 'benevolences,' or gifts, which rich persons were persuaded or forced to pay. Thus he ruled almost absolutely during the last ten years of his reign. As Parliament had shown itself unable to keep order or secure good ministers the people did not dislike the change. Indeed, the House of Commons had, since 1450, always supported whatever party was victorious in battle.

Edward even got money from Louis XI. He had promised Charles the Bold and the English to make war on France. He took a fine army there, for which the nation had to pay heavily; then he held an interview with Louis XI. at Pecquigny, and agreed to go home peacefully if Louis would pay him a tribute, which Louis called a pension. This was thought disgraceful by the people, but most of the nobles accepted 'pensions,' too.

Edward IV. could not forget the treachery of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, and as Clarence, a foolish, greedy man, showed plainly his hatred of the queen and her kinsfolk, Edward supposed that he would try to injure them, and perhaps plot to get the crown. He therefore had Clarence condemned by an Act of Attainder—the only thing for which he called a Parliament during eight years—and he was executed secretly in the Tower: it is said in a butt of Malmsey wine.

Two years later Edward died.

'THE PITIFUL LIFE OF KING EDWARD V.,'

April to June, 1483

The story of the brief reign of Edward V. is only that of his uncle's usurpation of the crown. Edward IV. had supposed that Richard of Gloucester, who had always been true to him, would be true to his children. But Gloucester, Buckingham, and Hastings, who were the

most powerful nobles in the council, joined to destroy their enemies the Woodvilles, and this left Edward V. and his younger brother Richard without any protection.

Then the Duke of Gloucester was declared Protector, and placed the two little princes in the Tower, where his own servants kept them safe. He and Buckingham joined to destroy Hastings, and Buckingham pretended next that the Londoners wished Gloucester to take the crown. As Gloucester and Buckingham controlled thousands of armed men, nobody dared to resist, and Richard was crowned. Soon after the two princes were murdered.

‘THE TRAGICAL DOINGS OF KING RICHARD III.,’ 1483-1485

Richard III. was popular at first, and he began to rule wisely, holding Parliament and making a law against benevolences. But his murder of the little princes shocked the Londoners, and Buckingham, who thought himself not sufficiently rewarded, and feared the treatment Warwick had experienced from Edward IV., plotted against him with the Lancastrians, for there were many Lancastrian lords and gentry who longed to see the Yorkist line dethroned, that they might recover their old lands and titles. Buckingham therefore undertook to lead a rebellion against Richard III., if Henry of Richmond would come from France to claim the throne.

HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, was the only representative of the House of Lancaster. His mother was the Lady Margaret Beaufort, but as an Act of Parliament had long ago declared that the Beauforts were not to be included among the royal family, his claim to the throne would set aside the law, as well as custom; but the Yorkist claim had done the same, and men had more respect for might than for abstract rules of right in those times. Richmond, moreover, was the grandson of a French princess, the widow of Henry V., and this seemed to give him a sort of royalty; and Henry VI., his uncle, had observed him as a lad, saying, ‘Surely this is he that, after we are dead, shall inherit all.’ This was afterwards taken as a prophecy.

Contrary winds kept Richmond in Brittany when Buckingham rose in 1483, and a flood ‘the Duke of Buckingham’s great water’—cut the duke off from his friends, so that he was taken and executed—the third of his family slain in the Rose wars, and on hearing of his failure Richmond decided to wait a little longer.

Next year the death of Richard’s son Edward left the House of York without a male heir save the unhappy son of Clarence, kept a close prisoner. Richard therefore took as his heir the son of his sister and the Duke of Suffolk, John de la Pole. Thus the line of Plantagenet was represented on the one side by a merchant’s descendant, on the other by the grandson of a Welsh squire.

In 1485 Henry of Richmond landed in Wales. The West had always been Lancastrian, and a considerable force rallied round him. By his betrothal to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., Henry reconciled many Yorkists, who knew they would not be punished for their former deeds

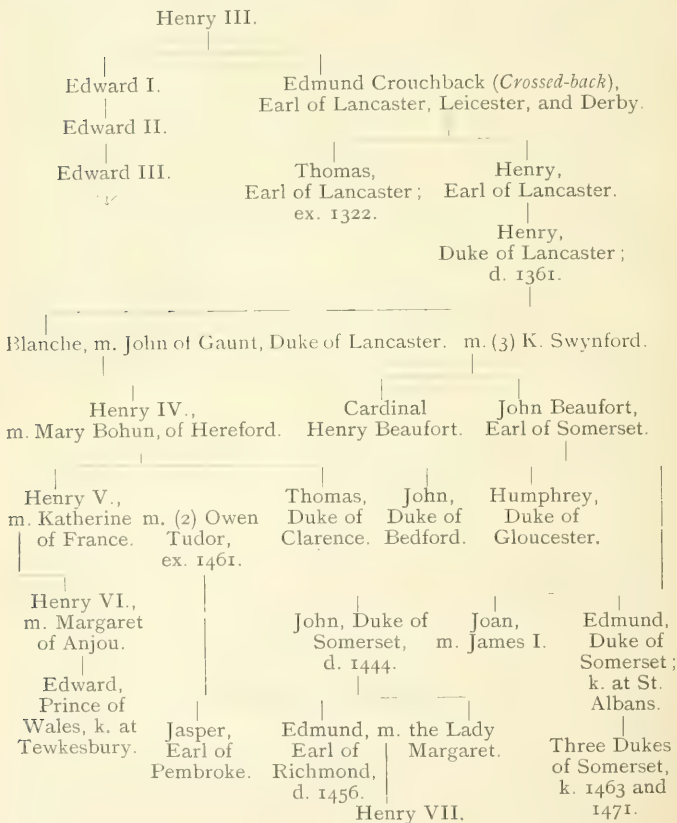
if he succeeded, and therefore had no motive for supporting Richard III., whose murder of the princes had shocked many; while the kindred and friends of the Woodvilles, Hastings and Buckingham, hailed the Lancastrian earl as their avenger.

THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH was, in consequence, a victory for Henry, and the death of the last Plantagenet king marked the close in England of that period we call 'the Middle Ages.' The House of Plantagenet had been so strong and wise that it had overcome all enemies till it was divided against itself, and there were some who beheld in its sudden downfall a fitting result of over-great ambition. The great French historian, Comines, who lived at that time, said of the English kings and their fierce nobles: 'Their fathers and kinsmen pillaged and destroyed the kingdom of France, and possessed the greater part of it for many years: all slew each other. Those who were left alive in England, and their children, have ended as you see. And yet men say, "God no longer punishes people as He used in the time of the children of Israel, He bears with bad princes and bad people."'

GENEALOGICAL TABLES

m. = married. d. = died. ex. = executed. k. = killed.

HOUSE OF LANCASTER AND THE BEAUFORT FAMILY



HOUSE OF YORK

Edward III.

Lionel,
Duke of Clarence.

John of Gaunt

Edmund,
Duke of York.

Philippa, m. Edmund Mortimer,
Earl of March.

Elizabeth,
m. Henry Percy
(Hotspur).

Roger,
Earl of March;
k. in Ireland.

Sir Edmund Mortimer,
m. dau. of Edmund
Glendower.

Edmund, Earl of March,
d. 1424.

Anne, m.

(b)
Richard, Earl
of Cambridge,
ex. 1415.

(a)
Edward, Duke of
Aumerle and
York, k. at
Agincourt.

Richard, Duke of York;
k. at Wakefield.

Edward
IV.

George,
Duke of
Clarence,
ex. 1478.

Richard III.,
k. at Bosworth.

Edward,
d. 1484.

Margaret,
m. Charles
the Bold
of Bur-
gundy.

Elizabeth, m. Duke of
Suffolk.

John, Earl of
Lincoln;
k. 1487.

Edward V.

Richard,
Duke of York
(murdered in
the Tower).

Elizabeth,
m. Henry VII.

FAMILY OF NEVILLE

Margaret Stafford, (1) m. Ralph Neville of Raby, m. (2) Joan, daughter
 (first Earl of Westmore- of John of Gaunt.
 land).

John and others
 (Lancastrians).

Richard,
 Earl of Salisbury;
 k. at Wakefield.

William,
 Lord
 Falconbridge.

George,
 Lord
 Latimer.

Edward,
 Lord Aber-
 gavenny.

Robert,
 Bishop of
 Durham.

Richard, Earl
 of Warwick
 (k. at Barnet).

Thomas
 (k. at Wake-
 field).

John, Lord
 Montague
 (k. at Barnet)

George,
 Archbishop
 of York.

Six daughters,
 all m. peers.

Catherine,
 m. Duke
 of Norfolk.

Anne, m. Duke of Buck-
 ingham.
 (k. at North-
 ampton).

Humfrey
 (k. at St. Albans).

Henry, Duke of
 Buckingham
 (ex. 1483).

Eleanor,
 m. Earl of
 North-
 umberland
 (k. at St
 Albans).

Cicely, m. Richard,
 Duke of
 York (k.
 at Wake-
 field).

Edward IV.

FAMILY OF DE LA POLE

William de la Pole,
 merchant, of Hull.

Michael,
 Earl of Suffolk
 (minister of Richard II.).

Michael,
 Earl of Suffolk
 (k. at Harfleur).

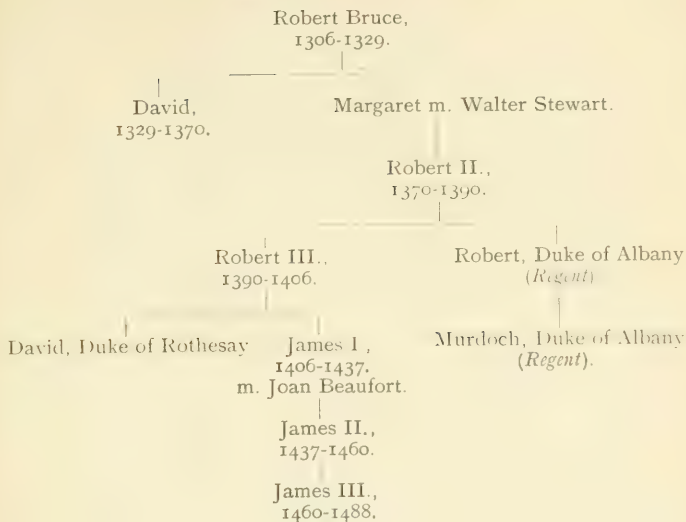
Michael,
 Earl of Suffolk
 (k. at Agincourt).

William, Duke of Suffolk
 (minister of Henry VI.).
 Ex. 1450.

John, Duke of Suffolk,
 m. Elizabeth of York.

John, Earl of Lincoln.

KINGS OF SCOTLAND



KINGS OF FRANCE

(*House of Valois*).

Philip VI., 1328-1350.

John II., 1350-1364.

Charles V., 1364-1380.

Charles VI., 1380-1422.

Charles VII., 1422-1461.

Louis XI., 1461-1483.

Charles VIII., 1483-1498.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY

(John II., King of France).

Philip 'the Rash,'
Duke of Burgundy.

John 'the Fearless,'
murdered 1419.

Philip 'the Good,'
d. 1407.

Charles 'the Bold,'
m. Margaret of York;
d. 1477.

LIST OF EVENTS

- 1307. **Edward II.**
- 1308. Edward marries Isabella of France.
- 1310. The Lords Ordainers rule the kingdom.
- 1311. The Ordinances. Gaveston banished.
- 1312. Gaveston returns and is put to death.
- 1314. Battle of Bannockburn.
Lancaster rules the kingdom.
- 1322. Battle of Boroughbridge.
The Despensers rule the kingdom.
- 1326. Isabella and Mortimer raise rebellion.
- 1327. Edward deposed. Mortimer rules the kingdom.
- Edward III.**
- Edward II. murdered.
- 1328. Peace of Northampton.
- 1330. Earl of Kent executed.
Fall and death of Mortimer.
- 1332. Edward Baliol seizes the Scottish crown.
- 1333. Berwick taken. Battle of Halidon Hill.
- 1336. Philip VI. invades Gascony.
- 1337. Edward assumes title of King of France.
- 1338. French attack south coast.
Edward visits Flanders.
- 1339. Unsuccessful invasion of France.
- 1340. Battle of Sluys.
- 1341. Useless expedition to France.
- 1346. Battle of Cressy.
- 1347. Calais taken.
- 1348-49. The Black Death.
Statute of Labourers.
- 1350. Battle of Les Espagnols-sur-Mer.
- 1356. Battle of Poitiers.
- 1360. Edward III. reaches Paris.
Peace of Bretigny.
- 1367. Expedition to Castile.
Battle of Navarrete.
- 1369. French War renewed.
- 1370. Massacre of Limoges.
- 1372. Earl of Pembroke defeated at sea.
- 1373. John of Gaunt's march to Bordeaux.
- 1376. Good Parliament. First impeachments.
Death of the Black Prince.
- 1377. Attempt to try Wyclif at St. Paul's.
- Richard II.**
- 1381. Peasant Rising.
- 1382. Richard marries Anne of Bohemia.

- 1384. Death of Wyclif.
- 1385. Expedition to Scotland.
- 1386. Gaunt goes to Spain.
Suffolk impeached.
Council of Eleven rules the kingdom.
Battle of Radcot Bridge.
- 1387. The Appellants rule the kingdom.
- 1388. Merciless or Wonderful Parliament.
Battle of Otterburn.
- 1389. Richard recovers his power.
- 1393. Statute of Præmunire.
- 1394. Death of Queen Anne.
Richard visits Ireland.
- 1395. Great Lollard petition in Parliament.
- 1396. Peace with France.
- 1397. Richard punishes the Appellants.
- 1398. Parliament of Shrewsbury.
Quarrel of Hereford and Norfolk
- 1399. Gaunt dies.
Richard goes to Ireland.
Henry of Hereford returns and deposes Richard

HOUSE OF LANCASTER

- 1400. **Henry IV.**
Rebellion of Salisbury; betrayed by Aumerle.
Murder of Richard II.
Death of Chaucer.
Glendower rebels.
- 1401. Statute De Heretico Comburendo.
- 1402. Battle of Homildon Hill.
- 1403. Percy Rebellion.
Battle of Shrewsbury.
- 1405. Scrope Rebellion.
- 1406. Capture of James of Scotland.
- 1408. Battle of Bramham Moor.
- 1412. Henry sends troops to France.
- 1413. **Henry V.**
- 1414. Lollard meeting.
- 1415. Henry claims French crown.
Siege of Harfleur.
Battle of Agincourt.
[Council of Constance.]
- 1417. Henry conquers Normandy.
- 1419. Philip of Burgundy joins Henry.
- 1420. Treaty of Troyes.
- 1421. Battle of Beaugé.
- 1422. Henry invades France again and dies.
- Henry VI.**
- 1423. Battle of Crevant.
- 1424. Battle of Verneuil.
James I. released.

- Quarrel of Gloucester and Beaufort.
- 1429. Battle of the Herrings.
Siege of Orleans raised by Joan of Arc.
Battle of Patay.
- 1431. Joan of Arc burned.
Henry VI. crowned at Paris.
- 1435. Congress of Arras. Death of Bedford.
- 1436. Loss of Paris. Gradual loss of Guienne begins.
- 1444. Truce with France.
- 1445. Henry VI. marries Margaret of Anjou.
- 1447. Death of Gloucester and of Cardinal Beaufort.
- 1449. Loss of most of Normandy.
- 1450. Suffolk impeached, banished, and murdered.
Cade's Rebellion.
- 1451. Loss of Bordeaux.
- 1453. Defeat at Castillon.
Illness of Henry VI. Birth of Prince Edward.
Duke of York, Protector.
- 1455. First Battle of St. Albans.
- 1459. Battle of Blore Heath.
Rout of Ludlow.
Parliament of Coventry.
- 1460. Battle of Northampton.
York claims the crown.
Battle of Wakefield.
- 1461. Battle of Mortimer's Cross.
Second Battle of St. Albans.

HOUSE OF YORK

Edward IV.

- Battle of Towton.
- 1464. Battles of Hedgeley Moor and Hexham.
Edward marries Elizabeth Woodville.
- 1468. Margaret of York marries Charles the Bold.
- 1469. Rebellion of Robin of Redesdale. Battle of Edge Cote.
Warwick seizes Edward IV.
- 1470. Rebellion of Welles. Battle of Lose-coat Field.
Flight of Warwick to France.
Warwick returns and restores Henry VI.
- 1471. Edward returns. Battle of Barnet.
Battle of Tewkesbury. Murder of Henry VI.
- 1475. Treaty of Pecquigny.
- 1478. Execution of Clarence.
- 1483. Edward V.
(June) **Richard III.**
Murder of Edward V. and his brother.
Rebellion of Buckingham.
- 1484. Parliament abolishes benevolences.
- 1485. Invasion of Henry of Richmond.
Battle of Bosworth.

[End of Plantagenet line and accession of Henry VII.]

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